

TASSO'S

JERUSALEM DELIVERED

TRANSLATED BY FAIRFAX

# JERUSALEM DELIVERED

A Poem

BY

TORQUATO TASSO

TRANSLATED BY

EDWARD FAIRFAX

EDITED BY

HENRY MORLEY, LL.D.

EMERITUS FELLOW OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE  
UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

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the transfer of the ship, machinery or  
with the amalgamation or succession,

# TORQUATO TASSO.

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TORQUATO TASSO was born at Sorrento on the 11th of March 1544, and died in Rome on the 25th of April 1595, aged fifty one. He belonged to an old family of Bergamo, and was a poet's son. His father, Bernardo Tasso, full fifty years old at the time of his son's birth, had then been for thirteen years in the service of Ferrante Sanseverino, Prince of Salerno, and had married in 1536 the beautiful and spiritual Porzia de' Rossi, of the house of the Marquises of Calenzano. Their son Torquato was first educated at schools of the Jesuits in Naples, Rome, and Bergamo. They were the best schools of the time. At eight years old the boy read Greek and Latin and had begun to write Italian verse. Then he was in Pesaro for a time, sharing the education given to the son of the Duke of Urbino. After this he was for a year in Venice with his father, and then, at the age of thirteen, he was sent to study law at Padua.

Bernardo Tasso, the father, shared the troubles of his patron, the Prince of Salerno, who in 1550 incurred the displeasure of the Emperor Charles V for seeking support from the King of France while urging on the Emperor the pleadings of the Neapolitans against establishment of the Inquisition in Naples. Ferrante Sanseverino was in 1552 declared a rebel, his estates were forfeited, and he was exiled from Salerno. Bernardo Tasso lost at the same time his income of 900 scudi, and what little possessions he had, except the poem on *Amadis* that he had begun. He left Salerno and went to France, leaving his wife and children to the care of relatives. After two years in France, Bernardo Tasso joined his prince in Rome, and sent for his son Torquato, his wife and daughter then entering a convent at Naples.



Torquato Tasso wrote a little sonnet to his mother on their parting. Political feuds parted Bernardo Tasso from his wife's relations. He never could see his wife again—she died heart broken in 1556—and his daughter was denied to him. She was married at fifteen. Rome became an unsafe place for the father when Emperor and Pope fell out, but shelter was offered to him at Pesaro by a liberal patron of literature, the Duke of Urbino, Guidobaldo II, and it was thus that Torquato Tasso was taught with the Duke of Urbino's son, Francesco Maria della Rovere.

Bernardo Tasso's poem, *L'Amadigi di Francia*, founded on the first and best of the Spanish romances of chivalry, *Amadis of Gaul*, was begun with encouragement from his patron, Sanseverino, and was planned in stanzas of octave rhyme on a scale as large as that of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* of which the first forty cantos had been published in 1515. Ariosto's death was in January 1533, eleven years before the birth of Torquato Tasso. Bernardo Tasso's *Amadigi* was first published at Bergamo in 1555, when his son Torquato was a boy of eleven. The *Amadigi* had been two years before the public when Torquato, poet born, went from a rhymers home to study law at Padua. This was a year after his mother's death. At Padua he studied little law, much Dante, and wrote verse. His father's long romance in verse told of the loves of Amadis and Oriana, with interwoven love stories of Floridante and Floridora, and of Aldoro and Mirinda. It was followed by nineteen cantos of a separate poem of *Floridante*, worked out of the episode in the *Amadigi*, and including a repetition of eight of its cantos with little change. *Floridante* was left unfinished, and published by the son after the father's death.

It was of little use for such a father to dissuade his son from writing verse. Young Tasso, while a student at Padua, but eighteen years old, printed at Venice in 1562 an epic poem in twelve books on one of Ariosto's heroes, *Rinaldo*. The poem was written in ten months, was praised throughout Italy, and found more readers than Bernardo's *Amadigi*. In the *Amadigi* musical verse and grace of expression, with abundant supply of battles, combats, and love passages, could not atone for want of skill in twisting the threads of the fable. The success of his son's

*Rinaldo* satisfied Bernardo Tasso as a crowning argument against continuance of the law studies. Free way was made for literature and philosophy, and already while student at Padua, Torquato Tasso resolved upon the poem which became his masterpiece and of which this volume contains the best English translation.

Meanwhile Bernardo Tasso in the year of the publication of *L'Amadigi* at Bergamo, had published at Venice *I tre libri degli Amori*, and had published at Venice, also in 1560, *Inni, Ode e Salmi*, two years before the appearance of his son's *Rinaldo*.

Torquato Tasso left Padua to continue studies of philosophy and literature at Bologna. There he began to write the poem on the capture of Jerusalem by the Crusaders which had been resolved upon at Padua. At Bologna he was suspected of the authorship of satirical verses that attacked himself as well as others. They amused him and his goodwill to them caused his papers to be seized and searched. Nothing was found against him but his annoyance caused him to leave Bologna for Modena whence he was recalled to Padua by his kinsman and friend Scipione Gonzaga, who was there founding an academy. Tasso was then zealous in study of Plato's philosophy, and he afterwards himself wrote Dialogues in Plato's manner. By the time that he was two and twenty Torquato Tasso was formally attached to the service of the great Italian house of Este, whose history he glorified in his "Jerusalem Delivered" (canto xvi st 66-94) as shown in the shield given to Rinaldo, Rinaldo being represented as himself of the Este family.

The ancient stem of Este had divided in the eleventh century into a German branch and an Italian branch. A German Este Guelph—Welf IV—was invested in the year 1070 with the Duchy of Bavaria, from him the houses of Brunswick and Hanover and the present royal family of England are descended. The brother of that Guelph was Tulco I, who founded the Italian family of Este. Albert of Este was Marquis of Ferrara in the year 1400. The rule of the Este family extended along the Marches of Ancona and afterwards they added Modena and Reggio to their domains. Alfonso I of Este, who died in 1533, had been a friend to Ariosto. It was he who had for his second wife Lucrezia Borgia. His

successor, Ercole II, had married a daughter of King Louis XII of France, and the successor of Ercole II in Ferrara was Alfonso II, who has a large place in the story of Torquato Tasso.

The Cardinal Luigi d'Este, brother of Alfonso II, invited the young poet to Ferrara, where he gave him the rank of noble as a Cavaliere of the court. That was in 1565. In the next year there was the marriage of the Duke Alfonso II with Barbara, daughter of the Emperor Ferdinand I, who had taken in 1555 the throne resigned by his brother, Charles V. While the wedding festivities were afoot the Pope died—Pius IV, who had been a Cardinal de' Medici. The Cardinal Luigi d'Este went to Rome to take part in the election of another Pope, and Tasso, then twenty-two years old, stayed behind, much liked by the Duke and his new Duchess, and by the Duke's sisters, Lucrezia—who afterwards became Duchess of Urbino—and Leonora d'Este. Young as he was, Tasso had won for himself the first place among Italian poets and he was the son of a poet who perhaps ranked first among the minor singers between Ariosto and Torquato Tasso. Young Tasso with religious earnestness, keen sensibility, and grace of song, won easy welcome at a court where literature was in high esteem. The Duke of Ferrara encouraged Tasso to go on with his epic. In September 1569 the elder Tasso died in his son's arms. In his last years he had found rest as chief secretary to the Duke of Mantua, and he was, at the end of his life, governor of Ostiglia.

In 1571 Torquato Tasso went to Paris with his patron the Cardinal Luigi d'Este. There he established friendship with the poet Ronsard twenty years his senior, and was presented to Charles IX. as 'the poet of Godfrey and other French heroes who distinguished themselves at the siege of Jerusalem.' He had then written eight or nine cantos of his poem, and his age was twenty-seven.

Upon his return, Tasso was separated by religious opinions from the service of the Cardinal d'Este, but was easily received into the patronage of the Duke, who gave him a yearly pension of 180 gold crowns, and required of him no personal service. In 1573 he produced at the ducal court in Ferrara his pas

toral play of *Aminta*, the fame of which spread beyond Italy, and confirmed the reputation won by his *Rinaldo*. The lyric beauty of *Aminta* allied the literature of the day in Italy to the new development in Tasso's time of the art of music. Meanwhile, Tasso was steadily proceeding towards the close of his *Goffredo*, and had completed eighteen cantos in 1574, when he was struck down by fever. There was nothing in Torquato Tasso's life before this fever to indicate that his keen nervous sensibility had passed the bounds of health and grown into disease. With difficulty recovering the threads of his argument, Tasso finished his poem—which he then called *Goffredo*—at the age of thirty. Our English Spenser, about nine years younger than Tasso, was then a graduate still studying at Cambridge.

While the great poem was being finished, and the poet's health was weak, Alfonso II increased his favours. He entertained Tasso as a guest in his villa at Belriguardo. The Duke's sister Lucrezia gave him change of air with friendliest welcome in the Castle of Durante, by Urbino. When separated from her husband and returned to her brother, she would have had the poet always of her household. And the time was come when he could be much aided by the friendship of women, for the troubled mind was growing restless with vain fears that came and went.

At first he had much anxiety about the orthodoxy of his poem. It must be submitted to the Pope for strict examination. He must go to Rome, against the advice and wish of the Duke and the ladies, who sought to detain him. Leave was unwillingly given, and he went to Rome, where his kinsman, Scipione Gonzaga, introduced him to that Cardinal de' Medici who afterwards became Grand Duke of Tuscany. The Cardinal invited Tasso to enter his service, and Tasso went so far towards acceptance of the invitation that he fretted himself with fear lest he might be regarded as a traitor at Ferrara. He went back and was kindly received. But his distress of mind increased. He had been submitting his poem in manuscript to the criticism of friends, and paid minute attention to all the poor and positive suggestions made by men who were no poets for improvement of a poet's

work. This would have worried a sane man, if a sane man could have brought such trouble on himself. Then he suspected and thereby provoked, hostilities, he thought himself surrounded by enemies who plotted against him, he thought that the Inquisition would pronounce his poem to be heretical. This disease of mind raised active quarrels, by one of which Tasso made an enemy who set upon him in the market place, but the poet was a good swordsman, and put his attacker to flight. At last, his tendency to such delusions caused Tasso in the chamber of the Duchess of Urbino to draw his dagger against a servant whom he suspected of design to poison him. For this he was placed under arrest for a few days in his own chamber, and the excess was forgiven. Then he fancied himself an unpardonable heretic. The Duke introduced him to the chief of the Inquisition at Ferrara, who, after making show of strict examination, satisfied the sick mind with a certificate of orthodoxy. But the need of direct administration to a mind diseased had become so clear that Tasso was placed for medical treatment in the Franciscan convent at Ferrara.

Suspecting the monks of a design to poison him, he escaped from them next day, leaving all his papers behind, and having very little money with him. In shepherd's disguise he went to his sister Cornelia, then become a widow. She had not seen him since their childhood. He feigned to her that he was a messenger from her brother whose life was in danger from the enemies by whom he was beset. She fainted, and her emotion gave him faith in her. He stayed for some months under her care then pleaded for leave to go back into the Duke's service at Ferrara. He was received again in 1578, but was not satisfied. In calmer hours, with pen in hand, he still had the full use of his genius, but the sick fancies that had prompted once the drawing of a dagger, and the apparent impossibility of getting his assent to friendly care over his health, had so far altered his relations with his friends at Ferrara, that Tasso's next delusion was to look upon the Duke as an enemy who did him wrong.

He broke away again, went to Mantua, wandered from place to place in North Italy, and found rest for a short time in Turin.

with Carlo Ingegneri, who was afterwards the first publisher of his yet unpublished poem. The Archbishop and Duke Carlo Emanuel also received Tasso hospitably at Turin.

Next year he went suddenly back to Ferrara. The Duke was occupied with preparations for his marriage to Margherita Gonzaga, his third wife. Tasso came to him full of the irritations of his sick mind, resented the neglect of his complaints, and his delusions turned them, as often happens in such cases, with all their force against his friend. Especially this happens where, as in Tasso's case, the insane delusions spring up in a mind still capable of work along the lines within which the disease has not yet crept. Again and again the cruel malady is found in such cases to pervert some old love towards wife or friend. Who that has lived long has not known such cases? Tasso now poured out his wrath against the Duke as his chief enemy, detailed imagined injuries, and as he was reputed in Italy to be as valiant with the sword as with the pen—*Colla penna a colla spada nessun vil quanto Torquato* had been said of him—his insanity seemed dangerous to the Duke, who at last used his authority to place him in a lunatic asylum—St. Anne's Hospital for lunatics—where he would be under absolute restraint. To all Italy it was a grief that her chief poet should be in a lunatic asylum. He was not denied the use of his pen, and was still able to make good use of it when following lines of thought that were not crossed by his delusions. Still he believed himself to be in the hands of poisoners, sometimes he thought himself to be under magic spells. He wrote appeals for his deliverance from bondage to Pope Gregory XIII, to Cardinal Albani, to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, to the Duchess of Urbino, to the Countess of Mantua, to the Emperor, and to the Inquisition. Intercession was made by his native town of Bergamo that sent a deputation of its citizens. But the Duke of Ferrara remained firm in his belief that Tasso's insanity had made him dangerous. When after seven years in the asylum the poet was set at last free on the intercession of Vicenzo Gonzaga, Prince of Mantua, he was given into the care of Vicenzo Gonzaga upon his promise to re-appear at court, and that the Duke himself should be in no danger from him. He was allowed to go to his home at Soriano.

There has been a sentimental fancy, much discussed, that has taken, no doubt a firmer hold upon belief since the greatest of the German poets founded upon it his play of *Torquato Tasso*. It is that Tasso was shut up in the lunatic asylum because he had aspired to the hand of the Duke's sister Leonora. There is no solid evidence whatever upon which this fancy rests. It was in March 1579 that Tasso was placed in the asylum. Leonora died after a long illness in 1581 at the age of forty three, but Tasso was not released from Santa Anna until 1586.

It was a real vexation to Tasso to learn in his confinement that his *Goffredo*, as the poem was first called—whence Fairfax's title, "Godfrey of Bulloigne"—had been badly misprinted at Venice. The revised edition of it with its name changed to *Gerusalemme Liberata*, was published at Parma in 1581, and there were not fewer than six editions of it in that year. How could Italians read such a poem and not seek the deliverance of its writer from a lunatic asylum, while he still had, in many an hour his genius at command, and wrote wise thoughts in prose or verse within hearing of the cries of lunatics about him? In 1582 Tasso's lyrics were revised and reedited for him by the poet Battista Guarini, who was then at the court of Ferrara.

Set free in July 1586, Torquato Tasso was received with great honour in Mantua, where he finished for the press his father's *Floridante*, published it in 1587, and revised his own tragedy of *Torrismondo*. Next year he visited his native town, and went also to Rome, where Scipione Gonzaga—now become Patriarch of Jerusalem—and others received him so well that he had new hopes, of which nothing came. The disease was rooted in him, though less fierce in its attacks. In Santa Anna he had considered himself to be molested by a troublesome spirit who stole his money, hid his keys, and tossed his papers out of order. Now he received imaginary visits from a courteous spirit with whom he was sometimes heard to talk. He thought also that his mental disease had been healed miraculously by a visit from the Virgin Mary. In 1588 he tried to recover property of his mother's, from which he had been shut out by her relations, and which was not obtained until the last year of his life. He found hospitality in Rome, in Florence

Mantua, Naples, but was nowhere trusted with an office that would give him independent means, and was not the less restless and suspicious for being distressed by poverty and sickness

When this was his condition, Tasso set to work upon a new revision of his *Gerusalemme Liberata*, which he completed, and marked by giving to the revised poem a distinct name as *Gerusalemme Conquistata*. He published this in 1593, and said in a letter that men would come to be thought fools who did not see how much better the poem was in its new form. But that last revision has been set aside, as giving evidence, even in work of his best genius, that Tasso's mind was losing its best powers. To the same time belongs also Tasso's poem on the Seven Days of Creation—*La Sette Giornate del Mondo Creato*

At last a new patron was found in the Cardinal Cinzio Aldobrandini, nephew of Pope Clement VIII, who invited Tasso to come to Rome and be crowned Laureate in the Capitol. Tasso reached Rome in November 1594. Weather was then ill suited to an outdoor festival, and also the Cardinal was ill. The ceremony was therefore put off till the next April. Tasso recovered at this time enough of his mother's dowry, through the Pope's intervention, in a yearly rent charge from Prince Avellino, who held his mother's estate. The Pope also settled upon him a pension of two hundred crowns. But he was wrecked as he came into harbour. During that winter his health wholly failed, and on the 1st of April he went into the monastery of St Onofrio, that he might die with pious care about him. He died in the very month of April which was to have been the month of his coronation in the Capitol as the Italian Laureate. Cardinal Cinzio came to him in the hour of his death, on the 25th of April 1595, with the Pope's benediction. "Thus," said Tasso, "is the crown with which I hope to be crowned. It is not the glory of the poet's laurel, but the glory of the blessed in heaven." He died at the age of fifty one, twenty years after the completion of those works by which he won his place with the great poets of Italy. He was buried in the Church of the Convent of St. Onofrio, under a plain slab inscribed only

ILL. JACOB TORQUATUS TASSO.



Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata* is a more regular Epic than the great poem of Ariosto which preceded it. *Orlando Furioso* was, in forty six cantos a poet's dream. Its distinct fancies played through one another with a lively grace, in lines as delicate as might be traced by an enchanter for the moving figures on a magic shield. Ariosto's poem was begun as a continuation of Bojardo's *Orlando Innamorato*. Orlando—Roland—was enamoured of the fair heathen, Angelica, daughter of Gahpbron, King of Cathay. Where Bojardo broke off, Ariosto began, and although a new life stirred in his verse, that separated Ariosto's poem from his predecessors both in form and substance, yet the want of a beginning would be a defect in epic treatment of an action if the action otherwise were one. But there is want also of unity. The search for Angelica runs through some twenty cantos. Then follows the madness of Orlando caused by discovering that she is married to Medoro. This yields a romance of great deeds done by the mad Paladin. At last Orlando's reason is brought back to him in a bottle from the moon, and snuffed in through the nose. Ariosto did not aim at the production of an epic. With a fine spirit of railery, that played with the theme in which he took and gave delight, Ariosto brought the freshness of a new life into contact with an older world of thought. He flashed into the old life a radiance of youth by the warmth of his hand grasp. Crude marvels of a romance of chivalry that had idealised the loves and wars and superstitions of the Middle Ages were touched by the new spirit that laughed at their absurdity, while it delighted in the opportunities they offered to the artist. In the higher literature of Europe, Ariosto's Romance begins a new epoch as with a farewell festival in which the young world has set all its lamps alight that it may cheerfully bid God speed to the old.

It was an absolute farewell. In the lower literature of Europe old forms are repeated by a herd of imitators but the men of genius who are the voice of life for their own time, kindle from height to height new beacon fires to stir successive generations to the war for truth. Spenser, inspired in his youth by Ariosto, planned a romance similar in outward form but wholly different

in spirit. He made it significant of all the conflicts of the time in which he lived, and of the struggle to achieve the highest hopes of man. He was not only an artist who delighted in the picturesque imaginations of the past, but an Englishman who battled for the future. Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered* came to him at the beginning of his work as another of the great poems of Italy, then newly published, and might seem to him as a link between *Orlando Furioso* and his *Faerie Queene*. Tasso's poem was religious, the work of a good Catholic, Spenser's, the work of an active Protestant Reformer. How far the details of Tasso's after interpretation of the allegory of his poem—which will be found at the close of this volume, in Talford's translation—were in his mind while writing it, may be open to some question. But there can be no doubt that he had, while writing, a broad sense of the Battle of Life, figured by the Holy War and all the difficulties that delayed the capture of Jerusalem. If it was, as I think, no after-invention that made Godfrey stand for the guiding power of Reason and Rinaldo for the Combatant Power in affairs of life, there was distinct approach of Tasso to the manner of the "sage and serious Spenser," whom Milton dared "be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas."

But Tasso's poem differed from Spenser's as from Ariosto's, in being a carefully planned Epic. It has one action, the Siege of Jerusalem, great in itself and in its consequences from the poet's point of view. This stood in Tasso's poem as, in the *Iliad*, the Siege of Troy. And this gave its name to the poem, rather than Godfrey, as it first designed. Jerusalem was Tasso's Ilium. To name the poem after Godfrey would be like naming the *Iliad* after Agamemnon. The chief hero of Tasso's action is not Godfrey but Rinaldo. His anger, like the anger of Achilles, for a time withdraws him from the siege. The temptations of Armida have so obvious a significance, that their main features were used by Spenser with little change to crown the allegory of his second book.

A charm that Tasso shares with Ariosto and with Spenser lies in the sweet music of his verse, and in his purity of style. In

Ariosto's time there was no widespread corruption of style by excess of ornament. Tasso was more, and Spenser most, open to temptation of a fashion that required elaboration of speech with simile and metaphor, with classical allusions, and all figures of rhetoric. But Spenser set aside the fashion of his day, and looked back with reverence to the simplicity of Chaucer's English. He made that his model. Tasso,—the pure music of whose *Aminta* was, almost in his own day, neglected for the more ingeniously concerted *Pastor Fido* of Guarini,—told his story of *Jerusalem Delivered* in clear musical stanzas, free from all rhetorical exaggeration, and all labour for ingenious tricks of thought.

Fairfax, a good poet, but not a great one, could not reproduce this exquisite simplicity. He translated into English verse after the manner of his own vigorous time, adorning, as he went, with interwoven figures of speech, and bits of classical mythology. More than once he made Aurora rise with a blush out of the bed of Tithonus, as his neighbour poets did in England when they said that it was morning, but as Tasso never did. Sometimes he would seek to strengthen an image. When Tasso said that a hero was like Mars, Fairfax said Mars would have been afraid of him. But of Fairfax next.

## EDWARD FAIRFAX

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EDWARD FAIRFAX, of Newhall in the parish of Fauston, Yorkshire, was of a Yorkshire family and married to a Yorkshire woman. He was born at Leeds. His father was Sir Thomas Fairfax of Denton and Nun Appleton and Bilborough, in Yorkshire, whose eldest son, born at Bilborough, was Thomas, first Lord Fairfax of Cameron in the Scottish peerage. Thomas was born in 1560 and lived to the age of eighty, but there is no record of the birth date of his brother Edward, who died five years before him. Edward was very serviceable to his eldest brother, for he lived a studious life upon his own little estate near by, as one of the family (though his legitimacy has been doubted), and had looked after the education of his brother's children. He had also the charge of his brother's affairs while his brother was much away on diplomatic and military service in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was not until after the accession of James I. that Thomas, first Lord Fairfax, settled down at Denton, where he gave attention to the breeding of his horses and carefully defined the duties of his servants.

Edward Fairfax married a sister of Walter Lycock of Copmanthorne in Yorkshire, and had several children of his own. His translation of *L'asso* was his chief work. It was first published in 1600 towards the end of the reign of Elizabeth, and dedicated to the Queen. It was valued greatly by King James, who gave it a first place in English poetry. It is said to have soothed Charles the First in his confinement, and Dryden records that he and others had heard Waller say that he 'derived the harmony of his numbers from *Geoffrey of Bullion*'.

Edward Fairfax wrote also twelve eclogues, of which two or

three have been printed and the rest are lost. He died in 1635, and was buried at Faiston on the 27th of January. His wife survived him thirteen years.

Richard Carew, who had distinguished himself at Oxford in his student days and afterwards when Sheriff of Cornwall, published a valuable *Survey of Cornwall*, published in 1594 a translation of the first five cantos of Tasso's *Gerusalemme*. Carew printed his English version and the Italian original facing each other, page for page, and his translation was accurate. I take, for example the fourth stanza of the first book, where Fairfax has generalised into *Princes* Tasso's direct dedication to Alfonso II. —

'Thou noble minded Alfonso, who dost save  
From fortune's fury and to port dost steer  
Me wondering pilgrim, midst of many a wave  
And many a rock betost and drenched well near,  
My verse with friendly grace to accept vouchsafe,  
Which, as in vow sacred to thee I bear  
One day, perhaps, my pen forchalsening  
Will dare what now of thee tis purposing

Fairfax in his translation of the first five cantos shows now and then that he has read Carew's translation, but on the whole, here as throughout, he takes his own way, and writes like an English poet of his day, according to the fashion of his day, but with addition of the clearest evidence of his delight in Spenser. Many a phrase and image used in the elaboration of his stanzas has been suggested to Fairfax by his study of the *Faerie Queen*, which was a new poem while he wrote, its first three books published in 1590, its next three in 1596. Fairfax's *Tasso* in 1600. He translates indeed, stanza for stanza, so that the numbering of his stanzas corresponds to that of the original. But he gives in his own way the sense of each stanza, or what he takes it to be, when, as not seldom happens, he is doubtful or lost, unconscious of error more or less astray as to the meaning of a sentence. Spenser had planned his great poem early in life, to be a spiritual allegory with a poem of knights, ladies, and

enchancements, that was to have outward resemblance to the *Orlando* of Ariosto, only it was to be "in sage and solemn tunes" —

"Of turneya and of trophies hung,  
Of forests and enchantments drear,  
Where more is meant than meets the ear

While Spenser was planning and beginning to write, Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered* came, as a new poem, into his hands. His pleasure in it was declared by touches of paraphrase and imitation in his verse. Of a beautiful song in the garden of Armida, he gave a poet's translation in the last canto of his second book, where the description of the gardens of Acrasia owed many a touch to recollections of Tasso. In such passages Fairfax translated with Spenser in his mind.

Fairfax's worst blunders, or seeming blunders, in translation do little damage to the spirit of his text. Thus in canto iii stanza 32, the commonest inflexion of a familiar verb, *volgere*, to turn, which of course he knew, and, here as elsewhere, has translated rightly, slips through his eye into his mind the name of a great river, and we have this version of the lines—

"Tal grm tauro talor ne l'ampio agone,  
*Se volge il corno* ai cani ond è seguito,  
S'arretran essi, e s'a fuggir si pone,  
Ciascun ritorna a seguitarlo ardito."

"As the swift ure, by *Volga's* rolling flood,  
Chased through the plains the mastiff curs toform,  
Thes to the succour of some neighbour wood,  
And often *turns again his dreadful horn*  
Against the dogs imbrued in sweat and blood,  
That bite not till the beast to flight return."

Here there is no blunder at all. *Se volge il corno* is translated, the image is correctly given, although part is amplified and part condensed. We only find that the word *volge* suggested to Fairfax his addition of the river. In and after Elizabeth's time river names were much used as ornaments of verse.

The English of Fairfax's *Tasso* has, in pronunciation and

vocabulary, some ring of the North. The letter "r" is well sounded. When "Carlos" is translated "Charles" I have once or twice accented the "é" to remind the reader that the word is a dissyllable. But the pronunciation is not Char-les, it is Char els, the second syllable is made by the rolled "r" before the letter "l." In the same way we find "pearls" used as a word of two syllables—pearels—in the twenty third stanza of the seventeenth canto, and so in another place with the word "curls." A glance at the Glossary on the last pages of this volume, will show the use of Northern words, as "busk" and "bield." The reader may also now and then observe what looks like a false concord between noun and verb, caused by use, in a few places, of the northern plural in "s," or of the second person singular of the present indicative in "es" for "est."

Fairfax interspersed old words in his translation to grace an antique tale, for the same reason that caused Spenser to use them in *The Faerie Queene*, he had also, in this respect, by imitation and likeness of experience,—for Spenser's family was also of the north of England,—a Spenserian vocabulary. He often uses the prefix "y" for the old "ge," in past participles, as "yclept," "ypraised." Sometimes he adds the "n" of the infinitive where it had been dropped by the usage of his time,—*"Two barons bold approachen gan the place," "Do thou permit the chosen ten to gone"*. He has old plurals in "n," "eyne," "fone," "treen." Sometimes he drops, sometimes retains, the "n" of a past participle, writing "know" for "known," "bounden" for "bound." Very commonly he takes the old indicative present of the verb "to be," using "been" for "are." Now and then he drops the sign of the past in a weak verb ending in "t." In this edition, while the spelling has been modernised, archaic words and forms have been retained.

As translator, according to the fashion of his day in England, Fairfax turns many a direct and simple sentence of his original into metaphor or simile, interweaves mythological and scriptural allusions, or finds comparisons in a homely English proverb, as *"A stick to beat that dog he long had sought,"* or *"Doubtless the count, thought his bread well baken."*

With all this, Fairfax found that the vowel endings of Italian add many syllables that lengthen the expression of a thought while making it more musical. Chaucer's seven lined stanza perhaps originated in his experience as a translator from the octave rhyme as it was used by Boccaccio. It is formed by striking out the fifth line, and so producing a new measure with a system of its own. Thus Chaucer translated eight lines into seven. Fairfax, by the compactness of his style, was led to devices of expansion as well as of addition. He set up triplets of words where Tasso had but one, and sometimes gave an air of condensed energy to a line that was in fact one bold expansion by a string of words.

When Tasso simply wrote (xiv. 1)—

“E i venticelli dibattendo l'ah  
Lusingavano il sonno de' mortali,”

Fairfax translated—

“And sweet breathed Zephyr on his spreading wings,  
Sleep, ease, repose, rest, peace, and quiet brings.”

When Tasso wrote—

“China poi, disse, e gh addito la terra,  
Gli occhi a cio che quel globo ultimo serra,”

Fairfax, having used up the rest of the matter of the stanza in five lines, and having three to fill, translated—

“Then bend thine eyes on yonder earth and mould,  
All in that miss, that globe and compass see,  
Land, sea, spring, fountain, man, beast, grass, and tree.”

And as an example of the frequent triplets in Fairfax, which became a favourite device, we may take the translation of Tasso's—

Ben sono in parte altr' uom da quel ch'io fui,  
Ch' or da lui pendo, e mi rivolgo a lui.”

“Thus hath he changed my thoughts, my heart my will,  
And rules mine art, my knowledge, and my skill.”



Iteration is part of a speaker's art, because the spoken word has wings, and may not always be caught as it is uttered. In our Church Service its use is recognised by frequent doublings of nouns and verbs, as when we "acknowledge and confess our manifold sins and iniquities," and the form of writing is not ill suited to a poem that one may imagine planned for recitation. Fairfax uses it to excess, but there is so much robust vigour in his way of suiting to his own time and country the contents of each successive stanza, and his own music is so clear and tuneful, that his translation still holds high place in our literature, among the books "that so did please Eliza and our James," and have not lost their pleasantness by lapse of time.

## GODFREY IN HISTORY.

---

THE story of *Jerusalem Delivered* is a romantic treatment of the First Crusade, which followed upon the preaching of Peter the Hermit, supported by Pope Urban II, who, from a high scaffold at the Council of Clermont, bade the Christians go on their errand of love, to die and possess mansions in heaven, or to live and pay their vows before the Holy Sepulchre. The Crusaders were to set out on the Feast of the Assumption, August 15th, 1096. They were a throng gathered from all Christendom, of which the chief among many leaders was Godfrey son of Eustace II, Count of Bouillon in the Ardennes, who through his mother claimed descent from Charlemagne. At the age of about four and twenty he was with the Emperor's force at the siege of Rome in 1084, and was the first to scale the walls. For this service he was made Marquis of Antwerp and Duke of Lorraine. When the Crusade was being preached, he rose from a fever, shook off his disease, pawned his lordship of Bouillon for the loan of 1300 marks from the Church of Liege, and led a force of 80,000 foot soldiers and 10,000 horse to Constantinople, where he rescued a fellow Crusader, Hugh of Vermandois, who was detained by the Greek Emperor Alexius. Then Godfrey took Antioch, achieved a victory over a great host of the Saracens at Dorykeum, reached Jerusalem in 1099, and captured the city after a five weeks' siege. In the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem then founded, Godfrey ruled for a year, but refused to be crowned with gold where his Saviour had been crowned with thorns. He repelled attacks of the Saracens, caused to be drawn up a system of jurisprudence known as the Assizes of Jerusalem, and died in

the year 1100, honoured even by his enemies. His exploits, said Geoffrey of Vinsauf, "were as food in the mouth of their narrators." His brother Baldwin was made his successor as King of Jerusalem.

Other leaders of this Crusade were Hugh, Count of Vermandois, brother to the King of France, and Robert, Duke of Normandy, brother to the King of England. Duke Robert had raised money by the pawning of his dukedom. Tancred was son of the Marquis Odo the Good and Emma, sister of Robert Guiscard. Bohemond was Robert Guiscard's son, who inherited Tarentum and Apulia. Raymond, Count of Toulouse, is fabled to have led to the Crusades 160,000 horse and foot.

# GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE

OR

THE RECOVERIE OF IERUSALEM,

DONE INTO ENGLISH HEROICALL VERSE

BY

EDW. FAIREFAX, GENT

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LONDON

A HATFIELD FOR J JAGGARD

1600

[The Edition of 1600 is in folio]

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The first Book  
OF  
GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE.

---

*THE ARGUMENT*

God sends his angel to Tortosa down  
Godfrey unites the Christian Peers and Knights,  
And all the Lords and Princes of renown  
Choose him their Duke, to rule the wars and fights,  
He mustereth all his host whose number known,  
He sends them to the fort that Sion hights,  
The aged tyrant Judas land that guides,  
In fear and trouble to rest provides

---

THE sacred armies, and the godly knight,  
That the great sepulchre of Christ did free,  
I sing, much wrought his valour and foresight,  
And in that glorious war much suffered he,  
In vain 'gainst him did Hell oppose her might,  
In vain the Turks and Morians armed be  
His soldiers wild, to brawls and mutines prest,  
Reduced he to peace, so Heaven him blest.

O heavenly Muse, that not with fading bays  
Deckest thy brow by the Heliconian spring,  
But sittest crowned with stars' immortal rays  
In Heaven, where legions of bright angels sing,  
Inspire life in my wit, my thoughts upraise,  
My verse ennoble, and forgive the thing,  
If fictions light I mix with truth divine,  
And all these lines with other praise than thine



3  
 Tauter than I now'st the world is best inclined  
 Where luring Parnass most his sweet imparts,  
 And truth conveyed in verse of gentle kind  
 To read perhaps will move the dullest hearts  
 So we, if children young diseased we find,  
 Anoint with sweets the vessels foremost parts  
 To make them taste the potions sharp we give,  
 They drink deceived, and so deceived, they live

4  
 Ye noble Princes, that protect and save  
 The Pilgrim Muses, and their ship defend  
 From rock of Ignorance and Error's wave,  
 Your gracious eyes upon this labour bend  
 To you these tales of love and conquest by we  
 I dedicate to you this work I send  
 My Muse hereafter shall perhaps unfold  
 Your fights, your battles, and your combats bold.

5  
 For if the Christian Princes ever strive  
 To win fair Greece out of the tyrants' hands,  
 And those usurping Ismaelites deprive  
 Of woeful Thrace, which now captined stands,  
 You must from realms and seas the Turks forth drive,  
 As Godfrey chased them from Juda's lands,  
 And in this legend all that glorious deed,  
 Read, whilst you arm you, arm you, whilst you read

6  
 Six years were run since first a martial guise  
 The Christian Lords warred the eastern land,  
 Nice by assault, and Antioch by surprise,  
 Both fur, both rich, both won both conquered stand,  
 And this defended they in noblest wise  
 'Gainst Persian Knights and many a valiant band  
 Tortosa won lest winter might them shend  
 They drew to holds, and coming spring attend

7  
 The sullen season now was come and gone,  
 That forced them late cease from their noble war  
 When God Almighty from his lofty throne,  
 Set in those parts of Heaven that purest are,  
 (As far above the clear stars every one,  
 As it is hence up to the highest star)  
 Looked down, and all at once this world beheld,  
 Each land, each city, country, town and held

All things he view'd at last in Syria stay'd 8  
 Upon the Christian Lords his gracious eye,  
 That wondrous look wherewith he oft surveyed  
 Men's secret thoughts that most concern'd lie  
 He cast on puissant Godfrey that assayed  
 To drive the Turks from Sion's bulwarks high,  
 And, full of zeal and faith, esteemed light  
 All worldly honour, empire, treasure, might

In Baldwin next he spied another thought, 9  
 Whom spirits proud to vain ambition move  
 Tancred he saw his life's joy set at nought,  
 So woe begone was he with pruns of love  
 Boemond the conquered folk of Antioch brought,  
 The gentle yoke of Christ an rule to prove  
 He taught them laws, statutes and customs new,  
 Arts, crafts, obedience, and religion true

And with such care his busy work he plied, 10  
 That to nought else his acting thoughts he bent  
 In young Rinaldo fierce desires he spied,  
 And noble heart of rest impatient,  
 To wealth or sovereign power he nought applied  
 His wits but all to virtue excellent,  
 Patterns and rules of skill and courage bold,  
 He took from Guelpho, and his fathers old

Thus when the Lord discovered had, and seen 11  
 The hidden secrets of each worthy's breast,  
 Out of the hierarchies of angels sheen  
 The gentle Gabriel called he from the rest,  
 'Twixt God and souls of men that righteous been  
 Ambassador is he, for ever blest,  
 The just commands of Heaven's Eternal King  
 Twixt skies and earth, he up and down do bring

To whom the Lord thus spake "Godfredo find, 12  
 And in my name ask him, why doth he rest  
 Why he his arms to ease and peace resigned?  
 Why fre is he not Jerusalem his rest?  
 His zeal to count I call each baser mind  
 Let him stir up, for, contentment of the rest  
 I have order the earth shall him allow,  
 Henceforth his law shall be his subject's law

This said the angel swift himself prepared 13  
 To execute the charge imposed right  
 In form of airy members fair imbard,  
 His spirits pure were subject to our sight,  
 Like to a man in show and shape he fared,  
 But full of heavenly majesty and might,  
 A stripling seemed he thrice five winters old,  
 And radiant beams adorned his locks of gold.

Of silver wings he took a shining pair, 14  
 Tringed with gold unweaned, nimble, swift,  
 With these he parts the winds, the clouds, the air,  
 And over seas and earth himself doth lift,  
 Thus clad he cut the spheres and circles fair,  
 And the pure skies with sacred feathers clift,  
 On Libanon at first his foot he set,  
 And shook his wings with rosy May dews wet.

Then to Tortosa's confines swiftly sped 15  
 The sacred messenger, with headlong flight,  
 Above the eastern wave appeared red  
 The rising sun, yet scanty half in sight,  
 Godfrey e'en then his morn devotions said  
 As was his custom, when with Titan bright  
 Appeared the angel in his shape divine  
 Whose glory far obscured Phœbus' shine

"Godfrey" quoth he, "behold the season fit 16  
 To war for which thou waited hast so long,  
 Now serves the time, if thou oerslip not it,  
 To free Jerusalem from thrall and wrong  
 Thou with thy Lords in council quickly sit,  
 Comfort the feeble and confirm the strong  
 The Lord of Hosts then general doth make thee  
 And for their chieftain they shall gladly take thee

"I messenger from everlasting Jove, 17  
 In his great name thus his behests do tell,  
 Oh, what sure hope of conquest ought thee move,  
 What zeal, what love should in thy bosom dwell!  
 This said, he vanished to those seats above  
 In height and clearness which the rest excel  
 Down fell the Duke, his joints dissolved asunder  
 Blind with the light, and stucl en dead with wonder

But when recovered he considered more, 18  
 The man, his manner, and his message said,  
 If erst he wished, now he long'd sore  
 To end that war, whereof he Lord was made,  
 Nor swelled his breast with uncouth pride therefore  
 That Heaven on him above this charge had laid  
 But, for his great Creator would the same,  
 His will increased so fire augmenteth flame.

The captains called forthwith from every tent, 19  
 Unto the rendezvous he them invites,  
 Letter on letter, post on post he sent,  
 Entreatance fair with counsel he unites,  
 All, what a noble courage could augment,  
 The sleeping spark of valour what incites,  
 He used, that all their thoughts to honour rused,  
 Some praised, some paid, some counselled, all pleased

The captains, soldiers, all, save Boemond, came, 20  
 And pitched their tents, some in the fields without,  
 Some of green boughs their slender cabins frame,  
 Some lodg'd were Tortosa's streets about,  
 Of all the host the chief of worth and name  
 Assembled been, a senate grave and stout,  
 Then Godfrey, after silence kept a space,  
 Lift up his voice, and spake with princely grace

"Warriors, whom God himself elected hath 21  
 His worship true in Zion to restore,  
 And still preserved from danger, harm and scath,  
 By many a sea and many an unknown shore,  
 You have subjected lately to his faith  
 Some provinces rebellious long before  
 And after conquests great, have in the same  
 Erected trophies to his cross and name

"But not for this our homes we first forsook 22  
 And from our native soil have marched so far  
 Nor to the sacred city have we betook  
 Lest to the altar of so far sought war,  
 Or cry to gain a ill reward,  
 And let the poor saint's blood and martyr's tear  
 Be a surcharge on our weary limbs and  
 To hold us by the sword and the spear

‘ But this the scope was of our former thought,—  
 Of Zion’s fort to scale the noble wall,  
 The Christian folk from bondage to have brought,  
 Wherein, alas, they long have livéd thrall,  
 In Palestine an empire to have wrought,  
 Where godliness might reign perpetual,  
 And none be left, that pilgrims might deny  
 To see Christ’s tomb, and promised vows to pay

23

“ What to this hour successively is done  
 Was full of peril, to our honour small,  
 Nought to our first designment, if we shun  
 The purposed end, or here lie fixed all.  
 What boots it us these wars to have begun,  
 Or Europe raised to make proud Asia thrall,  
 If our beginnings have this ending known,  
 Not kingdoms raised, but armies overthrown ?

24

“ Not as we list erect we empires new  
 On frail foundations laid in earthly mould,  
 Where of our faith and country be but few  
 Among the thousands stout of Pagans bold,  
 Where nought behoves us trust to Greece untrue,  
 And Western aid we far removed behold  
 Who buildeth thus, methinks, so buildeth he,  
 As if his work should his sepulchre be

25

“ Turks, Persians conquered, Antiochia won,  
 Be glorious acts, and full of glorious praise,  
 By Heaven’s mere grace, not by our prowess done  
 Those conquests were achieved by wondrous ways  
 If now from that directed course we run  
 The God of Battles thus before us lays,  
 His loving kindness shall we lose, I doubt,  
 And be a byword to the lands about

26

“ Let not these blessings then sent from above  
 Abused be or spilt in profane wise,  
 But let the issue correspondent prove  
 To good beginnings of each enterprise,  
 The gentle season might our courage move,  
 Now every passage plain and open lies  
 What lets us then the great Jerusalem  
 With valiant squadrons round about to hem ?

27

"Lords, I protest, and hearken all to it, 28  
 Ye times and ages, future, present, past,  
 Hear all ye blessed in the heavens that sit,  
 The time for this achievement hasteneth fast  
 The longer rest worse will the season fit,  
 Our sureties shall with doubts be overcast  
 If we forslow the siege I well foresee  
 From Egypt will the Pagans succoured be"

This sūd, the hermit Peter rose and spake, 29  
 Who sate in counsel those great Lords among,—  
 "At my request this wā was undertake,  
 In private cell, who erst hved closed long,  
 What Godfrey wills, of that no question make,  
 There cast no doubts where truth is plain and strong  
 Your acts, I trust, will correspond his speech,  
 Yet one thing more I would you gladly teach

"These strifes, unless I far mistake the thing, 30  
 And discords raised oft in disordered soyt,  
 Your disobedience and ill managing  
 Of actions lost, for want of due support,  
 Refer I justly to a further spring,  
 Spring of sedition, strife, oppression, tort,  
 I mean commanding power to sundry given,  
 In thought, opinion, worth, estate, uneven

"Where divers Lords divided empire hold, 31  
 Where causes be by gifts, not justice tried,  
 Where offices be falsely bought and sold,  
 Needs must the lordship there from virtue slide  
 Of friendly parts one body then uphold,  
 Create one head, the rest to rule and guide  
 To one the regal power and sceptre gñe,  
 That henceforth may your King and Sovereign live"

And therewith stayed his speech O gracious Muse, 32  
 What linding motions in their breasts do fry?  
 With grace divine the hermit's talk infuse,  
 That in their hearts his words may fructify;  
 By this a virtuous concord they did choose,  
 And all contentions then began to die,  
 The Princes with the multitude agree,  
 That Godfrey ruler of the cārs should be

His power they gave him, by his princely might,  
 All to command to judge all good and ill,  
 Laws to impose to lands subdued by might,  
 To make war both when and where he will,  
 To hold in due subjection every wight,  
 Their valours to be guided by his skill,  
 Thus done, report displays her tell tale win,  
 And to each ear the news and tidings bring.

33

She told the soldiers, who allowed him meet  
 And well deserving of that sovereign place,  
 Their first salute and acclamations sweet  
 Received he, with love and gentle grace  
 After their reverence done with hand and feet  
 Requested was, with mild and cheerful face,  
 He bids his armies should the following day  
 On those four plains their standards proud display

34

The golden sun rose from the silver wave,  
 And with his beams channelled every green  
 When up rose each warrior bold and brave,  
 Glistering in filed steel and armour sheen,  
 With jolly plumes their crests adorned they have,  
 And all before their chief unmustered been  
 He from a mountain crest his curious sight  
 On every footman and on every knight

35

My mind Time's enemy, Oblivion's foe,  
 Disposer true of each noteworthy thing,  
 Oh, let thy virtuous might avail me so,  
 That I each troop and captain great may sing,  
 That in this glorious war did famous grow,  
 Forgot till now by Time's evil handling  
 This work, derived from thy treasures dear,  
 Let all times hereon, never age outwear

36

The French came foremost battalions and bold  
 Late led by Hugo, brother to their king,  
 From France the isle that rivers four unfold  
 With rolling streams descending from their spring,  
 But Hugo dead the hly fair of gold,  
 Their wonted ensign they before them bring  
 Under Clotharius great a captain good,  
 And hardy I might asprong of princes blood

37

A thousand were they in strong armours clad, 38  
 Next whom there marchéd forth another band,  
 That number, nature, and instruction had,  
 Like them to fight far off or charge at hand,  
 All valiant Normans by Lord Robert lad,  
 The native Duke of that renowned land,  
 Two bishops next their standards proud upbare,  
 Called Reverend William, and Good Ademare

Their jolly notes they chanted loud and clear 39  
 On merry mornings at the mass divine,  
 And horrid helms high on their heads they bear  
 When their fierce courage they to war incline  
 The first four hundred horsemen gathered near  
 To Orange town, and lands that it confine  
 But Ademare the Poggian youth brought out,  
 In number like, in hard assays as stout

Baldwin, his ensign fur, did next dispread 40  
 Among his Bulloigners of noble fame,  
 His brother gave him all his troops to lead,  
 When he commander of the field became,  
 The Count Carinto did him straight succeed,  
 Grave in advice, well skilled in Mars his game,  
 Four hundred brought he, but so many thrice  
 Led Baldwin, clad in gilden arms of price

Guelpho next them the land and place possess, 41  
 Whose fortunes good with his great acts agree,  
 By his Italian sire, fro the house of Est,  
 Well could he bring his noble pedigree,  
 A German born with rich possessions blest,  
 A worthy branch sprung from the Guelphian tree  
 'Twixt Rhene and Danubie the land contained  
 He ruled, where Swave, and Rhebans whilom reigned

His mother's heritage was this and right, 42  
 To which he added more by conquest got,  
 From thence approved men of passing might  
 He brought, that death or danger fear'd not  
 It was their wont in feasts to spend the night,  
 And pass cold days in baths and houses hot  
 Five thousand late, of which now scanty are  
 The third part left, such is the chance of war



The nation then with crisped locks and fur, 43  
 That dwell between the seas and Arden Wood  
 Where Mosel streams and Rhene the meadows wear,  
 A battel soil for grain for pasture good,  
 Their islanders with them, who oft repair  
 The earthen bulwarks grunst the ocean flood,  
 The flood elsewhere that ships and barks devour  
 But there drowns cities countries towns and towers

Both in one troop, and but a thousand all, 44  
 Under another Robert fierce they ru  
 Then the English squadron, soldiers stout and tall  
 By William led the sovereign's younger son  
 These archers be, and with them come withal  
 A people near the Northern Pole that wone  
 Whom Ireland sent from loughs and forests hoar  
 Divided far by sea from Europe's shore

Tancredi next, nor 'mongst them all was one, 45  
 Rinald except, a prince of greater might  
 With majesty his noble countenance shone,  
 High were his thoughts, his heart was bold in fight,  
 No shameful vice his worth had overgone,  
 His fault was love by unadvised sight,  
 Bred in the dangers of adventurous arms,  
 And nursed with griefs, with sorrows, woes, and harms

Fame tells, that on that ever blessed day, 46  
 When Christian swords with Persian blood were dyed  
 The furious Prince Tancredi from that fray  
 His coward foes chased through forests wide,  
 Till tired with the fight the heat, the day  
 He sought some place to rest his wearied side,  
 And drew him near a silver stream that played  
 Among wild herbs under the greenwood shade

A Pagan damsel there unwares he met, 47  
 In shining steel all save her visage fair,  
 Her hair unbound she made a wanton net,  
 To catch sweet breathing from the cooling air  
 On her at gaze his longing looks he set  
 Sight wonder wonder love love bred his care  
 O love, O wonder love new born new bred  
 Now grown, now armed, this champion captive led

Her helm the virgin donned, and but some wight 48  
 She feared might come to aid him as they fought,  
 Her courage earned to have assu'd the knight,  
 Yet thence she fled, uncompanied, unsought,  
 And left her image in his heart imight  
 Her sweet idea wandered through his thought,  
 Her shape, her gesture, and her place in mind  
 He kept, and blew love's fire with that wind,

Well might you read his sickness in his eyes, 49  
 Their banks were full, their tide was at the flow,  
 His help far off, his hurt within him lies,  
 His hopes unstung, his cares were fit to mow,  
 Eight hundred horse (from Champaign came) he gues,  
 Champaign a land where wealth, ease, pleasure grow  
 Rich Nature's pomp and pride, the furthest main  
 There woo the hills, hills woo the valleys plain

Two hundred Greeks came next in fight well tried, 50  
 Not surely armed in steel or iron strong,  
 But each a glove had pendant by his side,  
 Their bows and quivers at their shoulders hung,  
 Their horses well inured to chase and ride,  
 In diet spare, untired with labour long,  
 Ready to charge, and to retire at will,  
 Though broken, scattered, fled, they slurrish still,

Tatine then guide, and except Tatine, none 51  
 Of all the Greeks went with the Christian host,  
 O sin, O shame, O Greece accurst alone!  
 Did not this fatal war affront thy coast?  
 Yet sittest thou an idle looker on,  
 And glad attendest which side won or lost  
 Now if thou be a bondsman vile become,  
 No wrong is that, but God's most righteous doom

In order list, but first in worth and fame, 52  
 Unfired in fight, untired with hurt or wound,  
 The noble squadron of adventures came,  
 Terrors to all that tread on Asia's ground  
 Cease Orpheus of thy Minos, Arthur shame  
 To boast of Lancelot or the table round  
 For the whom antique times with laurel dress'd  
 These far exceed them, these, and all the rest

Dudon of Consa was their guide and lord,  
 And for of worth and birth alike they been,  
 They chose him captain, by their free accord,  
 For he most acts had done, most battles seen,  
*Grave was the man in years, in looks, in word,*  
 His locks were grey, yet was his courage green,  
 Of worth and might the noble badge he bore,  
 Old scars of grievous wounds received of yore.

53

After came Eustace, well esteemed man  
 For Godfrey's sake his brother, and his own ;  
 The King of Norway's heir Gernando than,  
*Proud of his father's title, sceptre, crown ,*  
 Roger of Balnavill, and Engerlan,  
 For hardy knights approved were and known ;  
 Besides were numbered in that warlike train  
 Rambald, Gentonio, and the Gurrards twain

54

Ubaldo then, and puissant Rosimond,  
 Of Lancaster the heir, in rank succeed ,  
 Let none forget Obizo of Tuscan land,  
 Well worthy praise for many a worthy deed ,  
 Nor those three brethren, Lombards fierce and yond,  
 Achilles, Sforza, and stern Palamede ,  
 Nor Otton's shield he conquered in those stowres,  
 In which a snake a naked child devours

55

Guascher and Ruphe in valour like there was,  
 The one and other Guido, famous both,  
 Germer and Eberard to overpass,  
 In foul oblivion would my Muse be loth,  
 With his Giltappes dear, Edward alas,  
 A loving pair, to war among them go'th  
 In bond of virtuous love together tied,  
 Together served they, and together died.

56

In school of love are all things taught we see,  
 There learned this maid of arms the useful guise,  
 Still by his side a faithful guard went she,  
 One true love knot their lives together ties,  
 No wound to one alone could dangerous be,  
 But each the smart of other's anguish tries,  
 If one were hurt, the other felt the sore,  
 She lost her blood, he spent his life therefore

57

But these and all, Rinaldo far exceeds, 58  
 Star of his sphere, the diamond of this ring,  
 The nest where courage with sweet mercy breeds.  
 A comet worthy each eye's wondering,  
 His years are fewer than his noble deeds,  
 His fruit is ripe soon as his blossoms spring,  
     Arméd, a Mars, might coyest Venus move,  
     And if disarméd, then God himself of Love

Sophia by Adige' flowery bank him bore, 59  
 Sophia the fair, spouse to Bertoldo great,  
 Fit mother for that pearl, and before  
 The tender imp was weanéd from the teat,  
 The Princess Maud him took, in Virtue's lore  
 She brought him up fit for each worthy feat.  
     Till of these wars the golden trump he hears,  
     That soundeth glory, fame, praise in his ears

And then, though scantly three times five years old, 60  
 He fled alone, by many an unknown coast  
 O'er Ægean Seas by many a Greekish hold,  
 Till he arrived at the Christian host,  
 A noble flight, adventurous, brave, and bold,  
 Whereon a valiant prince might justly boast,  
     Three years he served in field, when scant begin  
     Few golden hairs to deck his ivory chin.

The horsemen past, their void left stations fill 61  
 The bands on foot, and Raymond them befor,  
 Of Tholouse lord, from lands near Pirane Hill  
 By Garound streams and salt sea billows worn,  
 Four thousand foot he brought, well armed, and skill  
 Had they all pains and travel to have borne,  
     Stout men of arms and with their guide of power  
     Like Troy's old town defenced with Ilion's tower

Next Stephen of Amboise did five thousand lead, 62  
 The men he prest from Tours and Blois but late,  
 To hard assays unfit, unsure at need,  
 Yet armed to point in well attempted plate,  
 The land did like itself the people breed,  
 The soil is gentle, smooth, soft, delicate,  
     Boldly they charge, but soon retire for doubt,  
     Like fire of straw, soon kindled, soon burnt out

The third Alcisto marched, and with him 63  
 The boister brought six thousand Switzers bold,  
 Audacious were their looks, their faces grim,  
 Strong castles on the Alpine cliffs they hold,  
 Their shares and coulter broke, to armours trim  
 They change that metal, cast in warlike mould,  
 And with this hand late herds and flocks that guine,  
 Now kings and realms he threatened and denied

The glorious standard last to Heaven they sprad, 64  
 With Peter's keys ennobled and his crown,  
 With it seven thousand stout Camillo had,  
 Embattailed in walls of iron brown  
 In this adventure and occasion, glad  
 So to revive the Romans' old renown,  
 Or prove at least to all of wiser thought  
 Their hearts were fertile land although unwrought.

But now was passed every regiment, 65  
 Each band, each troop, each per on worth regard  
 When Godfrey with his lords to counsel went  
 And thus the Duke his princely will declared —  
 'I will when day next clears the firmament,  
 Our ready host in haste be all prepared,  
 Closely to march to Sion's noble wall,  
 Unseen, unheard, or undescried at all.

"Prepare you then for travel strong and light, 66  
 Fierce to the combat, glad to victory"  
 And with that word and warning soon was light,  
 Each soldier, longing for near coming glory,  
 Impatient be they of the morning bright,  
 Of honour so them pricked the memory  
 But yet their chieftain had conceived a fear  
 Within his heart, but kept it secret there

For he by faithful spial was assured, 67  
 That Egypt's King was forward on his way,  
 And to arrive at Gaza old procured,  
 A son that on the Syrian frontier lay,  
 Nor thinks he that a man to wars inured  
 Will aught forslow, or in his journey stay,  
 For well he knew him for a dangerous foe  
 An herald called he then, and spake him so —

"A pinnacle take thee swift as shaft from bow,  
 And speed thee, Henry, to the Greekish main,  
 There should arrive, as I by letters know  
 From one that never aught reports in vain,  
 A valiant youth in whom all virtues flow,  
 To help us this great conquest to obtain,  
 The Prince of Danes he is, and brings to war  
 A troop with him from under the Arctic star

"And for I doubt the Greekish monarch sly  
 Will use with him some of his wonted craft,  
 To stay his passage, or divert away  
 Elsewhere his forces, his first journey left,  
 My herald good and messenger well try,  
 See that these succours be not us beraft,  
 But send him thence with such convenient speed  
 As with his honour stands and with our need

"Return not thou, but Legier stay behind,  
 And move the Greekish Prince to send us aid,  
 Tell him his kingly promise doth him bind  
 To give us succours, by his covenant made '  
 Thus said, and thus instruct, his letters signed  
 The trusty herald took, nor longer stay'd,  
 But sped him thence to done his Lord's behest,  
 And thus the Duke reduced his thoughts to rest

Aurora bright her crystal gates unbarred,  
 And bridegroom like forth stept the glorious sun,  
 When trumpets loud and clarions shrill were heard,  
 And every one to rouse him fierce begun  
 Sweet music to each heart for war prepared,  
 The soldiers glad by heaps to business run,  
 So if with drought endangered be their grain,  
 Poor ploughmen joy when thunders promise rain

Some shuts of mail, some coats of plate put on,  
 Some donned a curass, some a corslet bright,  
 And habbert some, and some a habergeon,  
 So every one in arms was quickly dight,  
 His wonted guide each soldier tends upon,  
 Looch in the wind waved their banners light  
 Their tandem row'd towards Herva's flat spread,  
 The cross instant on the Pagan's dead

73  
 Meanwhile the car that bears the lightning brand  
 Upon the eastern hill was mounted high,  
 And smote the glistening armies as they stand,  
 With quivering beams which dazed the wondering eye,  
 That Phaeton like it fired sea and land,  
 The sparkles seemed up to the skies to fly,  
     The horses' neigh and clattering armours' sound  
     Pursue the echo over dale and down

74  
 Their general did with due care provide  
 To save his men from ambush and from train,  
 Some troops of horse that lightly armed ride  
 He sent to scour the woods and forests main,  
 His pioneers their busy work applied  
 To even the paths and make the highways plain,  
     They filled the pits, and smoothed the rougher ground,  
     And opened every strait they closed found

75  
 They meet no forces gathered by their foe,  
 No towers defenced with rampire, moat or wall,  
 No stream, no wood, no mountain could forslow  
 Their hasty pace, or stop their march at all  
 So when his banks the prince of rivers, Po,  
 Doth overswell, he breaks with hideous fall  
     The mossy rocks and trees o'ergrown with age,  
     Nor aught withstands his fury and his rage

76  
 The King of Tripoli in every hold  
 Shat up his men, munition and his treasure,  
 The straggling troops sometimes assail he would,  
 Save that he durst not move them to displeasure,  
 He stayd their rage with presents, gifts and gold,  
 And led them through his land at ease and leisure,  
     To keep his realm in peace and rest he chose,  
     With what conditions Godfrey list impose

77  
 Those of Mount Seir, that neighboureth by east  
 The Holy City, faithful folk each one,  
 Down from the hill descended most and least,  
 And to the Christian Duke by neaps they gone,  
 And welcome him and his with joy and feast,  
 On him they smile, on him they gaze alone,  
     And were his guides, as faithful from that day  
     As Hesperus, that leads the sun his way

Along the sands his armies safe they guide 78  
By ways secure, to them well known before,  
Upon the tumbling billows fraughted ride  
The arméd ships, coasting along the shore,  
Which for the camp might every day provide  
To bring munition good and victuals store  
The isles of Greece sent in provision meet,  
And store of wine from Scios came and Crete

Great Neptune grievéd underneath the load 79  
Of ships, hulks, galleys, barks and brigantines,  
In all the mid earth seas was left no road  
Wherein the Pagan his bold sails untwines,  
Spread was the huge Armado, wide and broad,  
From Venice, Genes, and towns which them confines,  
*From Holland, England, France and Sicil sent,*  
And all for Juda ready bound and bent

All these together were combined, and knit 80  
With surest bonds of love and friendship strong,  
Together sailed they fraught with all things fit  
To service done by land that might belong,  
And when occasion served disembarked it,  
Then sailed the Asian coasts and isles along,  
Thither with speed their hasty course they plied,  
Where Christ the Lord for our offences died,

The brazen trump of iron winged fame, 81  
That mangleth faithful troth with forged lies,  
Foretold the heathen how the Christians came,  
How thithward the conquering army hies,  
Of every knight it sounds the worth and name,  
Each troop, each band, each squadron it describes,  
And threateneth death to those, fire, sword, and slaughter  
Who held captivéd Israel's fairest daughter

The fear of ill exceeds the evil we fear, 82  
For so our present harms still most annoy us,  
Each mind is prest and open every ear  
To hear new tidings though they no way joy us,  
This secret rumour whispered everwhere  
About the town, these Christians will destroy us  
The good king his coming evil that I new,  
Did cursed thougts in his false heart renew



83  
 This aged prince yclepéd Aladine,  
 Ruléd in care, new sovereign of this state,  
 A tyrant erst, but now his fell engíne  
 His graver age did somewhat mitigate,  
 He heard the western lords would undermine  
 His city's will, and lay his towers prostrate,  
 To former fear he adds a new come doubt,  
 Treason he fears within, and force without.

84  
 For nations twain inhabit there and dwell  
 Of sundry faith together in that town  
 The lesser part on Christ believéd well,  
 On Termagant the more and on Mahown,  
 But when this king had made this conquest fell,  
 And brought that region subject to his crown,  
 Of burdens all he set the Paynims luge,  
 And on poor Christians laid the double charge

85  
 His native wrath revived with this new thought,  
 With age and years that weakened was of vore,  
 Such madness in his cruel bosom wrought,  
 That now than ever blood he thirsteth more?  
 So stings a snake that to the file is brought,  
 Which harmless lay benumbed with cold before,  
 A lion so his rage renewed hath,  
 Though tame before, if he be moved to wrath

86  
 "I see," quoth he, "some expectation vain,  
 In these fulse Christians, and some new content,  
 Our common loss they trust will be their gain  
 They lugh, we weep, they joy while we lament,  
 And more, perchance, by treason or by train,  
 To murder us they secretly consent,  
 Or otherwise to work us harm and woe,  
 To ope the gates, and so let in our foe

87  
 "But lest they should effect their curséd will,  
 Let us destroy this serpent on his nest,  
 Both young and old, let us this people kill,  
 The tender infants at their mothers' breast,  
 Their houses burn, their holy temples fill  
 With bodies slain of those that loved them best,  
 And on that tomb they hold so much in price,  
 Let's offer up their priests in sacrifice"

Thus thought the tyrant in his traitorous mind, 88  
But durst not follow what he had decreed,  
Yet if the innocents some mercy find,  
From cowardice, not truth, did that proceed.  
His noble foes durst not his craven land  
Exasperate by such a bloody deed.

For if he need, what grace could then be got,  
If thus of peace he broke or loosed the knot?

His villain heart his curs'd rage restrained, 89  
To other thoughts he bent his fierce desire,  
The suburbs first flat with the earth he plained,  
And burnt their buildings with devouring fire,  
Loth was the wretch the Frenchman should have gained  
Or help or ease by finding aught entire,  
Cedron, Bethesda, and each watering else  
Empoisoned he, both fountains, springs, and wells

So wary wise this child of darkness was, 90  
The city's self he strongly fortifies,  
Three sides by site it well defendéd has,  
That's only weak that to the northward lies;  
With mighty bars of long enduring brass,  
The steel-bound doors and iron gates he ties,  
And, lastly, legions armed well provides  
Of subjects born, and hired aid besides.

The Second Book  
OF  
GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE.

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*THE ARGUMENT*

Ismeno conjures, but his charms are vain  
Alcine will kill the Christians in his ire  
Sophronia and Olindo would be slain  
To save the rest the King grants their desire,  
Clorinda hears their fact and fortunes plain,  
Their pardon gets and keeps them from the fire  
Argantes when Aletes speeches are  
Despised, defies the Duke to mortal war

---

WHILE thus the tyrant bends his thoughts to arms, 1  
Ismeno gan tofore his sight appear,  
Ismen dead bones laid in cold graves that warms  
And makes them speak, smell, taste, touch, see, and hear,  
Ismen with terror of his mighty charms,  
That makes great Dis in deepest Hell to fear,  
That binds and looses souls condemned to woe,  
And sends the devils on errands to and fro

A Christian once, Macon he now adores, 2  
Nor could he quite his wonted faith forsake,  
But in his wicked arts both oft implores  
Help from the Lord, and aid from Pluto black,  
He, from deep caves by Acheron's dark shores,  
Where circles vain and spells he used to make,  
To advise his king in these extremes is come,  
Achtophel so counselled Absalom

“My liege,” he says, “the camp fast hither moves, 3  
The axe is laid unto this cedar’s root,  
But let us work as valiant men behoves,  
For boldest hearts good fortune helpeth out  
Your princely care your kingly wisdom proves,  
Well have you laboured, well foreseen about,  
If each perform his charge and duty so  
Nought but his grave here conquer shall your foe

“From surest castle of my secret cell 4  
I come, partaker of your good and ill,  
What counsel sage, or magic’s sacred spell  
May profit us all that perform I will  
The sprites impure from bliss that whilom fell  
Shall to your service bow, constrained by skill,  
But how we must begin this enterprise,  
I will your Highness thus in brief advise

“Within the Christian’s church from light of skies, 5  
An hidden altar stands, far out of sight,  
On which the image consecrated lies  
Of Christ’s dear mother, called a virgin bright,  
An hundred lamps aye burn before her eyes,  
She in a slender veil of unsel dight,  
On every side great plenty doth behold  
Of offerings brought, myrrh, frankincense and gold.

“This idol would I have removed away 6  
From thence, and by your princely hand transport,  
In Macon’s sacred temple safe it lay  
Which then I will enchant in wondrous sort,  
It it while the image in that church doth stay,  
No strength of arms shall win this noble fort,  
Or shake this puissant wall, such passing might  
Have spells and charms, if they be said aright ”

Advised thus, the king impatient 7  
Flew in his fury to the house of God,  
The image took, with words unreverent  
Abused the prelates, who that deed forbode,  
Swift with his prey, away the tyrant went,  
Of God’s sharp justice nought he feared the rod,  
But in his chapel vile the image laid,  
On which the enchanter charms and witchcraft said.

When Phoebus next unclosed his wakeful eye,  
 Up rose the sexton of that place profane,  
 And missed the image, where it used to lie,  
 Each where he sought in grief, in tear, in vain,  
 Then to the king his loss he gan descry,  
 Who sore enraged killed him for his pain,  
 And straight conceived in his malicious wit,  
 Some Christian bade this great offence commit

8

But whether this were act of mortal hand,  
 Or else the Prince of Heaven's eternal pleasure,  
 That of his mercy would this wretch withstand,  
 Nor let so vile a chest hold such a treasure,  
 As yet conjecture hath not fully scanned,  
 By godliness let us this action measure,  
 And truth of purest futh will fitly prove  
 That this rare grace came down from Heaven above

9

With busy search the tyrant gan to invade  
 Each house, each hold, each temple and each tent  
 To them the fault or faulty one bewraved  
 Or hid, he promised gifts or punishment,  
 His idle charms the false enchanter said,  
 But in this maze still wandered and miswent,  
 For Heaven decreed to conceal the same,  
 To make the miscreant more to feel his shame

10

But when the angry king discovered not  
 What guilty hand this sacrilege had wrought,  
 His ireful courage boiled in vengeance hot  
 Against the Christians, whom he faulters thought;  
 All ruth, compassion mercy he forgot,  
 A staff to beat that dog he long had sough,  
 'Let them all die,' quoth he, 'kill great and small,  
 So shall the offender perish sure withal

11

"To spill the wine with poison mixed who spares?  
 Slay then the righteous with the faulty one,  
 Destroy this field that yieldeth nought but tares,  
 With thorns this vineyard all is over gone,  
 Among these wretches is not one, that cares  
 For us, our laws, or our religion,  
 Up, up, dear subjects fire and weapon take,  
 Burn, murder, kill these traitors for my sake"

12

13  
 This Herod thus would Bethlehem's infants kill,  
 The Christians soon this dreadful news receive,  
 The trump of death sounds in their hearing shrill,  
 Their weapon, faith, their fortress, was the grave,  
 They had no courage, time, device, or will,  
 To fight to fly, excuse, or pardon crave,  
 But stood prepared to die, yet help they find,  
 Whence least they hope, such knots can Heaven unbind

14  
 Among them dwelt, her parents' joy and pleasure,  
 A maid, whose fruit was ripe not over-reared,  
 Her beauty was her not esteemed treasure,  
 The field of love with plough of virtue eared,  
 Her labour goodness, godliness her leisure,  
 Her house the heaven by this full moon eye cleared,  
 For there, from lovers' eyes withdrawn, alone  
 With virgin beams this spotless Cynthia shone

15  
 But what availed her resolution chaste,  
 Whose soberest looks were whetstones to desire?  
 Nor love consents that beauty's field he waste,  
 Her visage set Olindo's heart on fire,  
 O subtle love, a thousand wiles thou hast,  
 By humble suit, by service, or by hire,  
 To win a maiden's hold, a thing soon done,  
 For nature framed all women to be won.

16  
 Sophronia she, Olindo hight the youth,  
 Both of one town, both in one faith were taught,  
 She fair, he full of bashfulness and truth,  
 Loved much, hoped little, and desired nought,  
 He durst not speak by suit to purchase ruth,  
 She saw not, marked not, wist not what he sought,  
 Thus loved, thus served he long, but not regarded,  
 Unseen, unmarked, unpitied, unrewarded.

17  
 To her came message of the murderment,  
 Wherein her guiltless friends should hopeless starve,  
 She that was noble wise, as fair and gent,  
 Cast how she might their harmless lives preserve,  
 Zeal was the spring whence flowed her hardiment,  
 From maiden shame yet was she loth to snerve  
 Yet had her courage ta'en so sure a hold,  
 That boldness, shamed-faced, shame had made her bold

18

And forth she went, a shop for merchandise  
 Full of rich stuff, but none for sale exposed,  
 A veil obscured the sunshine of her eyes,  
 The rose within herself her sweetness closed,  
 Each ornament about her seemly lies,  
 By curious chance, or careless art, composed,  
 For what the most neglects, most curious prove,  
 So Beauty's helped by Nature, Heaven, and Love

19

Admired of all, on went this noble maid,  
 Until the presence of the king she gained,  
 Nor for he swelled with ire was she afraid,  
 But his fierce wrath with fearless grace sustained,  
 "I come," quoth she, "but be thine anger stayed,  
 And causeless rage 'gainst faultless souls restrained—  
 I come to show thee, and to bring thee both,  
 The wight whose fact hath made thy heart so wroth "

20

Her modest boldness, and that lightning ray  
 Which her sweet beauty streamed on his face,  
 Had struck the prince with wonder and dismay,  
 Changed his cheer, and cleared his moody grace,  
 That had her eyes disposed their looks to play,  
 The king had snared been in love's strong lace,  
 But wryward beauty doth not fancy move,  
 A frown forbids, a smile engendereth love

21

It was amazement, wonder and delight,  
 Although not love, that moved his cruel sense,  
 "Tell on," quoth he, "unfold the chance aright,  
 Thy people's lives I grant for recompense "  
 Then she "Behold the faulter here in sight,  
 This hand committed that supposed offence,  
 I took the image, mine that fault, that fact,  
 Mine be the glory of that virtuous act "

22

This spotless lamb thus offered up her blood,  
 To save the rest of Christ's selected fold,  
 O noble lie! was ever truth so good?  
 Blest be the lips that such a leasing told  
 Though his wrath remained the tyrant wood,  
 His native wrath he gave a space withhold,  
 And said, "That thou discover soon I will,  
 What aid? what counsel had'st thou in that ill? "

“My lofty thoughts,” she answered him, “envied 23  
Another’s hand should work my high desire,  
The thirst of glory can no partner bide,  
With mine own self I did alone conspire”  
“On thee alone,” the tyrant then replied,  
“Shall fall the vengeance of my wrath and ire”  
“’Tis just and right,” quoth she, “I yield consent,  
Mine be the honour, mine the punishment”

The wretch of new enraged at the same, 24  
Asked where she hid the image so conveyed  
“Not hid,” quoth she, “but quite consumed with flame,  
The idol is of that eternal maid,  
For so at least I have preserved the same,  
With hands profane from being e’er betrayed  
My Lord, the thing thus stolen demand no more,  
Here see the thief that scorneth death therefor

“And yet no theft was this, yours was the sin, 25  
I brought again what you unjustly took”  
This heard, the tyrant did for rage begin  
To whet his teeth, and bend his frowning look,  
No pity, youth, furness, no grace could win,  
Joy, comfort, hope the virgin all forsook,  
Wrath killed remorse, vengeance stopp’d mercy’s breath  
Love’s thrall to hate, and beauty’s slave to death

Ta’en was the damsel, and without remorse, 26  
The king condemned her guiltless to the fire,  
Her veil and mantle plucked they off by force,  
And bound her tender arms in twisted wire  
Dumb was this silver dove, while from her corse  
These hungry kites plucked off her rich attire,  
And for some deal perplexed was her sprite,  
Her damask late, now changed to purest white

The news of this mishap spread far and near, 27  
The people ran, both young and old, to gaze,  
Ohado also ran, and giv to fear  
His lady was some partner in this case,  
But when he found her bound, stript from her gear,  
And vile tormentors ready saw in place,  
He broke the throng, and into presence brast,  
And thus bespake the king in rage and haste,



"Not so, not so this girl shall bear away 28  
 From me the honour of so noble feat,  
 She durst not did not, could not so convey  
 The massy substance of that idol great  
 What sleight had she the wardens to betray?  
 What strength to heave the goddess from her seat?  
 No, no, my Lord, she sails but with my wind"  
 Ah, thus he loved, yet was his love unkind!

He added further "Where the shining glass, 29  
 Lets in the light amid your temple's side,  
 By broken by ways did I inward pass,  
 And in that window made a postern wide,  
 Nor shall therefore this ill advised lass  
 Usurp the glory should this fact betide,  
 Mine be these bonds mine be these flames so pure,  
 O glorious death, more glorious sepulture!"

Sophronia raised her modest looks from ground, 30  
 And on her lover bent her eyesight mild,  
 "Tell me, what fury? what conceit unsound  
 Presenteth here to death so sweet a child?  
 Is not in me sufficient courage found,  
 To bear the anger of this tyrant wild?  
 Or hath fond love thy heart so over gone?  
 Wouldst thou not live, nor let me die alone?"

Thus spake the nymph, yet spake but to the wind, 31  
 She could not alter his well settled thought,  
 O miracle! O state of wondrous kind!  
 Where love and virtue such contention wrought,  
 Where death the victor had for meed assigned,  
 Their own neglect, each other's stricty sought,  
 But thus the king was more provoked to ire  
 Their strife for bellows served to anger's fire

He thinks such thoughts self guiltiness finds out 32  
 They scorned his power, and therefore scorned the pun,  
 "Nay nay," quoth he, 'let be your strife and doubt,  
 You both shall win, and fit reward obtain'  
 With that the surgeons hent the young man stout,  
 And bound him likewise in a worthless chain,  
 Then back to back fast to a stake both ties,  
 Two harmless turtles dight for sacrifice

About the pile of faggots, sticks and hay,  
The bellows raised the newly kindled flame,  
When thus Orlando, in a doleful lay,  
Began too late his bootless plants to frame  
' Be these the bonds ? Is this the hoped for day,  
Should join me to this long desired name ?  
Is this the fire like should burn our hearts ?  
Ah, hard reward for lovers' kind desires !

" Far other flames and bonds kind lovers prove,  
But thus our fortune casts the hapless die,  
Death hath exchanged again his shafts with love,  
And Cupid thus lets borrowed arrows fly  
O Hymen, say, what fury doth thus move  
To lend thy lumps to light a tragedy ?  
Yet this contents me that I die for thee,  
Thy flames, not mine, my death and torment be

" Yet happy were my death, mine ending blest,  
My torments easy, full of sweet delight,  
If this I could obtain, that breast to breast  
Thy bosom might receive my yielded spire  
And thine with it in heaven's pure clothing drest,  
Through clearest skies might take united flight "  
Thus he complained, whom gently she reproved,  
And sweetly spake him thus, that so her loved —

" Far other plants, dear friend, tears and laments  
The time, the place, and our estates require,  
Think on thy sins, which man's old foe presents  
Before that judge that quits each soul his due,  
For his name suffer, for no pain torments  
Him whose just prayers to his throne aspire  
Behold the heavens, rather than eyesight band,  
Thy looks, sighs, tears, for intercessors send "

The Pagans loud cried out to God and man,  
The Christians mourned in silent lamentation,  
The tyrin's self, a thing unused, began  
To feel his heart relent, with more compassion,  
But not disposed to ruth or mercy than  
He sped him thence home to his habitation  
Sophronia stood not grieved nor discontented,  
By all that saw her, but herself lamented.

The lovers standing in this doleful wise,  
 A warrior bold unwares approached near,  
 In uncouth arms yclad and strange disguise,  
 From countries far, but new arrived there,  
 A savage tigress on her helmet lies,  
 The famous badge Clorinda used to bear,  
 That wons in every warlike stowre to win,  
 By which bright sign well known was that fair inn

38

She scorned the arts these silly women use,  
 Another thought her nobler humour fed,  
 Her lofty hand would of itself refuse  
 To touch the dainty needle or nice thread,  
 She hated chambers, closets, secret mews,  
 And in broad fields preserved her maidenhead  
 Proud were her looks, yet sweet, though stern and stout  
 Her dam a dove, thus brought an eagle out.

39

While she was young, she used with tender hand  
 The foaming steed with froary bit to steer,  
 To tilt and tourney, wrestle in the sand,  
 To leave with speed Atlanta swift arear,  
 Through forests wild, and unfrequented land  
 To chase the lion boar, or rugged bear,  
 The satyrs rough, the fauns and fairies wild,  
 She chased oft, oft took, and oft beguiled.

This lusty lady came from Persia late,  
 She with the Christians had encountered oft,  
 And in their flesh had opened many a gate,  
 By which their faithful souls their bodies left,  
 Her eye at first presented her the strife  
 Of these poor souls, of hope and help bereft,  
 Greedy to know as is the mind of man,  
 Their cause of death, swift to the fire she ran

41

The people made her room, and on them twain  
 Her piercing eyes their fiery weapons dart,  
 Silent she saw the one, the other 'plun,  
 The weaker body lodged the nobler heart  
 Yet him she saw lament, as if his pain  
 Were grief and sorrow for another's smart,  
 And her keep silence so, as if her eyes  
 Dumb orators were to entreat the skies

42

Clorinda changed to ruth her warlike mood,  
 Few silver drops her vermeil cheeks depaint;  
 Her sorrow was for her that speechless stood,  
 Her silence more prevailed than his complaint  
 She asked an aged man, seemed grave and good,  
 "Come say me, sir," quoth she, "what hard constraint  
 Would murder here love's queen and beauty's king?  
 What fault or fate doth to this death them bring?"

Thus she inquired, and answer short he gave,  
 But such as all the chance at large disclosed,  
 She wondered at the case the virgin brave  
 That both were guiltless of the fault supposed,  
 Her noble thought cast how she might them save  
 The means on suit or battle she reposed,  
 Quick to the fire she ran, and quenched it out  
 And thus bespake the sergeants and the rout

"Be there not one among you all that dare  
 In this your hateful office aught proceed,  
 Till I return from court, nor take you care  
 To reap displeasure for not making speed"  
 To do her will the men themselves prepare,  
 In their faint hearts her looks such terror breed,  
 To court she went, their pardon would she get,  
 But on the way the courteous king she met

"Sir King," quoth she, "my name Clorinda hight,  
 My fame perchance has pierced your ears ere now  
 I come to try my wonted power and might,  
 And will defend this land, this town, and you,  
 All hard assays esteem I eath and light,  
 Great acts I reach to, to small things I bow,  
 To fight in field, or to defend this wall,  
 Point what you list, I nought refuse at all"

To whom the king, "What land so far remote  
 From Asia's coasts, or Phoebus' glistening rays,  
 O glorious virgin that recordeth not  
 Thy fame, thine honour, worth renown, and praise?  
 Since on my side I have thy succours got,  
 I need not fear in these my aged days,  
 For in thine aid more hope, more trust I have,  
 Than in whole armies of these soldiers brave

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 For in thine aid more hope, more trust I have,  
 Than in whole armies of these soldiers brave

"Now, Godfrey stirs too long, he fears I ween  
 Thy courage, rent I keep all our foes in awe,  
 For thee all actions far unworthy been,  
 But such as greatest danger with them draw  
 Be you commandress therefore, Princess, Queen  
 Of all our forces by thy word a law  
 This said the virgin gan her beaver veil,  
 And thanked him first, and thus began her tale

48

"A thing unused, great monarch, may it seem  
 To ask reward for service yet to come,  
 But so your virtuous bounty I esteem  
 That I presume for to intreat this room  
 And silly maid from danger to redeem  
 Condemned to burn by your impartial doom,  
 I not excuse, but pity much their youth  
 And come to you for mercy and for ruth

49

"Yet give me leave to tell your Highness this,  
 You blame the Christians them my thoughts requite  
 Nor be displeased, I saw you judge amiss  
 At every shot look not to hit the white,  
 All what the enchanter did persuade you, is  
 Against the lore of Macon's sacred rite,  
 For us commandeth mighty Mahomet  
 No idols in his temple pure to set

50

"To him therefore this wonder done refer,  
 Give him the praise and honour of the thing  
 Of us the gods benign so careful are  
 Lest customs strange into their church we bring  
 Let Ismen with his squares and trigons war  
 His weapons be the staff the glass the ring  
 But let us manage war with blows like knights,  
 Our praise in arms, our honour lies in fights

51

The virgin held her peace when this was said,  
 And though to pity he never framed his thought,  
 Yet for the king admired the noble maid  
 His purpose was not to deny her right  
 I grant them life, quoth he your promised aid  
 Against these Frenchmen bath their pardon bought  
 Nor further seek what their offences be,  
 Guiltless, I quit, guilty, I set them free

52

Thus were they loosed, happier of humankind  
 Oh! do, bless'd be this act of thine,  
 True witness of thy great and heavenly mind,  
 Where sun, moon, stars, of love, faith, virtue, shine.  
 So forth they went and left pale death behind,  
 To joy the bliss of marriage rites divine,  
 With her he would have died with him content  
 Was she to live that would with her have bent

The king, as wicked thoughts are most suspicious,  
 Supposed too fast this tree of virtue grew,  
 O blessed Lord! why should this Pharaoh vicious,  
 Thus tyrannise upon thy Hebrews true?  
 Who to perform his will, vile and malicious,  
 Evil'd these, and all the faithful crew.  
 All that were strong of body, stout of mind,  
 But left their wives and children pledge behind

A hard division, when the harmless sheep  
 Must leave their lambs to hungry wolves in charge,  
 But labours virtues watching, ease her sleep,  
 Trouble best wind that drives salvation's barge,  
 The Christians fled, whither they took no keep,  
 Some strayed wild among the forests large,  
 Some to Emmaus to the Christian host,  
 And conquer would again their houses lost.

Emmaus is a city small, that lies  
 From Sion's walls distant a little way,  
 A man that early on the morn doth rise,  
 May thither walk ere third hour of the day  
 Oh, when the Christian lord this town espies  
 How merry were their hearts? How fresh? How gay?  
 But for the sun inclin'd first to west,  
 That night there would their chieftain take his rest

Their canvas castles up they quickly rear,  
 And build a city in an hour's space  
 When lo, disguised in unusual gear,  
 Two barons bold approachen gain the place,  
 Their semblance kind, and mild their gestures were,  
 Peace in their hands, and friendship in their face,  
 From Egypt's king ambassadors they come,  
 Them many a squire attends, and many a groom



The first Aletes, born in lowly shed, 58  
 Of parents base, a rose sprung from a brier,  
 That now his branches over Egypt spread,  
 No plant in Pharaoh's garden prospered higher;  
 With pleasing tales his lord's vain ears he fed,  
 A flatterer, a pick thank, and a liar  
 Cursed be estate got with so many a crime,  
 Yet this is oft the stair by which men climb

Argantes called is that other knight, 59  
 A stranger came he late to Egypt land,  
 And there advanced was to honour's height,  
 For he was stout of courage, strong of hand,  
 Bold was his heart, and restless was his spirit,  
 Fierce, stern, outrageous, keen as sharpened brand,  
 Scornor of God, scant to himself a friend  
 And pricked his reason on his weapon's end

These two *entreuance* made they might be heard, 60  
 Nor was their just petition long denied,  
 The gallants quickly made their court of guard,  
 And brought them in where sat their famous guide,  
 Whose kingly look his princely mien declared,  
 Where noblesse, virtue, troth, and valour bide  
 A slender courtesy made Argantes bold,  
 So as one prince salute another wold,

Aletes laid his right hand on his heart, 61  
 Bent down his head, and cast his eyes full low,  
 And reverence made with courtly grace and art,  
 For all that humble lore to him was know,  
 His sober lips then did he softly part,  
 Whence of pure rhetoric, whole streams outflow,  
 And thus he said, while on the Christian lords  
 Down fell the mildew of his sugared words

"O only worthy, whom the earth all fears, 62  
 High God defend thee with his heavenly shield,  
 And humble so the hearts of all thy peers  
 That their stiff necks to thy sweet yoke may yield  
 These be the sheaves that honour's harvest bears,  
 The seed thy valiant acts, the world the field,  
 Egypt the hermland is, where harped lies  
 Thy fame, worth, justice, wisdom, victories

“These altogether doth our sovereign hide  
In secret store house of his princely thought,  
And prays he may in long accordance bide,  
With that great worthy which such wonders wrought,  
Nor that oppose against the coming tide  
Of proffered love, for that he is not taught  
Your Christian faith, for though of divers kind,  
The loving vine about her elm is twined

“Receive therefore in that unconquered hand  
The precious handle of this cup of love,  
If not religion, virtue be the band  
’Twixt you to fasten friendship not to move  
But for our mighty king doth understand,  
You mean your power ’gainst Judah to prove,  
He would, before this threatened tempest fell,  
I should his mind and princely will first tell

“His mind is this, he prays thee be contented  
To joy in peace the conquests thou hast got,  
Be not thy death, or Sion’s fall lamented,  
Forbear this land, Judea trouble not,  
Things done in haste at leisure be repented  
Withdraw thine arms, trust not uncertain lot,  
For oft we see what least we think beside,  
He is thy friend ’gainst all the world beside

“True labourer in the vineyard of thy Lord,  
Ere prime thou hast the imposed day work done,  
What armies conquered, perished with thy sword?  
What cities sacked? what kingdoms hast thou won?  
All ears are amazed while tongues thine acts record,  
Hands quake for fear, all feet for dread do run,  
And though no realms you may to thraldom bring,  
No higher can your praise, your glory spring

“Thy sign is in his Apogee placed,  
And when it moveth next must needs descend,  
Chance is uncertain, fortune double faced,  
Smiling at first, she frowneth in the end  
Beware thine honour be not then disgraced,  
Take heed thou may not when thou thinkst to mend,  
For this the folly is of Fortune’s play,  
’Gainst doubtful, certain, much, ’gainst small to lay

68  
 "Yet still we sail while prosperous blows the wind,  
 Till on some secret rock unwares we light,  
 The sea of glory hath no banks assigned,  
 They who are wont to win in every fight  
 Still feed the fire that so inflames thy mind  
 To bring more nations subject to thy might,  
 This makes thee blessed perice so light to hold,  
 Like summer's flies that fear not winter's cold

69  
 "They bid thee follow on the path, now made  
 So plain and easy, enter Fortune's gate,  
 Nor in thy scabbard sheathe that famous blade,  
 Till settled be thy kingdom, and estate,  
 Till Macon's sacred doctrine fall and fade,  
 Till woeful Asia all lie desolate  
 Sweet words I grant, baits and allurements sweet,  
 But greatest hopes oft greatest crosses meet

70  
 "For, if thy courage do not blind thine eyes,  
 If clouds of fury hide not reason's beams,  
 Then mayst thou see this desperate enterprise,  
 The field of death, watered with danger's streams,  
 High state, the bed is where misfortune lies,  
 More most unfriendly when most kind he seems,  
 Who climbeth high, on earth he rudest lights,  
 And lowest falls attend the highest flights,

71  
 "Tell me if, great in counsel, arms and gold,  
 The Prince of Egypt war 'gainst you prepare,  
 What if the valiant Turks and Persians bold,  
 Unite their forces with Cassanoe's heir?  
 Oh then, what marble pillar shall uphold  
 The falling trophies of your conquest fair?  
 Trust you the monarch of the Greelish land?  
 That reed will break, and breaking, wound your hand

72  
 "The Greelish faith is like that half cut tree  
 By which men take wild elephants in Inde,  
 A thousand times it hath beguiled thee,  
 As firm as waves in seas, or leaves in wind  
 Will they, who erst denied you passage free,  
 Passage to all men free, by use and kind,  
 Fight for your sake? Or on them do you trust  
 To spend their blood, that could scarce spare their dust?

"But all your hope and trust perchance is laid 73  
 In these strong troops, which thee environ round,  
 Yet foes unite are not so soon dismayed  
 As when their strength you erst divided found  
 Besides each hour thy bands are weaker made  
 With hunger, slaughter, lodging on cold ground,  
 Meanwhile the Turks seek succours from our king,  
 Thus fade thy helps, and thus thy cumbers spring.

"Suppose no weapon can thy valour's pride 74  
 Subdue, that by no force thou may'st be won,  
 Admit no steel can hurt or wound thy side,  
 And be it Heaven hath thee such favour done  
 'Gainst Famine yet what shield canst thou provide?  
 What strength resist? What sleight her wrath can shun?  
 Go, shake the spear, and draw thy flaming blade,  
 And try if hunger so be weaker made

"The inhabitants each pasture and each plain 75  
 Destroyed have, each field to waste is laid,  
 In fenced towers bestowed is their grain  
 Before thou cam'st this kingdom to invade,  
 These horse and foot, how canst thou them sustain?  
 Whence comes thy store? whence thy provision made?  
 Thy ships to bring it are, perchance, assailed,  
 Oh, that you live so long as please the wind!

"Perhaps thy fortune doth control the wind, 76  
 Doth loose or bind their blasts in secret cave,  
 The sea pardies cruel and deaf by kind  
 Will hear thy call, and still her raging wave  
 But if our armed galleys be assigned  
 To aid those ships which Turks and Persians have,  
 Say then, what hope is left thy slender fleet?  
 Dare flocks of crows, a flight of eagles meet?

"My lord a double conquest must you make, 77  
 If you achieve renown by this emprise  
 For if our fleet your navy chase or take,  
 For want of victuals all your camp then dies,  
 Or if by land the field you once forsake,  
 Then vain by sea were hope of victories  
 Nor could your ships restore your lost estate  
 For steel once stolen, we shut the door too late

78

"In this estate if thou esteamest light  
 The proffered kindness of the Egyptian king,  
 Then give me leave to say, this oversight  
 Becomes thee not in whom such virtues spring  
 But heavens vouchsafe to guide thy mind aright,  
 To gentle thoughts, that peace and quiet bring,  
 So that poor Asa her complaints may cease,  
 And you enjoy your conquests got, in peace.

79

"Nor ye that part in these adventures have,  
 Part in his glory, partners in his harms,  
 Let not blind Fortune so your minds deceive,  
 To stir him more to try these fierce alarms,  
 But like the sailor 'scaped from the wave  
 From further peril that his person arms  
 By staying safe at home so stay you all  
 Better sit still, men say, than rise to fall "

80

This said Aletes and a murmur rose  
 That showed dislike among the Christian peers,  
 Their angry gestures with dislike disclose  
 How much his speech offends their noble ears  
 Lord Godfrey's eye three times environ goes  
 To view what countenance every warrior bears,  
 And lastly on the Egyptian baron stayed,  
 To whom the duke thus for his answer said

81

"Ambassador full both of threats and praise,  
 Thy doubtful message hast thou wisely told,  
 And if thy sovereign love us as he says,  
 Tell him he sows to reap in hundred fold,  
 But where thy talk the coming storm displays  
 Of threatened warfare from the Pagans bold  
 To that I answer, as my custom is,  
 In plainest phrase, lest my intent thou miss

82

"Know, that till now we suffered have much pain,  
 By lands and seas where storms and tempests fall,  
 To make the passage easy, safe, and plain  
 That leads us to this venerable wall,  
 That so we might reward from Heaven obtain,  
 And free this town from being longer thrall,  
 Nor is it grievous to so good an end  
 Our honours, kingdoms, lives and goods to spend.

83  
 "Nor hope of praise, nor thirst of worldly good,  
 Entic'd us to follow this emprise,  
 The Heavenly Father keep his sacred brood  
 From foul infection of so great a vice  
 But by our zeal aye be that plague withstood,  
 Let not those pleasures us to sin entice  
 His grace, his mercy, and his powerful hand  
 Will keep us safe from hurt by sea and land,

84  
 "This is the spur that makes our coursers run,  
 This is our harbour, safe from danger's floods,  
 This is our bield, the blustering winds to shun  
 This is our guide, through forests, deserts, woods  
 This is our summer's shade, our winter's sun  
 This is our wealth, our treasure, and our goods  
 This is our engine, towers that overthrow,  
 Our spear that hurts, our sword that wounds our foes

85  
 "Our courage hence, our hope, our valour springs,  
 Not from the trust we have in shield or spear,  
 Not from the succours France or Greece brings,  
 On such weak posts we list no buildings rear  
 He can defend us from the power of kings,  
 From chance of war that makes weak hearts to fear,  
 He can these hungry troops with manna feed,  
 And make the seas land, if we passage need

86  
 "But if our sins us of his help deprive,  
 Or his high justice let no mercy fall,  
 Yet should our deaths us some contentment give,  
 To die, where Christ received his burial,  
 So might we die not envying them that live  
 So would we die, not unrevenge'd all  
 Nor Turks nor Christians, if we perish such,  
 Have cause to joy, or to complain too much

87  
 "Think not that wars we love, and strife affect,  
 Or that we hate sweet peace or rest deny,  
 Think not your sovereigns friendship we reject,  
 Because we list not in our conquests stay  
 But for it seems he would the Jews protect,  
 Pray him from us that thought aside to lay,  
 Nor us forbid this town and realm to grieve,  
 And he in peace, rest joy long more may reign

This answer given, Arguments wild drew out,  
Trembling for ire, and waving pale for rage,  
Nor could he hold, his wrath increased so far,  
But thus inflamed bespoke the captivèd knight,  
"Who scorneth peace shall have his fill of war,  
I thought thy wisdom should thy fury surcease,  
But well you show what joy you take in fight,  
Which makes you prize our love and friendship vain."

This said, he took his mantle's foremost part,  
And girt the same together fold and wrap,  
Then spake again with fell and spiteful heart,  
So lions roar enclosed in truncheon and trap,  
"Thou proud despiser of inconstant mart,  
I bring thee war and peace closed in this lap,  
Take quickly one, thou hast no time to muse;  
If peace, we rest, we fight, if war thou choose."

His semblant fierce and speeches proud, provoke  
The soldiers all, "War, war," at once to cry,  
Nor could they tarry till their chieftain spake,  
But for the knight was more inflamed hereby,  
His lap he opened and spread forth his cloak  
"To mortal wars," he says, "I you defy,"  
And thus he uttered with full rage and hate,  
And seemed of Janus' church to undo the gate

It seemed fury, discord, madness fell  
Flew from his lap, when he unfolds the same,  
His glaring eyes with anger's venom swell,  
And like the brand of foul Alecto flame,  
He looked like huge sulphurous locusts from hell  
Again to shake heaven's everlasting frame,  
Or him that built the tower of Shinnar,  
Which threat'ned battle 'gainst the morning star

Godfredo then "Depart, and bid your king  
Haste hitherward, or else within short while,—  
For gladly we accept the war you bring,—  
Let him expect us on the banks of Nile"  
He entertained them then with banqueting,  
And gifts presented to those Pagans vile,  
Alecto had a helmet, rich and gay,  
Late found at Nice among the conquered prey

Argued a sword, whereof the web was steel, 93  
 Pommel, rich stone hilts gold, approved by touch  
 With rarest workmanship all forged well,  
 The curious art excelled the substance much  
 Thus fair, rich, sharp to see, to have, to feel,  
 Glad was the Pyrrhus to enjoy it such,  
 And said, "How I this gift can use and wield,  
 Soon shall you see, when first we meet in field."

Thus took they congée, and the angry knight 94  
 Thus to his fellow parleyed on the way,  
 "Go thou by day, but let me walk by night,  
 Go thou to Egypt, I at Sion stay,  
 The answer given thou canst unfold aright,  
 No need of me, what I can do or say,  
 Among these arms I will go wreak my spite,  
 Let Paris court it, Hector loved to fight."

Thus he who late arrived a messenger 95  
 Departs a foe, in act, in word, in thought,  
 The law of nations or the lore of war,  
 If he transgress or no, he recketh nought  
 Thus parted they, and ere he wandered far  
 The friendly star light to the walls him brought  
 Yet his fell heart thought long that little way,  
 Grieved with each stop tormented with each stay

Now spread the night her spangled canopy, 96  
 And summoned every restless eye to sleep,  
 On beds of tender grass the beasts down lie,  
 The fishes slumbered in the silent deep,  
 Unheard was serpent's hiss, and dragon's cry,  
 Birds left to sing, and Philomena to weep,  
 Only that noise heaven's rolling circles lest,  
 Sung lullaby to bring the world to rest

Yet neither sleep, nor ease, nor shadows dark, 97  
 Could make the futhful camp or captain rest,  
 They longed to see the day, to hear the lark  
 Record her hymns and chant her evils blest  
 They yearned to view the walls, the wished mark,  
 To which their journeys long they had addressed,  
 Each heart attends each longing eye beholds  
 What beam the eastern window first unfolds



The Third Book  
OF  
GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE.

---

THE ARGUMENT.

The camp at great Jerusalem arrives  
Clorida gives the battle in the breast  
Of fur and iron, and a love revives  
He joins with her unknown whom he loved best  
Arrunt th' adventures of their guide divine  
With stately pomp they lay their Lord in chains  
Godfrey commands to cut the forest down  
And make strong engines to assault the town

---

THE purple morning left her crimson bed,  
And donned her robes of pure vermilion hue,  
Her amber locks she crowned with roses red,  
In Eden's flowery gardens gathered new  
When through the camp a murmur shrill was spread,  
Arm, arm, they cried, arm, arm, the trumpets blew,  
Their merry noise prevents the joyful blast,  
So hum small bees, before their swarms they cast

Their captain rules their courage, guides their heat,  
Their forwardness he stayed with gentle rein,  
And yet more easy, haply, were the feat  
To stop the current near Charybdis main,  
Or calm the blustering winds on mountains great,  
Than fierce desires of warlike hearts restrain,  
He rules them yet, and ranks them in their haste,  
For well he knows disordered speed makes waste

Feathered their thoughts, their feet in wings were dight 3  
 Swiftly they marched, yet were not tired thereby,  
 For willing minds make heaviest burdens light  
 But when the gliding sun was mounted high,  
 Jerusalem, behold, appeared in sight,  
 Jerusalem they view, they see, they spy,  
 Jerusalem with merry noise they greet,  
 With joyful shouts, and acclamations sweet

As when a troop of jolly sailors row 4  
 Some new found land and country to descry,  
 Through dangerous seas and under stars unknown,  
 Thrall to the faithless waves and trothless sky,  
 If once the wished shore begin to show,  
 They all salute it with a joyful cry,  
 And each to other show the land in haste,  
 Forgetting quite their pains and perils past

To that delight which their first sight did breed, 5  
 That pleas'd so the secret of their thought  
 A deep repentance did forthwith succeed  
 That reverend fear and trembling with it brought  
 Scantly they durst their feeble eyes disspread  
 Upon that town, where Christ was sold and bought,  
 Where for our sins he faultless suffered pain,  
 There where he d'ed and where he lived again

Soft words, low speech, deep sobs, sweet sighs, salt tears 6  
 Rose from their breasts, with joy and pleasure mixed  
 For thus fares he the Lord right that fears,  
 Fear on devotion, joy on faith is fixed  
 Such noise the r passions make as when one hears  
 The hoarse sea waves roar, hollow rocks betwixt  
 Or as the wind in holts and shady groaves,  
 A murmur makes among the boughs and leaves

Their naked feet trod on the dusty way, 7  
 Following the ensample of their zealous guide,  
 Their scarfs, their crests, their plumes and feathers gray  
 They quickly doffed and willing laid aside,  
 Their molten hearts their wonted pride alloy,  
 Along their watery cheeks warm tears down slide,  
 And then such secret speech as this, they used,  
 While to himself each one himself accused

"Flower of goodness root of lasting bliss,  
 Thou well of life, whose streams were purple blood  
 That flow'd here to cleanse the soul from  
 Of sinful man behold this crimson flood,  
 That from my melting heart distilled is,  
 Receive in grace these tears, O Lord so good,  
 For never wretch with sin so overgone  
 Had sadder time or sadder cause to mourn"

8

This while the wary watchman look'd on,  
 From tops of Sion's towers the hills and dales,  
 And saw the dust the fields and pastures cover,  
 As when thick mists arise from moory vales  
 At last the sun bright shields he gan discover,  
 And glistening helms for violence none that shew,  
 The metal shone like lightning bright in skies,  
 And man and horse amid the dust descries

9

Then loud he cries, "O what a dust riseth?  
 O how it shines with shields and targets clear?  
 Up, up to arms for valiant heart despiseth  
 The threatened storm of death and danger near.  
 Behold your foes ' then further thus deviseth,  
 ' Haste, haste, for vain delay increaseth fear,  
 These horrid clouds of dust that yonder fly,  
 Your coming foes does hide, and hide the sky"

10

The tender children, and the fathers old,  
 The aged matrons, and the virgin chaste,  
 That durst not shake the spear, nor target hold  
 Themselves devoutly in their temples placed,  
 The rest of members strong and courage bold,  
 On hardy breasts their harness donned in haste,  
 Some to the walls, some to the gates them dight,  
 Their king meanwhile directs them all aright

11

All things well ordered, he withdrew with speed  
 Up to a turret high 'twixt ports between,  
 That so he might be near at every need,  
 And overlook the lands and furrows green  
 Thither he did the sweet Erminia lead,  
 That in his court had entertained been  
 Since Christians Antioch did to bondage bring  
 And slew her father who thereof was king

12

Against their foes Clorinda sallied out, 13  
And many a baron bold was by her side,  
Within the postern stood Argantes stout  
To rescue her, if ill mote her betide  
With speeches brave she cheered her warlike rout,  
And with bold words them heartened as they rode,  
"Let us by some brave act, quoth she, "this day  
Of Asia's hopes the groundwork found and lay"

While to her folk thus spake the virgin brave, 14  
Thereby behold forth passed a Christian band  
Towards the camp, that herds of cattle drove,  
For they that morn had torayed all the land,  
The fierce virago would that booty save,  
Whom their commander singled hand for hand,  
A mighty man at arms, who Guardo hight,  
But far too weak to match with her in fight

They met, and low in dust was Guardo laid, 15  
"Twixt either army, from his sell down kest,  
The Pagans shout for joy, and hopeful said,  
I hose good beginnings would have endings blest  
Against the rest on went the noble maid,  
She broke the helm, and pierced the armed breast,  
Her men the paths rode through made by her sword,  
They pass the stream where she had found the ford

Soon was the prey out of their hands recovered, 16  
By step and step the Frenchmen gan retire,  
Till on a little hill at last they hovered,  
Whose strength preserved them from Clorinda's ire  
When, as a tempest that hath long been covered  
In watery clouds breaks out with sparkling fire  
With his strong squadron Lord Tancredi came,  
His heart with rage, his eyes with courage flame

Most great the spear was which the gallant bore 17  
That in his warlike pride he made to shake,  
As winds tall cedars toss on mountains hoar  
The king, that wondered at his bravery, spake  
To her that near him seated was before,  
Who felt her heart with love's hot fever quake,  
"Well shouldst thou I now," quoth he "each Christian knight,  
By long acquaintance, though in armour dight

"Say, who is he shows so great worthiness, 18  
 That rides so rank, and bends his lance so fell?"  
 To this the princess said nor more nor less,  
 Her heart with sighs, her eyes with tears, did swell,  
 But sighs and tears she wisely could suppress,  
 Her love and passion she dissembled well,  
 And strove her love and hot desire to cover,  
 Till heart with sighs, and eyes with tears ran over.

At last she spake, and with a crafty sleight 19  
 Her secret love disguised in clothes of hate  
 "Alas, too well," she says, "I know that knight,  
 I saw his force and courage proved late,  
 Too late I viewed him, when his power and might  
 Shook down the pillar of Cassanoes state,  
 Alas what wounds he gives! how fierce, how fell!  
 No physic helps them cure, nor magic's spell.

"Tuncred he hight, O Macon would he wear 20  
 My thrall, ere fates him of this life deprive,  
 For to his hateful head such spite I bear,  
 I would him reave his cruel heart on live"  
 Thus said she, they that her complainings hear  
 In other sense her wishes credit give  
 She sighed withal, they construed all amiss,  
 And thought she wished to kill, who longed to kiss

Thus while forth pricked Clorinda from the throng 21  
 And 'gainst Tuncred set her spear in rest,  
 Upon their helmets they cracked their lances long,  
 And from her head her gilden casque he kest,  
 For every lace he broke and every thong,  
 And in the dust threw down her plumed crest,  
 About her shoulder shone her golden locks,  
 Like sunny beams, on alabaster rocks

Her looks with fire, her eyes with lightning blaze, 22  
 Sweet was her wrath what then would be her smile?  
 Tuncred, whereon think'st thou? what dost thou gaze?  
 Hast thou forgot her in so short a while?  
 The same is she, the shape of whose sweet face  
 The God of Love did in thy heart compile,  
 The same that left thee by the cooling stream,  
 Safe from sun's heat, but scorched with beauty's beam

The prince well knew her, though her painted shield 23  
And golden helm he had not marked before,  
She saved her head, and with her axe well steeled  
Assailed the knight, but her the knight forbore,  
'Gainst other foes he proved him through the field,  
Yet she for that refrained ne'er the more,  
But following, "Turn thee," cried, in ireful wise,  
And so at once she threats to kill him twice.

Not once the baon lift his armed hand 24  
To strike the maid, but gazing on her eyes,  
Where lordly Cupid seemed in arms to stand,  
No way to ward or shun her blows he tries,  
But softly says, ' No stroke of thy strong hand  
Can vanquish Tancred, but thy conquest lies  
In those fair eyes, which fiery weapons dart,  
That find no lighting place except this heart "

At last resolved, although he hoped small grace, 25  
Yet ere he did to tell how much he loved,  
For pleasing words in women's ears find place,  
And gentle hearts with humble suit are moved  
" O thou," quoth he, " withhold thy wrath a space,  
For if thou long to see my valour proved,  
Were it not better from this warlike rout  
Withdrawn, somewhere, alone to fight it out ?

" So singled, may we both our courage try " 26  
Clorinda to that motion yielded glad,  
And helmless to the forestward gan hie,  
Whither the prince right pensive went and sad,  
And there the virgin gan him soon defy  
One blow she stricken, and he warded had,  
When he cried, " Hold, and ere we prove our might,  
First hear thou some conditions of the fight

She stayed, and desperate love had made him bold, 27  
' Since from the fight thou wilt no respite give,  
The covenants be,' he said, " that thou unfold  
This wretched bosom and my heart out rive,  
Given thee long since, and if thou, cruel, would  
I should be dead, let me no longer live,  
But pierce this breast, that all the world may say,  
The eagle made the turtle dove her prey

' Save with thy grace, or let thine anger kill,  
 Love hath disarm'd my life of all defence,  
 An easy labour harmless blood to spill,  
 Strike then and punish where is none offence"  
 Thus said the prince, and more perchance had will  
 To have declared to move her cruel sense  
 But in ill time of Pagans thither came  
 A troop, and Christians that pursued the same.

28

The Pagans fled before their valiant foes,  
 For dread or craft, it skills not that we know,  
 A soldier wild, careless to win or lose,  
 Saw where her locks about the damsel flew,  
 And at her back he proffereth as he goes  
 To strike where her he did disarm'd view  
 But Tancred cried, "Oh stay thy cursed hand,"  
 And for to ward the blow lift up his brand

29

But yet the cutting steel arriv'd there,  
 Where her fair neck adjoined her noble head,  
 Light was the wound, but through her amber hair  
 The purple drops down rail'd bloody red,  
 So rubies set in flaming gold appear  
 But Lord Tancred, pale with rage as lead,  
 I lew on the villain, who to flight him bound,  
 The smart was his, though she received the wound.

30

The villain flies, he, full of rage and ire,  
 Pursues, she stood and wonder'd on them both,  
 But yet to follow them showed no desire,  
 To stray so far she would perchance be loth,  
 But quickly turn'd her, fierce as flaming ire,  
 And on her foes wheel'd her in her wrath,  
 On every side she kills them down around,  
 And now she flies, and now she turns around.

31

As the swift ure by Volga's rolling flood  
 Chased round the plain the madding chers to form,  
 Flies to her account of some neighbour wood,  
 And oft returns with her unsatiate horn  
 As, up at the dawn, untraced by sea and blood,  
 That to rest, till she had set to the drum,  
 Or is the Moor at their triple tunance run,  
 Lest she, the light, leave us to slay

32

So ran Clorinda, so her foes pursued, 33  
 Until they both approached the city's wall,  
 When lo! the Pagans their fierce wrath renewed,  
 Cast in a ring about they wheeled all,  
 And 'gainst the Christians' backs and sides they showed  
 Their courage fierce, and to new combat fall,  
 When down the hill Argantes came to fight,  
 Like angry Mars to aid the Trojan knight

Furious, tofore the foremost of his rank, 34  
 In sturdy steel forth stept the warrior bold,  
 The first he smote down from his saddle sank,  
 The next under his steed lay on the mould,  
 Under the Saracen's spear the worthies shrank,  
 No breastplate could that curséd tree outhold,  
 When that was broke his precious sword he drew,  
 And whom he hit, he fell'd, hurt, or slew

Clorinda slew Ardelio, aged knight, 35  
 Whose graver years would for no labour yield,  
 His age was full of puissance and might  
 Two sons he had to guard his noble eild,  
 The first, far from his father's care and sight,  
 Called Alicandro wounded lay in field,  
 And Poliphern the younger, by his side,  
 Had he not nobly fought had surely died

Tancred by this, that strove to overtake 36  
 The villain that had hurt his only dear,  
 From vain pursuit at last returned back,  
 And his brave troop discomfit saw well near,  
 Fluther he spurred, and gave huge slaughter make,  
 His shock no steed, his blow no knight could bear,  
 For dead he strikes him whom he lights upon,  
 So thunders break high trees on Lebanon

Dudon his squadron of adventurers brings, 37  
 To aid the worthy and his true crew,  
 Before the residue young Rinaldo sings  
 As swift as fiery lightning kindled now,  
 His argent eagle with her silver wings  
 In field of azure fair Erminia knew,  
 'See the e, sir king' he says, a knight as bold  
 And brave, as was the son of Iulus old



"He wins the prize in joust and tournament, 38  
 His acts are numberless, though few his years,  
 If Europe saw like him to war had sent  
 Among these thousand strong of Christen peets,  
 Syria were lost, lost were the Orient,  
 And all the lands the Southern Ocean wears,  
     Conquered were all hot Africa's tawny kings  
     And all that dwells by Nilus' unknown springs

"Rinaldo is his name, his armed fist 39  
 Breaks down stone walls, when rams and engines fail  
 But turn your eyes because I would you wist  
 What lord that is in green and golden mail,  
 Dudon he hight who guideth as him list  
 The adventurers' troop whose prowess seld doth fail,  
     High birth, grave years, and practice long in war,  
     And fearless heart, make him renowned far

"See that big man that all in brown is bound, 40  
 Gernando called, the King of Norway's son  
 A prouder knight treads not on grass or ground,  
 His pride hath lost the praise his prowess won,  
 And that kind pair in white all armed round,  
 Is Edward and Gildippes, who begun  
     Through love the hazard of fierce war to prove,  
     Famous for arms, but famous more for love"

While thus they tell their foemen's worthiness, 41  
 The slaughter rageth in the plain at large  
 Tancred and young Rinaldo break the press,  
 They bruise the helm, and press the sevenfold targe,  
 The troop by Dudon led performed no less,  
 But in they come and give a furious charge  
     Argantes' self fell at one single blow,  
     Inglorious, bleeding lay, on earth full low

Nor had the boister ever risen more, 42  
 But that Rinaldo's horse e'en then down fell,  
 And with the fall his leg oppress so sore  
 That for a space there must he argates dwell  
 Meanwhile the Pagan troops were nigh forlore,  
 Swiftly they fled, glad they escaped so well,  
     Argantes and with him Clorinda stout,  
     For burl and bulwark served to save the rout

These fled the last, and with their force sustained 43  
 The Christians' rage, that followed them so near,  
 Their scattered troops to safety well they trained,  
 And while the residue fled, the brunt these bear,  
 Dudon pursued the victory he gained,  
 And on Tigranes nobly broke his spear,  
 Then with his sword headless to ground him cast,  
 So gardeners branches lop that spring too fast

Algazar's breastplate, of fine temper made, 44  
 Nor Corban's helmet, forged by magic art,  
 Could save their owners, for Lord Dudon's blade  
 Cleft Corban's head, and pierced Algazar's heart  
 And their proud souls down to the infernal shade,  
 From Amurath and Mahomet depart,  
 Not strong Argantes thought his life was sure,  
 He could not safely fly, nor fight secure

The angry Pagun bit his lips for teen, 45  
 He run, he stayed, he fled, he turned again,  
 Until at last unmarked, unviewed, unseen,  
 When Dudon had Almansor newly slain,  
 Within his side he sheathed his weapon keen,  
 Down fell the worthy on the dusty plain,  
 And lifted up his feeble eyes unceasing,  
 Opprest with leaden sleep, of iron death

Three times he strove to view Heaven's golden ray, 46  
 And raised him on his feeble elbow thrice,  
 And thrice he tumbled on the lowly lay,  
 And three times closed again his dying eyes,  
 He speaks no word, yet makes his signs to pray,  
 He sighs, he fumes, he groans, and then he dies,  
 Argantes proud to spoil the corpse disdained,  
 But shook his sword with blood of Dudon stained,

And turning to the Christian knights, he cried 47  
 "Lordings, behold, this bloody reeking blade  
 Last night was given me by your noble guide,  
 Tell him what proof thereof this day is made,  
 Needs must this please him well that is beside,  
 That I so well can use this martial trade,  
 To whom so early yet he did present,  
 Tell him the workman fits the instrument

" If further proof thereof he long to see,  
 Say it still thirsts, and would his heart blood drink,  
 And if he haste not to encounter me,  
 Say I will find him when he leas't doth think '  
 The Christians at his words enragéd be,  
 But he to shun their ire doth safely shrink  
     Under the shelter of the neighbour wall,  
     Well guarded with his troops and soldiers all

48

Like storms of hail the stones fell down from high,  
 Cast from the bulwarks, flankers, ports and towers,  
 The shafts and quarries from their engines fly,  
 As thick as falling drops in April showers  
 The French withdrew, they list not press too nigh,  
 The Saracens escaped all the powers,  
     But now Rinaldo from the earth upleapt,  
     Where by the leg his steed had long him kept ;

49

He came and breathéd vengeance from his breast  
 Gainst him that noble Dudon late had slun  
 And being come thus spake he to the rest,  
 " Warriors, why stand you gazing here in vain ?  
 Pale death our valiant leader had opprest,  
 Come wreak his loss, whom bootless you complain  
     These walls are weak, they keep but cowards out  
     No rampier can withstand a courage stout

50

" Of double iron, brass or adamant,  
 Or if this wall were built of flaming fire,  
 Yet should the Pagan vile a fortress want  
 To shroud his coward head safe from mine ire,  
 Come follow then, and bid base fear av unt  
 The harder work deserves the greater hire '  
     And with that word close to the walls he starts,  
     Nor fears he arrows, quarries stones or darts

51

Above the waves as Neptune lift his eyes  
 To chide the winds that Trojan ships opprest,  
 And with his countenance calmed seas, winds and sl ies,  
 So looked Rinaldo, when he shook his crest  
 Before those walls each Pagan fears and flies  
 His dreadful sight, or trembling stayéd at least  
     Such dread his awful visage on them cast  
     So seem poor doves at goshawk s' sight aghast.

52

The world Lig ere now from Godfrey came, 53  
 To will them stay and calm their courage hot,  
 "Retire," quoth he, "Godfrey commands the same,  
 To wreak your ire this season fitteth not"  
 Though loth, Rinaldo stayd, and stopped the flame,  
 That boiled in his hardy stomach hot,  
 His bridled fury grew thereby more fell,  
 So rivers, stopped, above their banks do swell

The bands retire, not dangered by their foes 54  
 In their retreat, so wise were they and wary,  
 To murdered Dudon each lamenting goes,  
 From wonted use of ruth they list not vary  
 Upon their friendly arms they soft impose  
 The noble burden of his corpse to carry  
 Meanwhile Godfredo from a mountain great  
 Beheld the sacred city and her seat

Hierusalem is seated on two hills 55  
 Of height unlike, and turned side to side,  
 The space between, a gentle valley fills,  
 From mount to mount expanded fair and wide  
 Three sides are sure imbarred with crags and hills,  
 The rest is easy, scant to rise espied  
 But mighty bulwarks fence that plumer part,  
 So art helps nature, nature strengtheneth art

The town is stored of troughs and cisterns, made 56  
 To keep fresh water, but the country seems  
 Devoid of grass, unfit for ploughmen's trade,  
 Not fertile, moist with rivers, wells and streams,  
 There grow few trees to make the summer's shade,  
 To shield the parch'd land from scorching beams,  
 Save that a wood stands six miles from the town,  
 With aged cedars dark, and shadows brown

Be east, among the dusty valleys, glide 57  
 The silver streams of Jordan's crystal flood,  
 Be west, the Midland Sea, with boundaries tied  
 Of sandy shores where Joppa whilom stood,  
 In north Samaria stands, and on that side,  
 The gold n eck was reared in Bethel wood,  
 Beth' m by ouin, where Christ incarnate was,  
 A pearl in a cel, a diamond set in brass,

While thus the Duke on every side descried 58  
 The city's strength, the walls and gates about,  
 And saw where erst the same was fortified,  
 Where weakest seemed the walls to keep him out,  
 Erminia as he arm'd rode, him spied,  
 And thus bespake the heathen tyrant stout,  
 "See Godfrey there, in purple clad and gold,  
 His stately port, and princely look behold

"Well seems he born to be with honour crowned, 59  
 So well the lore he knows of regiment,  
 Peerless in fight, in counsel grave and sound,  
 The double gift of glory excellent,  
 Among these armies is no warrior found  
 Graver in speech, bolder in tournament  
 Raymond pardee in counsel match him might,  
 Tancred and young Rinaldo like in fight "

To whom the king "He likes me well therefore, 60  
 I knew him whilom in the court of France  
 When I from Egypt went ambassador,  
 I saw him there break many a sturdy lance,  
 And yet his chin no sign of manhood bore,  
 His youth was forward, but with governance,  
 His words his actions, and his portance brave,  
 Of future virtue, timely tokens gave

"Presages, ah too true ' with that a space 61  
 He sighed for grief, then said, "Fain would I know  
 The man in red, with such a knightly grace,  
 A worthy lord he seemeth by his show,  
 How like to Godfrey looks he in the face,  
 How like in person t but some deal more low"  
 "Baldwin, quoth she, "that noble baron hight,  
 By birth his brother, and his match in might

"Next look on him that seems for counsel fit, 62  
 Whose silver locks betray his store of days,  
 Raymond he hight, a man of wondrous wit,  
 Of Toulouse lord, his wisdom is his pruse,  
 What he forethinks doth, as he looks for, hit,  
 His stratagems have good success always  
 With gilded helm beyond him rides the mild  
 And good Prince William England's king's dear child

"With him is Guelpho, as his noble mate,  
 In birth, in acts, in arms alike the rest,  
 I know him well, since I beheld him late,  
 By his broad shoulder, and his squared breast  
 But my proud foe that quite hath ruinate  
 My high estate, and Antioch oppress,  
 I see not, Boemond, that to death did bring  
 Mine aged lord, my father, and my king"

Thus talkéd they, meanwhile Godfredo went  
 Down to the troops that in the valley stoyed,  
 And for in vain he thought the labour spent,  
 To assail those parts that to the mountains laid,  
 Against the northern gate his force he bent,  
 Gunst it he camped gaunst it his engines played,  
 All felt the fury of his angry power,  
 That from those gates lies to the corner tower

The town's third part was this, or litle less,  
 Fore which the duke his glorious ensigas spread,  
 For so grent compass had that forteress,  
 That round it could not be environéd  
 With narrow siege—nor Babel's king I guess  
 That whilom took it, such an army led—  
 But all the ways he kept, by which his foe  
 Might to or from the city come or go

His care was next to cast the trenches deep,  
 So to preserve his resting camp by night,  
 Lest from the city while his soldiers sleep  
 They might assail them with untimely fight  
 This done he went where lords and princes weep  
 With dire complaints about the murdered knight,  
 Where Dudon dead lay slaughtered on the ground  
 And all the soldiers sat lamenting round

His wuling friends adorned the mournful bier  
 With woeful pomp, whereon his corpse they laid  
 And when they saw the Bullogne prince draw near,  
 All felt new grief and each new sorrow made,  
 But he, withouten show or change of cheer,  
 His espousing tears within their fountains staved,  
 His rueful looks upon the corpse he cast  
 While and thus he spake the same at last

"We need not mourn for thee, here laid to rest, 68  
 Earth is thy bed, and not the grave the skies  
 Are for thy soul the cradle and the nest,  
 There live, for here thy glory never dies  
 For like a Christian knight and champion blest  
 Thou didst both live and die now feed thine eyes  
 With thy Redeemer's sight, where crowned with bliss  
 Thy faith, zeal, merit, well deserving is

"Our loss, not thine, provokes these plaints and tears 69  
 For when we lost thee, then our ship her mast,  
 Our chariot lost her wheels, their points our spears,  
 The bird of conquest her chief feather cast  
 But though thy death far from our army bears  
 Her chiefest earthly aid, in heaven yet placed  
 Thou wilt procure us help Divine, so reaps  
 He that sows godly sorrow, joy by heaps.

"For if our God the Lord Almighty 70  
 Those armed angels in our aid down send  
 That were at Dothan to his prophet sent,  
 Thou wilt come down with them, and well defend  
 Our host, and with thy sacred weapons bent  
 Against Sion's fort, these gates and bulwarks rend,  
 That so thy hand may win this hold, and we  
 May in these temples praise our Christ for thee."

Thus he complained, but now the sable shade 71  
 Ycleped night, had thick enveloped  
 The sun in veil of double darkness made,  
 Sleep, eased care, rest, brought complaint to bed,  
 All night the wary duke devising had  
 How that high wall should best be battered,  
 How his strong engines he might aptly frame,  
 And whence get timber fit to build the same

Up with the lark the sorrowful duke arose, 72  
 A mourner chief at Dudon's burial,  
 Of cypress sad a pile his friends compose  
 Under a hill o'ergrown with cedars tall,  
 Beside the hearse a fruitful palm tree grows,  
 Unnobled since by this great funeral,  
 Where Dudon's corpse they softly laid in ground,  
 The priest sung hymns, the soldiers wept around.

Among the boughs, they here and there bestow 73  
 Ensigns and arms as witness of his praise,  
 Which he from Pagan lords, that did them owe,  
 Had won in prosperous fights and happy frays  
 His shield they fixed on the bole below,  
 And there this distich under writ, which says,  
 "This palm with stretch'd arms, doth overspread  
 The champion Duden's glorious carcase dead"

This work performed with advisement good, 74  
 Godfrey his carpenters, and men of skill  
 In all the camp, sent to an aged wood,  
 With convoy meet to guard them safe from ill  
 Within a valley deep this forest stood,  
 To Christian eyes unseen, unknown, until  
 A Syrian told the duke, who thither sent  
 Those chosen workmen that for timber went

And now the axe raged in the forest wild, 75  
 The echo sigh'd in the groves unseen,  
 The weeping nymphs fled from the r' bowers exile,  
 Down fell the shady tops of shaking trees,  
 Down came the sacred palms, the ashes wild  
 The funeral cypress, holly ever green,  
 The weeping fir, thick beech, and sailing pine,  
 The married elm fell with his fruitful vine

The shooter yew, the broad leaved sycamore 76  
 The birren plantain, and the walnut sound  
 The myrrh, that her foul sin doth still deplore,  
 The alder owner of all waterish ground,  
 Sweet juniper, whose shadow hurteth sore,  
 Proud cedar oil, the king of forests crowned  
 Thus fell the trees with noise the deserts roar  
 The beasts, their caves, the birds, their nests forlore



The fourth Book  
OF  
GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE

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THE ARGUMENT

Satan his fiends and spirits assembleth all,  
And sends them forth to work the Christians woe.  
False Hydraunt their aid from hell doth call,  
And sends Armida to entrap his foe.  
She tells her birth, her fortune and her fall,  
Asks aid, allures and wins the worthies so  
That they consent her enterprise to prove,  
She wins them with deceit, craft, beauty, love

---

WHILE thus their work went on with lucky speed, 1  
And rear'd rams their horn'd fronts advance,  
The Ancient Foe to man, and mortal seed,  
His wannish eyes upon them bent askance,  
And when he saw their labours well succeed,  
He wept for rage, and threatened dire mischance.  
He choked his curses, to himself he spake,  
Such noise wild bulls that softly bellow make

At last resolving in his damn'd thought 3  
To find some let to stop their warlike feat,  
He gave command his Princes should be brought  
Before the throne of his infernal seat.  
O fool! as if it were a thing of nought  
God to resist, or change his purpose great,  
Who on his foes doth thunder in his ire,  
Whose arrows hailstones be and coals of fire

3  
The dreary trumpet blew a dreadful blast,  
And rumbled through the lands and kingdoms under,  
Through wasteness wide it roared, and hollows vast,  
And filled the deep with horror, fear and wonder,  
Not half so dreadful noise the tempests cast,  
That fall from skies with storms of hail and thunder,  
Not half so loud the whistling winds do sing,  
Broke from the earthen prisons of their King.

4  
The peers of Pluto's realm assembled been  
Amid the palace of their angry King,  
In hideous forms and shapes, tofore unseen,  
That fear, death, terror and amazement bring,  
With ugly paws some trample on the green,  
Some gnaw the snakes that on their shoulders hing,  
And some their forked tails stretch forth on high,  
And tear the twinkling stars from trembling sky

5  
There were Silenus' foul and loathsome rout,  
There Sphinxes, Centaurs, there were Gorgons fell,  
There howling Scillas, yawling round about,  
There serpents hiss, there seven-mouthed Hydras yell,  
Chimera there spues fire and brimstone out,  
And Polyphemus blind supporteth hell,  
Besides ten thousand monsters therein dwells  
Misshaped, unlike themselves, and like nought else.

6  
About their prince each took his wonted seat  
On thrones red hot, ybuilt of burning brass,  
Pluto in midst heaved his trident great,  
Of rusty iron huge that forged was,  
The rocks on which the salt sea billows beat,  
And Atlas' tops, the clouds in height that pass,  
Compared to his huge person mole-hills be,  
So his rough front, his horns so lifted he

7  
The tyrant proud frowned from his lofty cell,  
And with his looks made all his monsters tremble,  
His eyes, that full of rage and venom swell,  
Two beacons seem, that men to arms assemble,  
His feltered locks, that on his bosom fell,  
On rugged mountains briars and thorns resemble,  
His yawning mouth, that foamed clotted blood,  
Gaped like a whirlpool wide in Stygian flood,

8

And as Mount Etna vomits sulphur out,  
 With cliffs of burning crags, and fire and smoke,  
 So from his mouth flew kindled coals about,  
 Hot sparks and smells that man and beast would choke,  
 The gnairing porter durst not whine for doubt,  
 Still were the Furies, while their sovereign spoke,  
 And swift Cocytus stayed his murmur shrill,  
 While thus the murderer thundered out his will

9

Ye powers infernal, worthier far to sit  
 About the sun, where ye your offspring take,  
 With me that whilom, through the welkin flit,  
 Down tumbled headlong to this empty lake,  
 Our former glory still remember it,  
 Our bold attempts and war we once did make  
 'Gainst him, that rules above the starry sphere,  
 For which like traitors we lie damned here

10

"And now instead of clear and gladsome sky,  
 Of Titan's brightness, that so glorious is,  
 In this deep darkness lo we helpless lie,  
 Hopeless again to joy our former bliss,  
 And more, which makes my griefs to multiply,  
 That sinful creature man elected is,  
 And in our place the heavens possess he must,  
 Vile man, begot of clay, and born of dust.

11

"Nor this sufficed, but that he also gave  
 His only Son, his darling to be slain,  
 To conquer so hell, death, sin and the grave,  
 And man condemn'd to restore again,  
 He brake our prisons and would algates save  
 The souls that here should dwell in woe and pain,  
 And now in heaven with him they live always  
 With endless glory crowned, and lasting praise

12

"But why recount I thus our passéd harms?  
 Remembrance fresh makes weakened sorrows strong,  
 Expul'd were we with injurious arms  
 From those due honours, us of right belong  
 But let us leave to speak of these alarms,  
 And bend our forces gainst our present wrong  
 Ah! see you not how he attempted hath  
 To bring all lands, all nations to his faith?

“Then, let us careless spend the day and night, 13  
Without regard what happens, what comes or goes  
Let Asia subject be to Christians' might,  
A prey be Sion to her conquering foes,  
Let her adore again her Christ aright,  
Who her before all nations whilom chose,  
In brazen tables be his love ywrit,  
And let all tongues and lands acknowledge it

“So shall our sacred altars all be his, 14  
Our holy idols tumbled in the mould,  
To him the wretched man that sinful is  
Shall pray, and offer incense, myrrh and gold,  
Our temples shall their costly deckings miss,  
With naked walls and pillars freezing cold,  
Tribute of souls shall end, and our estate,  
Or Pluto reign in kingdoms desolate

“Oh, be not then the courage perished clean, 15  
That whilom dwelt within your haughty thought,  
When, armed with shining fire and weapons keen,  
Against the angels of proud Heaven we fought,  
I grant we fell on the Phlegrean green,  
Yet good our cause was, though our fortune nought,  
For chance assisteth oft the ignobler part,  
We lost the field, yet lost we not our heart

“Go then, my strength, my hope, my Spirits go 16  
These western rebels with your power withstand,  
Pluck up these weeds, before they overgrow  
The gentle garden of the Hebrews' land,  
Quench out this spark before it kindle so  
That Asia burn, consumed with the brand  
Use open force or secret guile unsped,  
For craft is virtue gainst a foe defied

“Among the knights and worthies of their train, 17  
Let some like outlaws wander uncouth ways,  
Let some be slain in field, let some again  
Make oracles of women's yeas and nays,  
And pine in foolish love, let some complain  
On Godfrey's ink, and mutinies gainst him raise  
Turn each one's sword against his fellow's heart,  
Thus kill them all or spoil the greatest part.

18

Before his words the tyrant ended had,  
 The lesser devils arose with ghastly roar,  
 And thronged forth about the world to gad,  
 Each land they filled, river, stream and shore,  
 The goblins, faeries, fiends and furies mad,  
 Rangéd in flowery dales, and mountains hoar,  
 And under every trembling leaf they sit,  
 Between the solid earth and welkin flit

19

About the world they spread forth far and wide,  
 Filling the thoughts of each ungodly heart  
 With secret mischief, anger, hate and pride,  
 Wounding lost souls with sin's empoisoned dart.  
 But say, my Muse, recount whence first they tried  
 To hurt the Christian lords, and from what part,  
 Thou knowest of things performed so long ago,  
 This latter age hears little truth or none

20

The town Damascus and the lards about  
 Ruled Hidraort, a wizard grave and sage,  
 Acquainted well with all the damned rout  
 Of Pluto's reign, even from his tender age,  
 Yet of this war he could not figure out  
 The wished ending, or success presage,  
 For neither stars above, nor powers of hell,  
 Nor skill, nor art, nor charm, nor devil could tell

21

And yet he thought,—O vain conceit of man,  
 Which as thou wishest judgest things to come!—  
 That the French host to sure destruction ran,  
 Condemned quite by Heaven's eternal doom  
 He thinks no force withstand or vanquish can  
 The Egyptian strength, and therefore would that some  
 Both of the prey and glory of the fight  
 Upon this Syrian folk would haply light

22

But for he held the Frenchmen's worth in prize,  
 And feared the doubtful gain of bloody war,  
 He, that was closely false and shily wise,  
 Cast how he might annoy them most from far  
 And as he gan upon this point devise,—  
 As counsellors in ill still nearest are,—  
 At hand was Satan, ready ere men need,  
 If once they think, to make them do, the deed

He counselled him how best to hunt his game, 23  
What dart to cast, what net, what toil to pitch.  
A niece he had, a nice and tender dame,  
Peerless in wit, in nature's blessings rich,  
To all deceit she could her beauty frame,  
False, fair and young, a virgin and a witch ;  
To her he told the sum of this emprise,  
And praised her thus, for she was fair and wise

" My dear, who underneath these locks of gold, 24  
And native brightness of thy lovely hue,  
Hidest grave thoughts, ripe wit, and wisdom old,  
More skill than I, in all mine arts untrue,  
To thee my purpose great I must unfold,  
This enterprise thy cunning must pursue,  
Weave thou to end this web which I begin,  
I will the distaff hold, come thou and spin

" Go to the Christians' host, and there assay 25  
All subtle sleights that women use in love,  
Shed brinish tears, sob, sigh, entreat and pray,  
Wring thy fair hands, cast up thine eyes above,  
For mourning beauty hath much power, men say,  
The stubborn hearts with pity frail to move,  
Look pale for dread, and blush sometime for shame,  
In seeming truth thy lies will soonest frame.

" Take with the bait Lord Godfrey, if thou may'st, 26  
Frame snares of look, strains of alluring speech ,  
For if he love, the conquest then thou hast,  
Thus purposed war thou may'st with ease imperch,  
Else lead the other Lords to deserts waste,  
And hold them slaves far from their leader's reach '  
Thus taught he her, and for conclusion, saith,  
" All things are lawful for our lands and faith '

The sweet Armida took this charge on hand, 27  
A tender piece for beauty, sex and age  
The sun was sunken underneath the land,  
When she began her wanton pilgrimage,  
In silken weeds she trusteth to withstand,  
And conquer knights in warlike equipage,  
Of their night rambling dunc the Sarrens prated,  
Some good, some bad, as they her loved or hated

With a few days the nymph arrived there 28  
 Where puissant Godfrey had his tents uplight;  
 Upon her strange attire and visage clear,  
 Gazed each soldier, gazed every knight  
 As when a comet doth in skies appear,  
 The people stand amazed at the light,  
 So wondered they, and each at other sought,  
 What mister might she was, and whence ybrought

Yet never eve to Cupid's service vowed 29  
 Beheld a face of such a lovely pride  
 A tinsel veil her amber locks did shroud,  
 That strove to cover what it could not hide,  
 The golden sun behind a silver cloud,  
 So streameth out his beams on every side,  
 The marble goddess, set at Cnidos, naked  
 She seemed, were she unclothed, or that awaked

The gamesome wind among her tresses plays, 30  
 And curleth up those growing riches short,  
 Her spareful eye to spread his beams denies,  
 But keeps his shot where Cupid keeps his fort,  
 The rose and hlv on her cheek assays  
 To punt true furness out in bravest sort,  
 Her lips, where blooms nought but the single rose,  
 Still blush for still they kiss while still they close

Her breasts, two hills overspread with purest snow, 31  
 Sweet smooth and sapple, soft and gently swelling,  
 Between them lies a milken dale below,  
 Where love, youth, gladness, whiteness make their dwelling,  
 Her breasts half hid, and half were laid to show,  
 Her envious vesture greedy sight repelling,  
 So was the wanton clad, as if this much  
 Should please the eye the rest unseen, the touch

As when the sunbeams dive through Tigrus' wave 32  
 To spy the store house of his springing gold,  
 Love piercing thought so through her mantle drave,  
 And in her gentle bosom wandered bold,  
 It viewed the wondrous beauty virgins have,  
 And all to fond desire with vantage told  
 Alas! what hope is left, to quench his fire  
 That kindled is by sight, blown by desire

Thus passéd she, praised, wished, and wondered at, 33  
 Among the troops who there encampéd lay,  
 She smiled for joy, but well dissembled that,  
 Her greedy eye chose out her wished prey,  
 On all her gestures seeming virtue sat,  
 Towards the imperial tent she asked the way.  
 With that she met a bold and lovesome knight,  
 Lord Godfrey's youngest brother, Eustace hight.

This was the fowl that first fell in the snare, 34  
 He saw her fair, and hoped to find her kind,  
 The throne of Cupid had an easy stair.  
 His barque is fit to sail with every wind,  
 The breach he makes no wisdom can repair  
 With reverence meet the baron low inclined,  
 And thus his purpose to the virgin told  
 For youth, use, nature, all had made him bold

"Lady, if thee beseem a stile so low, 35  
 In whose sweet looks such sacred beauty shine,—  
 For never yet did Heaven such grace bestow  
 On any daughter born of Adam's line—  
 Thy name let us, though far unworthy, know,  
 Unfold thy will, and whence thou art in fine,  
 Lest my audacious boldness learn too late  
 What honours due become thy high estate"

"Sir Knight," quoth she, "your praises reach too high 36  
 Above her merit you commend so,  
 A hapless maid I am, both born to die  
 And dead to joy, that live in care and woe,  
 A virgin helpless, fugitive pardie,  
 My native soil and kingdom thus forego  
 To seek Duke Godfrey's aid, such store men tell  
 Of virtuous ruth doth in his bosom dwell

"Conduct me then that mighty duke before, 37  
 If you be courteous, sir, as well you seem"  
 "Content," quoth he, "since of one womb ybore,  
 We brothers are, your fortune good esteem  
 To encounter me whose word prevaileth more  
 In Godfrey's hearing than you haply deem  
 Mine aid I grant, and his I promise too,  
 All that his sceptre, or my sword can do"



He led her easily forth when this was said,  
 Where Godfrey sat among his lords and peers,  
 She reverence did then blushed, as one dismayed  
 To speak, for secret wants and inward fears,  
 It seemed a bashful shame her speeches stayed,  
 At last the courteous duke her gently cheers,  
     Silence was made, and she began her tale,  
 They sit to hear, thus sung this nightingale

38

"Victorious prince, whose honourable name  
 Is held so great among our Pagan kings  
 That to those lands thou dost by conquest tame  
 That thou hast won them some content it brings,  
 Well known to all is thy immortal fame,  
 The earth, thy worth thy foe, thy praises sings,  
     And Paynims wrongéd come to seek thine aid,  
     So doth thy virtue, so thy power persuade.

39

"And I though bred in Macon's heathenish lore,  
 Which thou oppressest with thy puissant might,  
 Yet trust thou wilt in helpless maid restore,  
 And repossess her in her father's right  
 Others in their distress do aid implore  
 Of kin and friends, but I in this sad plight  
     Invoke thy help, my kingdom to invade,  
     So doth thy virtue, so my need persuade.

40

"In thee I hope, thy succours I invoke,  
 To win the crown whence I am dispossessed,  
 For like renown awaiteth on the stroke  
 To cast the haughty down or raise the opprest,  
 Nor greater glory brings a sceptre broke,  
 Than doth deliverance of a maid distressed,  
     And since thou canst at will perform the thing,  
     More is thy prais to make, than kill a king

41

"But if thou would'st thy succours due excuse,  
 Because in Christ I have no hope nor trust,  
 Ah yet for virtue's sake thy virtue use!  
 Who scorneth gold because it lies in dust?  
 Be witness Heaven, if thou to grant refuse,  
 Thou dost forsake a maid in cause most just,  
     And for thou shalt in large my fortunes know,  
     I will my wrongs and their great treasons show.

42

“Prince Arbilan that reigned in his life  
On fair Damascus, was my noble sire,  
Born of mean race he was, yet got to wife  
The Queen Chanchia, such was the fire  
Of her hot love, but soon the fatal knife  
Had cut the thread that kept their joys entire,  
For so mishap her cruel lot had cast,  
My birth, her death, my first day, was her last

“And ere five years were fully come and gone  
Since his dear spouse to hasty death did yield,  
My father also died, consumed with moan,  
And sought his love amid the Elysian field,  
His crown and me poor orphan, left alone,  
Mine uncle governed in my tender eild  
For well he thought, if mortal men have faith,  
In brother's breast true love his mansion hath

“He took the charge of me and of the crown,  
And with kind shows of love so brought to pass  
That through Damascus great report was blown  
How good, how just, how kind mine uncle was,  
Whether he kept his wicked hate unknown  
And hid the serpent in the flowering grass,  
Or that true faith did in his bosom won,  
Because he meant to match me with his son

“Which son, within short while, did undertake  
Degree of knighthood, as be seemed him well,  
Yet never durst he for his lady's sake  
Break sword or lance, advance in lofty sell,  
As fair he was, as Citherea's make,  
As proud as he that signorizeth hell,  
In fashions wayward, and in love unkind  
For Cupid deigns not wound a curish mind

“This paragon should Queen Armida wed,  
A goodly swain to be a princess' fere,  
A lovely partner of a lady's bed,  
A noble herd a golden crown to wear  
His glowing sire his errand duly said,  
And sugared speeches whispered in mine ear  
To make me take this darling in mine arms  
But still theadder stout her ears from charms

He led her easily forth when this was said,  
 Where Godfrey sat among his lords and peers,  
 She reverence did, then blushed, as one dismayed  
 To speak, for secret wants and inward fears,  
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 Well known to all is thy immortal fame,  
 The earth, thy worth, thy foe, thy praises sings,  
 And Paynims wronged come to seek thine aid,  
 So doth thy virtue, so thy power persuade.

39

"And I though bred in Macon's heathenish lore,  
 Which thou oppressest with thy puissant might,  
 Yet trust thou wilt an helpless maid restore,  
 And repossess her in her father's right  
 Others in their distress do aid implore  
 Of kin and friends , but I in this sad plight  
 Invoke thy help, my kingdom to invade,  
 So doth thy virtue, so my need persuade.

40

"In thee I hope, thy succours I invoke,  
 To win the crown whence I am dispossessed ,  
 For like renown awaiteth on the stroke  
 To cast the naughty down or raise the oppress :  
 Nor greater glory brings a sceptre broke,  
 Than doth deliverance of a maid distressed ,  
 And since thou canst at will perform the thing,  
 More is thy praise to make, than kill a king

41

"But if thou would'st thy succours due excuse,  
 Because in Christ I have no hope nor trust,  
 Ah yet for virtue's sake, thy virtue use !  
 Who scorneth gold because it lies in dust ?  
 Be witness Heaven, if thou to grant refuse,  
 Thou dost forsake a maid in cause most just,  
 And for thou shalt at large my fortunes know,  
 I will my wrongs and their great treasons show

42

43  
 "Prince Arhila that reigned in his life  
 On fair Damascus, was my noble sire,  
 Born of mean race he was, yet got to wife  
 The Queen Charicia, such was the fire  
 Of her hot love, but soon the fatal knife  
 Had cut the thread that kept their joys entire,  
 For so mishap her cruel lot had cast,  
 My birth, her death, my first day, was her last

44  
 "And ere five years were fully come and gone  
 Since his dear spouse to hasty death did yield,  
 My father also died, consumed with moan,  
 And sought his love amid the Elysian field,  
 His crown and me, poor orphan, left alone,  
 Mine uncle governed in my tender uid,  
 For well he thought, if mortal men have faith,  
 In brother's breast true love his mansion hath

45  
 "He took the charge of me and of the crown,  
 And with kind shows of love so brought to pass  
 That through Damascus great report was blown  
 How good, how just, how kind mine uncle was,  
 Whether he kept his wicked hate unknown  
 And hid the serpent in the flowering grass,  
 Or that true faith did in his bosom won,  
 Because he meant to match me with his son

46  
 "Which son, within short while, did undertake  
 Degree of knighthood, as beseemed him well,  
 Yet never durst he for his lady's sake  
 Break sword or lance, advance in lofty sell,  
 As fair he was, as Citherea's make,  
 As proud as he that signorisseth hell,  
 In fashions wayward, and in love unkind,  
 For Cupid deigns not wound a currish mind

47  
 "This paragon should Queen Armida wed,  
 A goodly swain to be a princess' fere,  
 A lovely partner of a lady's bed,  
 A noble head a golden crown to wear  
 His glowing sire his errand duly said,  
 And sweet speeches whispered in mine ear  
 To make me take this darling in mine arms  
 But still the adder stole her ears from charms

48  
 ' At last he left me with a troubled grace,  
 Through which transparent was his inward spite,  
 Methought I read the story in his face  
 Of these mishaps that on me since have light,  
 Since that foul spirits haunt my resting place,  
 And ghastly visions break my sleep by night,  
 Grief horror fear my fainting soul did kill,  
 For so my mind foreshowed my coming ill

49  
 Three times the shape of my dear mother came,  
 Pale, sad, & smayed, to warn me in my dream,  
 Alas, how far transformed from the same  
 Whose eyes shone erst like Titan's glorious beam  
 ' Daughter,' she says ' fly, fly, behold thy dame  
 Foreshow's the treasons of thy wretched name,  
 Who poison gaunt thy harmless life provides ' \*  
 This said, to shapeless air unseen she glides,

50  
 " But what avail high walls or bulwarks strong,  
 Where fainting cowards have the piece to guard ?  
 My sex too weak mine age was all too young,  
 To undertake alone a work so hard,  
 To wander wild the desert woods among,  
 A banished maid, of wonted ease debarred,  
 So grievous seemed, that liefer we e my death,  
 And there to expire where first I drew my breath

51  
 I feared deadly evil if long I stayed,  
 And yet to fly had neither will nor power,  
 Nor durst my heart declare it waxed afraid,  
 Lest so I hasten might my dying hour  
 Thus restless waited I unhappy maid,  
 What hand should first pluck up my springing flower,  
 Even as the wretch condemned to lose his life  
 Awaits the falling of the murdering knife

52  
 ' In these extremes, for so my fortune would  
 Perchance preserve me to my further ill,  
 One of my noble father's servants old  
 That for his goodness bore his child good will,  
 With store of tears this treason gan unfold  
 And said my guardian would his pupil kill,  
 And that himself, if promise made be kept  
 Should give me poison dire ere next I slept

“ And further told me, if I wished to live,  
I must convey myself by secret flight,  
And offered then all succours he could give  
To aid his mistress, banished from her right  
His words of comfort, sent to exile drive,  
The dread of death made lesser dangers light  
So we concluded, when the shadows dim  
Obscured the earth I should depart with him

“ Of close escapes the aged patroness,  
Blacker than erst, her sable mantle spread,  
When with two trusty muds, in great distress,  
Both from mine uncle and my realm I fled,  
Oft look'd I back, but hardly could suppress  
Those streams of tears, mine eyes incessant shed,  
For when I looked on my kingdom lost,  
It was a grief, a death, an hell almost

“ My steeds drew on the burden of my limbs,  
But still my looks, my thoughts, drew back as fast,  
So fare the men, that from the heaven's brim,  
Far out to sea, by sudden storm are cast,  
Swift o'er the grass the rolling chariot swims,  
Through ways unknown, all night, all day we haste  
At last, nigh tired, a castle strong we find,  
The utmost border of my native land

“ The fort Arontes was, for so the knight  
Was call'd, that my deliverance thus had wrought,  
But when the tyrant saw, by mature flight  
I had escaped the treasons of his thought,  
The rage increased in the curs'd wight  
Gainst me, and him, that me to safety brought,  
And us accused, we would have poison'd  
Him, but descried, to save our lives we fled

“ And that in lieu of his approved truth,  
To poison him I hired had my guide,  
That he dispatch'd, mine unbridled youth  
Might range at will, in no subjection tied  
And that each night I slept—O foul untruth—  
Mine honour lost by this Arontes' side  
But Heaven I pray send down revenging fire,  
When so base love shall change my chaste desire

“Not that he sitteth on my regal throne  
Nor that he thirst to drink my lukewarm blood,  
So grieveth me, as this despite alone,  
That my renown which ever blameless stood,  
Hath lost the light wherewith it always shone  
With forged lies he makes his tale so good,  
And holds my subjects hearts in such suspense,  
That none takes armour for their queen's defence

58

“And though he do my regal throne possess,  
Clothed in purple crowned with burnished gold,  
Yet is his hate, his rancour, never the less,  
Since nought assuageth malice when 'tis old  
He threatens to burn Arontes' forteress,  
And murder him unless he yield the hold,  
And me and mine threats not with war, but death,  
Thus causeless hatred, endless is uneth

59

“And so he trusts to wash away the stain,  
And hide his shameful fact with mine offence,  
And saith he will restore the throne again  
To his late honour and due excellence,  
And therefore would I should be algaes slain,  
For while I live, his right is in suspense  
This is the cause my guiltless life is sought,  
For on my ruin is his safety wrought

60

“And let the tyrant have his heart's desire,  
Let him perform the cruelty he meant,  
My guiltless blood must quench the ceaseless fire  
On which my endless tears were bootless spent,  
Unless thou help, to thee, renowned Sire,  
I fly, a virgin, orphan, innocent,  
And let these tears that on thy feet distil,  
Redeem the drops of blood, he thirsts to spill.

61

“By these thy glorious feet, that tread secure  
On necks of tyrants, by thy conquests brave,  
By that right hand and by those temples pure  
Thou seekst to free from Marcon's lore, I crave  
Help for this sickness none but thou canst cure,  
My life and kingdom let thy mercy save  
From death and ruin but in vain I prove thee,  
If right, if truth, if justice cannot move thee

62

"Thou who dost all thou wishest, at thy will, 63  
 And never willest aught but what is right,  
 Preserve this guiltless blood they seek to spill,  
 Thine be my kingdom, save it with thy might  
 Among these captains, lords, and knights of skill,  
 Appoint me ten, approved most in fight,  
 Who with assistance of my friends and kin,  
 May serve my kingdom lost again to win

"For lo a knight, that had a gate to ward, 64  
 A man of chiefest trust about his king,  
 Hath promised so to beguile the guard  
 That me and mine he undertakes to bring  
 Safe, where the tyrant haply sleepeth hard  
 He counselled me to undertake this thing,  
 Of thee some little succour to intreat,  
 Whose name alone accomplish can the feat"

This said, his answer did the nymph attend, 65  
 Her looks, her sighs, her gestures all did pray him  
 But Godfrey wisely did his grant suspend,  
 He doubts the worst, and that awhile did stav him,  
 He knows, who fears no God, he loves no friend,  
 He fears the heathen false would thus betray him  
 But yet such ruth dwelt in his princely mind,  
 That gainst his wisdom, pity made him kind

Besides the kindness of his gentle thought, 66  
 Ready to comfort each distressed wight,  
 The maiden's offer profit with it brought,  
 For if the Syrian kingdom were her right,  
 That won, the way were easy, which he sought,  
 To bring all Asia subject to his might  
 There might he raise munition, arms and treasure,  
 To work the Egyptian king and his displeasure

Thus was his noble heart long time betwixt 67  
 Fear and remorse, not granting nor denying,  
 Upon his eyes the dame her lookings fixed,  
 As if her life and death lay on his saying  
 Some tears she shed, with sighs and sobbings mixed  
 As if her hopes were dead through his delaying  
 At last her earnest suit the duke denied  
 But with sweet words thus would content the mind



"If not in service of our God we fought,  
 In meaner quarrel if this sword were shaken,  
 Well might thou gather in thy gentle thought,  
 So far a princess should not be forsaken,  
 But since these armies, from the world's end brought,  
 To free this sacred town have undertaken,  
 It were unfit we turned our strength away,  
 And victory, even in her coming, stay

68

"I promise thee, and on my princely word  
 The burden of thy wish and hope repose,  
 That when this chosen temple of the Lord,  
 Her holy doors shall to his saints unclose  
 In rest and peace, then this victorious sword  
 Shall execute due vengeance on thy foes,  
 But if for pity of a worldly dame  
 I left this work, such pity were my shame"

69

At this the princess bent her eyes to ground  
 And stood unmoved, though not unmurdered, a space,  
 The secret bleeding of her inward wound  
 Shed heavenly dew upon her angel's face  
 'Poor wretch' quoth she, "in tears and sorrows drowned  
 Death be thy peace, the grave thy resting-place,  
 Since such thy hap that lest thou mercy find  
 The gentlest heart on earth is proved unkind

70

"Where none attends what boots it to complain?  
 Men's froward hearts are moved with women's tears  
 As marble stones are pierced with drops of rain,  
 No plaints find passage through unwilling ears  
 The tyrant, haply would his wrath restrain  
 Heard he these prayers ruthless Godfrey hears,  
 Yet not thy fault is this, my chance, I see  
 Hath made even pity, pitiless in thee

71

"So both thy goodness, and good hap denayed me,  
 Grief, sorrow, mischief ere, hath overthrowed me  
 The star that ruled my birth-day hath betrayed me,  
 My genius sees his charge, but dares not own me,  
 Of queen like state, my flight hath disravined me  
 My father died, ere he five years had known me,  
 My kingdom lost, and lastly resteth now,  
 Down with the tree with broke is every bough

72

“And for the modest lore of maidenhood, 73  
 Bids me not sojourn with these armed men,  
 O whither shall I fly what secret wood  
 Shall hide me from the tyrant? or what den  
 What rock, what vault what cave can do me good?  
 No, no, where death is sure, it resteth then  
 To scorn his power and be it therefore seen,  
 Armida lived, and died both like a queen’

With that she looked as if a proud disdain 74  
 Kindled displeasure in her noble mind,  
 The way she came she turned her steps again,  
 With gesture sad but in disdainful kind,  
 A tempest railed down her cheeks amain,  
 With tears of woe, and sighs of anger's wind,  
 The drops her footsteps wash, whereon she treads  
 And seems to step on pearls, or crystal beads

Her cheeks on which this streaming nectar fell, 75  
 Stilled through the limbeck of her diamond eyes,  
 The roses white and red resembled well,  
 Whereon the rosy May dew sprinkled lies  
 When the fair morn first blusheth from her cell  
 And breatheth balm from opened paradise  
 Thus sighed thus mourned, thus wept this lovely Queen  
 And in each drop bathed a grace unseen

Thrice twenty Cupids unperceived flew 76  
 To gather up this liquor ere it fall  
 And of each drop an arrow forged new,  
 Else, as it came, snatched up the crystal ball,  
 And at rebellious hearts for wildfire threw  
 O wondrous love! thou makest gam of all,  
 For if she weeping sit or smiling stand,  
 She bends thy bow, or kindleth else thy brand

This forged plant drew forth unfeigned tears 77  
 From many eyes, and pierced each worthy's heart,  
 Each one condoled with her that her heart  
 Aid of her grief would help her bear the smart  
 If Godfrey aid her no, not one but swore  
 Some ugress gave him suck on roughest part  
 Amid the rude crag, on Alpine cliffs aloft  
 Hard is that part which be not makes not soft

But jolly Eustace, in whose breast the brand 78  
 Of love and pity kindled had the flame,  
 While others softly whispered underhand,  
 Before the duke with comely boldness came  
 ' Brother and lord, quoth he, " too long you stand  
 In your first purpose, yet vouchsafe to frame  
 Your thoughts to ours, and lend this virgin aid  
 Thanks are half lost when good turns are delayed

" And think not that Eustace's talk assays 79  
 To turn these forces from this present war,  
 Or that I wish you should your armies ruse  
 From Zion's walls, my speech tends not so far  
 But we that venture all for fame and praise,  
 That to no charge nor service bounden we,  
 Forth of our troop may ten well spared be  
 To succour her, which nought can weaken thee

" And know, they shall in God's high service fight, 80  
 That virgins innocent save and defend  
 Dear will the spoils be in the Heaven's sight,  
 That from a tyrant's hateful head we rend  
 Nor seemed I forward in this lady's right,  
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 The rest approv'd what the gallant said,  
 Their general their knights encompassed round,  
 With humble grace, and earnest suit they prayed  
 " I yield, ' quoth he, " and it be happy found,  
 What I have granted, let her have your aid  
 Yours be the thanks, for yours the danger is,  
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O temper then this heat misguides you so ! ” 83

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Accept his grant, and let his counsel go  
What world's not beauty, man's relenting mind  
Is e'er to move with plaints and shows of woe  
Her lips cast forth a chain of sugared words,  
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“ Beauty's chief darling, let these sorrows be,  
For such assistance shall you find in us  
As with your need, or will, may best agree ”  
With that she cheered her forehead dolorous,  
And smiled for joy, that Phœbus blushed to see,  
And had she deigned her veil for to remove,  
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With that she broke the silence once again, 85  
And gave the knight great thanks in little speech,  
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So far as honour's laws received no breach  
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Dumb eloquence, persuading more than speech  
Thus women know, and thus they use the guise  
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Some wished men of quick and good proceeding,  
She thought to strike the iron that was hot,  
For every action hath his hour of speeding  
Milder or false Circe changed not  
So far the shapes of men, as her eyes spreading  
Mildred their hearts, and with her syren's sound  
In lust, their minds, their hearts, in love she drowned

All with sleights that subtle women know, 87  
How is he used to catch some lover new  
No need to tell the tale of her unconstant bow  
For till the time her toad his her looks renew  
From some she casts her mo'iest eyes away,  
As some she gets him to room away,  
As some she thus perverts the innocent,  
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Hourly she used, to catch some lover new  
None benned the bent of her unsteadfast bow,  
For with the time her thoughts her looks renew,  
From some she cast her modest eyes below,  
At some her gazing glances roving flew,  
And while she thus pursued her wanton sport,  
She spurred the slow and reined the forward short

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87



If some, as hopeless that she would be won, 88  
 Fo bore to love because they durst not move her,  
 On them her gentle looks to smile begun,  
 As who say she is kind if you dare prove her  
 On every heart thus shone this lustful sun,  
 All strove to serve to please, to woo, to love her,  
 And in their hearts that chaste and bashful were,  
 Her eye's hot glance dissolved the frost of fear

On them who durst with fingering bold assay 89  
 To touch the softness of her tender skin,  
 She looked as coy, as if she list not play,  
 And made as things of worth were hard to win,  
 Yet tempered so her disdainful looks alway,  
 That outward scorn showed store of grace within  
 This with false hope their longing hearts she fired,  
 The hardest gotten things are most desired

"And sometimes she walked in secret where, 90  
 That virginate upon her discontent,  
 Dear wither eyelids sate the swelling tear,  
 That frod forth, though sprung from wail lament,  
 Nor seen this craft a thousand souls well near  
 With hopes of foolish ruth and love she hent,  
 But for that as loves by which we fitly prove  
 To help a maiden's wretched fruitless love

"Ah! be it not pardie declared had 91  
 Or elsewhere told where courtier thoughts lay fettered,  
 That we forsook so fair a chevi lute and glad,  
 For doubt or fear that might from lettered,  
 Else here surrender I both sword and clad,  
 And swear no more to use this martial tierced  
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 What I have granted, let her have your hand  
 Yours be the thanks, for yours the danger run  
 If aught succeed, as much I fear, amiss run

While thus she them torments twist frost and fire,  
Twist joy and grief, twist hope and restless fear,  
The sly enchantress felt her gain the higher,  
These were her flocks that golden fleeces bear  
But if some one durst utter his desire,  
And by complaining make his griefs appear,  
He laboured hard rocks with plants to move  
She had not learned the gamut then of love 93

For down she bent her bashful eyes to ground,  
And donned the weed of women's modest grief,  
Down from her eyes well'd the pearls round,  
Upon the bright enamel of her face  
Such honey drops on springing flowers are found  
When Phoebus holds the crimson morn in chase  
Full seem'd her looks of anger, and of shame  
Yet pity shone transparent through the same 94

If she perceiv'd by his outward cheer,  
That any would his love by talk bewear,  
Sometimes she heard him sometimes stopped her ear,  
And play'd fast and loose the livelong day  
Thus all her lovers kind deluded were,  
Their earnest suit got neither yea nor nay,  
But like the sort of weary hunters fare,  
That hunt all day, and lose at night the hare 95

These were the arts by which she captiv'd  
A thousand souls of young and lusty knights  
These were the arms wherewith love conquer'd  
Their feeble hearts subdued in wanton fights  
What wonder if Achilles were misled,  
Or great Alcides at their ladies' sights,  
Since these true champions of the Lord above  
Were thralls to beauty, yelden slaves to love 96

The fifth Book  
OF  
GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE

---

THE ARGUMENT

Gerando scorns Rinaldo should aspire  
To rule that charge for which he seeks and strives  
And slanders him so far that in his ire  
The wronged knight his foe of life deprives  
Far from the camp the slayer doth retire  
Nor lets himself be bound in chains or gyves  
Armida departs content and from the scene  
Godfrey hears news which him and his do please

---

WHILE thus Armida's false delights misled  
In wandering errors of deceitful love,  
And thought besides the champions promised,  
The other lordings in her aid to move,  
In Godfrey's thought a strong contention bred  
Who fittest were this hazard great to prove,  
For all the worthies of the adventurers' band  
Were like in birth, in power, in strength of hand

1

But first the prince, by grave advice, decreed  
They should some knight choose at their own election,  
That in his charge Lord Dudon might succeed,  
And of that glorious troop should take protection,  
So none should grieve, displeased with the deed,  
Nor blame the causer of their new subjection  
Besides, Godfredo showed by this device,  
How much he held that regiment in price

2

He called the worthies then, and spake them so —  
 “ Lordings, you know I yielded to your will,  
 And gave you license with this dame to go,  
 To win her kingdom and that tyrant kill  
 But now again I let you further know,  
 In following her it may betide you ill,  
 Refrain therefore, and change this forward thought  
 For death unsent for, danger comes unsought

3

“ But if to shun these perils, sought so far,  
 May seem disgraceful to the place you hold,  
 If grave advice and prudent counsel are  
 Esteemed detractors from your courage hold,  
 Then know, I none against his will debar,  
 Nor what I granted erst I now withhold,  
 But be mine empire, as it ought of right,  
 Sweet, easy, pleasant, gentle, meek and light

4

“ Go then or tarry, each as likes him best,  
 Free power I grant you on this enterprise,  
 But first in Dudon's place, now hid in chest,  
 Choose you some other captain stout and wise,  
 Then ten appoint among the worthiest,  
 But let no more attempt this hard emprise,  
 In this my will content you that I have,  
 For power constrained is but a glorious slave ”

5

Thus Godfrey said, and thus his brother spake,  
 And answered for himself and all his peers —  
 “ My lord, as well it fitteth thee to make  
 These wise delays and cast these doubts and fears,  
 So 'tis our part at first to undertake,  
 Courage and haste beseems our might and years,  
 And this proceeding with so grave advice,  
 Wisdom, in you, in us were cowardice

6

“ Since then the feat is easy, danger none,  
 All set in battle and in hardy fight,  
 Do thou permit the chosen ten to gone  
 And aid the damsel ” thus devised the knight,  
 To make men think the sun of honour shone  
 There where the lamp of Cupid gave the light  
 The rest perceive his guile, and it approve,  
 And call that knighthood which was childish love

7

But lo! my Justice, that with judgment eye  
 Beheld the worth of Sophias noble child,  
 And his fair shape and such like may,  
 Beside the virtues in his breast compiled,  
 And for in love he would no longer stay,  
 He stored his mouth with such sweet smoothly blent,  
 Drawn his mind to attend his word  
 Thus with fair sleight he had the lady in his word

8

Of great Pertoldo thou fairer sister hear,  
 Thou star of brightness flower of chivalry,  
 Tell me, who now shall lead this squadron far,  
 Since our late guide in marble cold doth lie?  
 I that with famous Dudon might compare  
 In all but years, honour, and gravity  
 To whom should I Duke Godfrey's brother, yield?  
 Unless to thee, the Christian army's shield?

9

"That whom high birth makes equal with the best  
 Thine acts prefer both me and all before,  
 Nor that in fight thou both surpass the rest,  
 And Godfrey's worthy self, I hold in scorn,  
 Thee to obey then am I only pressed,  
 Before these virtues be thine eagle borne,  
 This honour haply thou esteemest light,  
 Whose day of glory never yet found night

10

"Yet mayest thou further by this means display  
 The spreading wings of thy immortal fame,  
 I will procure it, if thou sayest not nay,  
 And all their wills to thine election frame  
 But for I scanty am resolved which way  
 To bend my force or where employ the same,  
 Leave me, I pray, at my discretion free  
 To help Armida, or serve here with thee."

11

This last request, for love is evil to hide,  
 Empurpled both his cheeks with scarlet red,  
 Rinaldo soon his passions had desired,  
 And gently smiling turned aside his head,  
 And, for weal Cupid was too feeble eyed  
 To strike him sure, the fire in him was dead,  
 So that of rivals was he nought afraid  
 Nor cared he for the journey or the maid.

12

But in his noble thought revolved he oft 13  
 Duden's high prowess, death and burial,  
 And how Argantes bore his plumes aloft,  
 Praising his fortune for that worthy's fall  
 Besides, the knight's sweet words and praises soft  
 To his due honour did him fully call,  
 And made his heart rejoice for well he knew  
 Though much he praised him, all his words were true

"Degrees," quoth he, "of honours high to hold 14  
 I would them first deserve, and then desire,  
 And were my valour such as you have told,  
 Would I for that to higher place aspire  
 But if to honours due raise me you would,  
 I will not of my works refuse the hire,  
 And much it glads me, that my power and might  
 Ypraised is by such a valiant knight

"I neither seek it nor refuse the place, 15  
 Which if I get, the praise and thanks be thine"  
 Eustace, thus spoken, bled thence apace  
 To know which way his fellows' hearts incline  
 But Prince Gernando coveted the place  
 Whom though Armada sought to undermine,  
 Gainst him yet vain did all her engines prove  
 His pride was such, there was no place for love

Gernando was the King of Norway's son 16  
 That many a realm and region had to guide,  
 And for his elders lands and crowns had won  
 His heart was puffed up with endless pride  
 The other boasts more what himself had done  
 Than all his ancestors' great acts beside,  
 Yet his forefathers old before him were  
 Famous in war and peace five hundred year

This barbarous prince who only vainly thought 17  
 That bliss in wealth and kingly power doth lie  
 And in respect esteemed all virtue nought  
 Unless he were adorned with titles high,  
 Could not endure that to the place he sought  
 A simple knight should dare to press so nigh,  
 And in his breast so boiled with ill spite,  
 That ire and wrath exiled reason quite

1

The hidden devil, that lie in cloke wait  
 To win the tort of unbelieving man,  
 Found entry there where he would thinke,  
 And in his bosom unpereceived him,  
 It filled his heart with malice, strife and hate,  
 It made him rage, blasphemous swear, curse and ban,  
 Inevitable it still attend, him near,  
 And thus each minute whispereth in his ear

19

What, shall Amaldo match thee dares he tell  
 Those idle names of his vain pleasures?  
 Then let him say, if thee he would exceed,  
 What lands, what realms his tributaries be  
 If his forefathers in the graves that dwell,  
 Were honoured like thine that live, let see  
 O how dares one so me inspire so high,  
 Born in that servile country Italy?

20

Now, if he win, or if he lose the day,  
 Yet is his praise and glory hence derived,  
 For that the world will, to his credit say,  
 Lo this is he that with Carmindo strived  
 The charge some deal thee highly honour may,  
 First noble Dudon had while here he lived,  
 But laid on him he would the office shame,  
 Let it suffice, he durst desire the same.

21

If when this breath from man's frail body flies  
 The soul take keep, or know the things done here,  
 Oh how looks Dudon from the glorious skies?  
 What wrath what anger in his face appear,  
 On this proud youngling while he bends his eyes,  
 Marking how high he doth his feathers rear?  
 Seeing his rash attempt, how soon he dare,  
 Though but a boy, with his great worth compare

22

He dares not only, but he strives and proves,  
 Where chastisement were fit there wins he praise  
 One counsels him, his speech him forward moves,  
 Another fool approveth all he says  
 If Godfrey favour him more than behoves,  
 Why then he wrongeth thee an hundred ways,  
 Nor let thy state so far disgraced be,  
 Now what thou art and canst let Godfrey see

With such false words the kindled fire began 23  
To every vein his poisoned heat to reach,  
It swelled his scornful heart, and forth it ran  
At his proud looks, and too audacious speech,  
All that he thought blameworthy in the man,  
To his disgrace that would he each where preach,  
He termed him proud and vain, his worth in fight  
He called foolhardy, rashness, madness right

All that in him was rare or excellent, 24  
All that was good, all that was princely found,  
With such sharp words as malice could invent,  
He blamed, such power has wicked tongue to wound  
The youth, for everywhere those rumours went,  
Of these reproaches heard sometimes the sound  
Nor did for that his tongue the fault amend,  
Until it brought him to his woeful end

The cursed fiend that set his tongue at large, 25  
Still bred more fancies in his idle brain,  
His heart with slanders new did overcharge,  
And soothed him still in his angry vein,  
Amid the camp a place was broad and large,  
Where one fair regiment might easily train,  
And there in tilt and harmless tournament  
Their days of rest the youths and gallants spent

There, as his fortune would it should betide, 26  
And the press Gernando gun route,  
To vomit out his venom unespied,  
Wherewith foul envy did his heart inspire  
Rinaldo heard him as he stood beside,  
And as he could not bridle wrath and ire,  
'Thou hear,' cried he loud and with that word  
About his head he tossed his flaming sword

Thunder his voice, and lightning seemed his brand 27  
So red his look and furious was his cheer,  
Gernando trembled for he saw at hand  
Pile darts, and neither help nor comfort near  
Yet for the soldiers ill to witness stand  
He made proud stir, as though he ought did hear  
Loud and clear his little clapping hand,  
And that show of a man's reluctance made



With that a thousand blades of burnished steel 28  
 Glistered on heaps like flames of fire in sight,  
 Hundreds, that knew not yet the quarrel well,  
 Ran thither, some to gaze and some to fight  
 The empty air a sound confused did feel  
 Of murmurs low, and outcries loud on height,  
 Like rolling waves and Boreas' angry blasts  
 When roaring seas against the rocks he casts

But not for this the wrongéd warrior stay'd 29  
 His just displeasure and incenséd ire,  
 He cared not what the vulgar did or said,  
 To vengeance did his courage fierce aspire  
 Among the thickest weapons war he made,  
 His thundering sword made all on heaps retire,  
 So that of near a thousand stay'd not one,  
 But Prince Gernando bore the brunt alone

His hand, too quick to execute his wrath, 30  
 Performéd all, as pleaséd his eye and heart,  
 At head and breast oft times he struck en hath,  
 Now at the right, now at the other part  
 On every side thus did he harm and scath,  
 And oft beguiled his sight with nimble art,  
 That no defence the prince of wounds acquits,  
 Where least he thinks, or fears, there most he hits

Nor ceaséd he, till in Gernando's breast 31  
 He sheathéd once or twice his furious blade,  
 Down fell the hapless prince with death oppress'd  
 A double way to his weak soul was made  
 His bloody sword the victor wiped and dress'd,  
 Nor longer by the slaughtered body stay'd  
 But sped him thence, and soon appeas'd hath  
 His hate, his ire, his rancour and his wrath

Called by the tumult, Godfrey drew him near, 32  
 And there beheld a sad and rueful sight,  
 The signs of death upon his face appear,  
 With dust and blood his locks were soathly dight,  
 Sighs and complaints on each side might he hear,  
 Made for the sudden death of that great knight  
 Amazed he asked who durst and did so much  
 For yet he knew not whom the fault would touch

Arnoldo, minion of the Prince thus slain, 33  
 Augments the fault in telling it, and saith,  
 This Prince is murdered, for a quarrel vain,  
 By young Rinaldo in his desperate wrath,  
 And with that sword that should Christ's law maintain  
 One of Christ's champions bold he killed hath,  
 And this he did in such a place and hour,  
 As if he scorned your rule, despised your power

And further adds, that he deserved death 34  
 By law, and law should be inviolate,  
 That none offence could greater be uneth,  
 And yet the place the fault did aggravate  
 If he escape, that mischief would take breath,  
 And flourish bold in spite of rule and state,  
 And that Gernando's friends would venge the wrong,  
 Although to justice that did first belong,

And by that means, should discord, hate and strife 35  
 Raise mutinies, and whir therefore ensueth  
 Lastly he praised the dead, and still had life  
 All words he thought could vengeance move or ruth,  
 Against him Tancred argued for life,  
 With honest reasons to excuse the youth  
 The Duke heard all but with such sober cheer,  
 As banished hope, and still increased fear

"Great Prince" quoth Tancred, "set before thine eyes 36  
 Rinaldo's worth and courage what it is,  
 How much our hope of conquest in him lies,  
 Regard that princely house and race of his,  
 He that correcteth every fault he spies,  
 And judgeth all alike, doth all amiss,  
 For faults, you know, are greater thought or less,  
 As is the person's self that doth transgress."

Godfredo answered him, "If high and low 37  
 Of sovereign power alike should feel the stroke,  
 Then, Tancred, all you counsel us, I throw,  
 If lords should know no law, as erst you spoke,  
 How vile and base our empire were you know,  
 If none but slaves and peevish be at the yoke,  
 Weak is the sceptre and the power is small  
 Thus such provocation bring it never withal

'But mine was freely given ere 'twas sought,  
 Nor that it lessened be I now consent,  
 Right well know I both when and where I ought  
 To give condign reward and punishment,  
 Since you are all in like subjection brought,  
 Loth high and low obey, and be content."

38

This heard, Tancredi wisely stayed his words,  
 Such weight the sayings have of kings and lords

Old Raymond praised his speech, for old men think
 39  
 They ever wisest seem when most severe,  
 'Tis best, quoth he, "to make these great ones shrink,  
 The people love him whom the nobles fear  
 There must the rule to all disorders sink,  
 Where pardons more than punishments appear,  
 For feeble is each kingdom, frail and weak,  
 Unless his basis be this fear I speak."

These words Tancredi heard and pondered well,
 40  
 And by them wist how Godfrey's thought were bent,  
 Nor list he longer with these old men dwell,  
 But turned his horse and to Rinaldo went,  
 Who, when his noble foe death wounded fell,  
 Withdrew him softly to his gorgeous tent,  
 There Tancred found him, and at large declared  
 The words and speeches sharp which late you heard

And said, "Although I wot the outward show
 41  
 Is not true witness of the secret thought,  
 For that some men so subtle are, I trow,  
 That what their purpose most appeareth nought,  
 Yet dare I say Godfredo means, I know,  
 Such knowledge hath his looks and speeches wrought,  
 You shall first prisoner be, and then be tried  
 As he shall deem it good and law provide."

With that a bitter smile well might you see
 42  
 Rinaldo cast, with scorn and high disdain,  
 'Let them in fetters plead their cause, quoth he  
 "That are base peasants, born of servile strain  
 I was free born I live and will die free  
 Before these feet be fettered in a chain  
 These hands were made to shake sharp spears and swords,  
 Not to be tied in gyves and twisted cords

"If my good service reap this recompense,  
 To be chapt up in close and secret mew,  
 And as a thief be after dragged from thence,  
 To suffer punishment as law finds due,  
 Let Godfrey come or send, I will not hence  
 Until we know who shall this bargain rue,  
 That of our tragedy the late done fact  
 May be the first, and this the second, act.

"Give me mine arms," he cried, his squire then brings 44  
 And clad his head, and dressed in iron strong,  
 About his neck his silver shield he flings,  
 Down by his side a cutting sword there hung,  
 Among this earth's brave lords and mighty kings,  
 Was none so stout, so fierce, so fair, so young,  
 God Mars he seemed descending from his sphere,  
 Or one whose looks could make great Mars to fear

Tancred laboured with some pleasing speech 45  
 His spirits fierce and courage to appease,  
 "Young Prince, thy valour," thus he gan to preach,  
 "Can chastise all that do thee wrong, 't ease,  
 I know your virtue can your enemies teach,  
 That you can venge you when and where you please  
 But God forbid this day you lift your arm  
 To do this camp and us your friends such harm

"Tell me what will you do? why would you stain 46  
 Your noble hands in our unguilty blood?  
 By wounding Christians, will you again  
 Pierce Christ, whose parts they are and members good?  
 Will you destroy us for your glory vain,  
 Unstayed as rolling waves in ocean flood?  
 Far be it from you so to prove your strength,  
 And let your zeal appease your rage at length

"For God's love stay your heat, and just displeasure, 47  
 Apprise your wrath, your courage fiercer surse,  
 Patience, a praise, forbearance, is a treasure,  
 Suffrance, an angel is, a monster, rage  
 At least your actions be example in nature,  
 And think how I in mine unbridled age  
 Was wronged yet I would not revengement take  
 On all this camp, for our mankind's sake

" Cilicia conquered I, as all men wot,  
 And there the glorious cross on high I reared,  
 But Baldwin came, and what I nobly got  
 Bereft me falsely when I least him feared,  
 He seemed my friend, and I discovered not  
 His secret covetise which since appeared,  
 Yet strive I not to get mine own by fight,  
 Or civil war, although purchase I might

18

" If then you scorn to be in prison pent,  
 If bonds, as high disgrace, your hands refuse,  
 Or if your thoughts still to maintain are bent  
 Your liberty, as men of honour use  
 To Antioch what if forthwith you went?  
 And leave me here your absence to excuse,  
 There with Prince Boemond live in ease and peace,  
 Until this storm of Godfrey's anger cease

49

" For soon, if forces come from Egypt land,  
 Or other nations that us here confine,  
 Godfrey will beaten be with his own wand,  
 And feel he wants that valour great of thine,  
 Our camp may seem an arm without a hand,  
 Amid our troops unless thy eagle shine '  
 With that came Guepho and those words approved,  
 And prayed him go, if him he feared or loved

50

Their speeches soften much the warrior's heart,  
 And make his wilful thoughts at last relent,  
 So that he yields, and saith he will depart,  
 And leave the Christian camp incontinent  
 His friends, whose love did never shrink or start,  
 Preferred their aid, what way so'er he went  
 He thanked them all, but left them all, besides  
 Two bold and trusty squire, and so he rides

51

He rides, revolving in his noble spright  
 Such mighty thoughts as fill the glorious mind,  
 On hard adventures was his whole delight,  
 And now to wondrous acts his will inclined,  
 Alone against the Pagans would he fight,  
 And hild their kings from Egypt unto Inde,  
 From Cynthis hills and Nilus unknown spring  
 He would fetch praise and glorious conquest bring

52

But Guelpho, when the prince his leave had take 53  
 And now had spurred his courser on his way,  
 No longer tarrance with the rest would make,  
 But hastes to find Godfredo, if he may  
 Who seeing him approaching, forthwith spake,  
 "Guelpho," quoth he, "for thee I only stay,  
 For thee I sent my herolds all about,  
 In every tent to seek and find thee out"

This said, he softly drew the knight aside 54  
 Where none might hear, and then bespake him thus  
 "How chanceth it thy nephew's rage and pride,  
 Makes him so far forget himself and us?  
 Hardly could I believe what is betide,  
 A murder done for cause so frivolous,  
 How I have loved him, thou and all can tell,  
 But Godfrey loved him but whilst he did well

"I must provide that every one have right, 55  
 That all be heard, each cause be well discussed,  
 As far from partial love as free from spite,  
 I hear complaints, yet nought but proves I trust  
 Now if Rinaldo weigh our rule too light,  
 And have the sacred lore of war so brust,  
 Take you the charge that he before us come  
 To clear himself and hear our upright dome

"But let him come withouten bond or chain, 56  
 For still my thoughts to do him grace are fained,  
 But if our power he haply shall disdain,  
 As well I know his courage yet untained,  
 To bring him by persuasion take some pain  
 Else, if I prove severe, both you be blamed,  
 That forced my gentle nature gainst my thought  
 To rigour, lest our Jews return to nought"

Lord Guelpho answered thus: "What heart can bear 57  
 Such slanders false devised by hate and spite?  
 Or with stayed patience, reproaches hear,  
 And not revenge by battle or by fight?  
 The Norway Prince hath bought his folly dear,  
 But who with words could stay the angry knight?  
 A fool is he that comes to preach or prate  
 When men with swords their right and wrong debate

"And where you wish he should himself submit 58  
 To hear the censure of your upright laws,  
 Alas, that cannot be, for he is flit  
 Out of this camp, withouten stay or pause,  
 There take my gage, behold I offer it  
 To him that first accused him in this cause,  
 Or any else that dare and will maintain  
 That for his pride the prince was justly slain.

'I say with reason Lord Gernando's pride 59  
 He hath abated, if he have offended  
 Against your commands, who are his lord and guide,  
 Oh pardon him that fault shall be amended'  
 "If he be gone," quoth Godfrey, "let him ride  
 And brawl elsewhere, here let all strife be ended  
 And you, Lord Guelpho, for your nephew's sake,  
 Breed us no new, nor quarrels old awake'

This while the fair and false Armida strived 60  
 To get her promised aid in sure possession,  
 The day to end, with endless plaint she drived,  
 Wit, beauty, craft for her made intercession  
 But when the earth was once of light deprived  
 And western seas felt Titan's hot impression,  
 Twixt two old knights, and matrons twain she went,  
 Where pitched was her fair and curious tent

But this false queen of craft and sly invention,— 61  
 Whose looks, love's arrows were, whose eyes his quivers,  
 Whose beauty matchless, free from reprehension,  
 A wonder left by Heaven to after lives —  
 Among the Christian lords had bred contention  
 Who first should quench his flames in Cupid's rivers,  
 While all her weapons and her darts rehearsed,  
 Had not Godfredo's constant bosom pierced

To change his modest thought the dame procureth, 62  
 And proffereth heaps of love's enticing treasure  
 But as the falcon newly gorged endureth  
 Her keeper lure her oft, but comes at leisure,  
 So he, whom fulness of delight assureth  
 What long repentance comes of love's short pleasure,  
 Her crafts her arts, herself and all despiseth  
 So base affections fall, when virtue riseth

And not one foot his steadfast foot was moved 63  
Out of that heavenly path, wherein he paced,  
Yet thousand wiles and thousand ways she proved,  
To have that castle fair of goodness rased  
She used those looks and smiles that most behoved  
To melt the frost which his hard heart embraced,  
And gamst his breast a thousand shot she ventured  
Yet was the fort so strong it was not entered

The dame who thought that one blink of her eye 64  
Could make the chastest heart feel love's sweet pyre  
Oh, how her pride abated was hereby !  
When all her sleights were void, her crafts were vain,  
Some other where she would her forces try,  
Where at more ease she might more vantage gain,  
As tired soldiers whom some fort keeps out,  
Thence raise their siege, and spoil the towns about

But yet all ways the wily witch could find 65  
Could not Tancredi's heart to loveward move,  
His sails were fill'd with another wind,  
He list no blast of new affection prove ,  
For, as one poison doth exclude by kind  
Another's force, so love excludeth love  
These two alone nor more nor less the dame  
Could win, the rest all burnt in her sweet flame

The princess, though her purpose would not frame, 66  
As late she hop'd, and as still she would,  
Yet, for the lords and knights of greatest name  
Became her prey, as erst you heard it told,  
She thought, ere truth revealing time or fame  
Bewrayed her act, to lead them to some hold  
Where chains and bands she meant to make them prove  
Composed by Vulcan not by gentle love

The time prefixed at length was come and past, 67  
Which Godfrey had set down to lend her aid,  
When at his feet herself to earth she cast,  
"The hour is come my Lord," she humbly said,  
' And if the tyrant haply hear at last,  
His banished niece hath your assistance prayed,  
He will in arms to save his kingdom rise,  
So shall we harder make this enterprise



' Before report can bring the tyrant news, 66  
 Or his espials certify their king,  
 O let thy goodness these few champions choose,  
 That to her kingdom should thy handmaid bring,  
 Who, except Heaven to aid the right refuse,  
 Recover shall her crown, from whence shall spring  
 Thy profit, for betide thee peace or war  
 Thine all her cities, all her subjects are "

The captain sage the damsel fair assured, 69  
 His word was passed and should not be recanted,  
 And she with sweet and humble grace endued  
 To let him point those ten, which late he granted  
 But to be one, each one fought and procured,  
 No suit, entreaty, intercession wanted,  
 There env each at others' love exceeded,  
 And all importunate made, more than needed

She that well saw the secret of their hearts, 70  
 And knew how best to warm them in their blood,  
 Against them threw the cursed poisoned darts  
 Of jealousy, and grief at others' good,  
 For love she wist was weak without those arts,  
 And slow, for jealousy is Cupid's food,  
 For the swift steed runs not so fast alone,  
 As when some strain, some strive him to outgone.

Her words in such alluring sort she framed 71  
 Her looks enticing, and her wooing smiles,  
 That every one his fellows favours blamed,  
 That of their mistress he received erewhiles  
 This foolish crew of lovers unashamed,  
 Mad with the poison of her secret wiles,  
 Ran forward still, in this disordered sort,  
 Nor could Godfredo's bridle rein them short

He that would satisfy each good desire, 72  
 Withouten partial love, of every knight,  
 Although he swelled with shame, with grief and ire  
 To see these follies and these fashions light  
 Yet since by no advice they would retire,  
 Another way he sought to set them right  
 "Write all your names, quoth he and see whom chance  
 Of lot, to this exploit will first advance "

Their names were writ, and in an helmet shaken, 73  
 While each did fortune's grace and aid implore,  
 At last they drew them, and the foremost taken  
 The Earl of Pembroke was, Artemidore,  
 Doubtless the county thought his brend well baken,  
 Next Gerrard followed, then with tresses hoar  
 Old Wenceslaus, that felt Cupid's rage  
 Now in his doating and his dying age

Oh how contentment in their foreheads shined! 74  
 Their looks with joy, thoughts swelled with secret pleasure,  
 These three it seemed good success designed  
 To make the lords of love and beauty's treasure  
 Their doubtful fellows at their hap repined,  
 And with small patience wait Fortune's leisure,  
 Upon his lips that read the scrolls attending,  
 As if their lives were on his words depending

Guasco the fourth, Ridolpho him succeeds, 75  
 Then Uldenick whom love list so advance,  
 Lord William of Ronciglion next he reads,  
 Then Eberard, and Henry born in France,  
 Rambaldo last, whom wicked lust so leads  
 That he forsook his Saviour with mischance,  
 This wretch the tenth was who was thus deluded,  
 The rest to their huge grief were all excluded

O'ercome with envy, wrath and jealousy, 76  
 The rest blind Fortune curse, and all her laws,  
 And mad with love, yet out on love they cry,  
 That in his kingdom let her judge their cause  
 And for man's mind is such, that oft we try  
 Things most forbidden, without stay or prudence,  
 In spite of fortune purposed many a knight  
 To follow fair Armida when 'twas night

To follow her, by night or else by day, 77  
 And in her quarrel venture life and limb  
 With sighs and tears she gan them softly pray  
 To keep that promise, when the skies were dim,  
 To this and that I might did she prun and say,  
 What grief she felt to part withouten him  
 Meanwhile the ten had donned their armour best,  
 And taken leave of Godfrey and the rest

The duke advised them every one apart,  
 How light how trustless was the Pagan's faith,  
 And told what policy, what wit, what art  
 Avoids deceit, which heedless men bury all,  
 His speeches pierce their ear, but not their heart,  
 Love calls it folly, whoso wisdom's truth  
 Thus warned he leaves them to their wanton guide,  
 Who parts that night, such haste had she to ride

76

The conquestress departs, and with her led  
 These prisoners, whom love would captive keep,  
 The hearts of those she left behind her bleed,  
 With point of sorrow's arrow pierced deep  
 But when the night her drowsy mantle spread  
 And filled the earth with silence shade and sleep,  
 In secret sort then each forsook his tent,  
 And as blind Cupid led them blind they went

79

Eustatio first, who scantily could forbear,  
 Till friendly night might hide his haste and shame,  
 He rode in post, and let his beast him bear  
 As his blind fancy would his journey frame,  
 All night he wandered and he wist not where,  
 But with the morning he espied the dame,  
 That with her guard up from a village rode  
 Where she and they that night had made abode

80

Thither he galloped fast, and drawing near  
 Rambaldo knew the light and loudly cried,  
 "Whence comes young Eustace, and what seels he here?"  
 "I come," quoth he, "to serve the Queen Armide,  
 If she accept me, would we all were there  
 Where my good will and faith might best be tried,  
 "Who quoth the other, "chooseth thee to prove  
 This high exploit of hers?" He answered, "Love

81

"Love hath Eustatio chosen, Fortune thee,  
 In thy concert which is the best election?"  
 "Nay then, these shifts are vain," replied he,  
 "These titles false serve thee for no protection,  
 Thou canst not here for this admitted be  
 Our fellow servant, in this sweet subjection?"  
 "And who quoth Eustace angry, "durst deny  
 My fellowship?" Rambaldo answered, "I"

82

And with that word his cutting sword he drew, 83  
That glittered bright, and sparkled flaming fire,  
Upon his foe the other champion flew,  
With equal courage, and with equal ire  
The gentle princess, who the danger knew,  
Between them stepped, and praved them both retire  
"Rambald," quoth she, "why should you grudge or plain,  
If I a champion, you an helper gain?"

"If me you love, why wish you me deprived 84  
In so great need of such a puissant knight?  
But welcome Eustace, in good time arrived,  
Defender of my state, my life, my right  
I wish my hapless self no longer lived,  
When I esteem such good assistance light."  
Thus talked they on, and travelled on their way  
Their fellowship increasing every day

From every side they came, yet wist there none 85  
Of others coming or of others mind  
She welcomes all, and telleth every one,  
What joy her thoughts in his arrival find  
But when Duke Godfrey wist his knights were gone  
Within his breast his wiser soul divined  
Some hard mishap upon his friends should ligh  
For which he sighed all day, and wept all night

A messenger, while thus he mused drew near, 86  
All soiled with dust and sweat, quite out of breath  
It seemed the man did heavy tidings bear  
Upon his looks sate news of loss and death.  
"My lord," quoth he, "so many ships appear  
At sea, that Neptune bevis the load unearh,  
From Egypt come they all, this leis thee weat  
William Lord Admiral of the Genoa fleet,

' Besides a convoy coming from the shore 87  
With victual for this noble camp of thine  
Surprised art, and lost is all that store,  
Mules, horses, camels laden, corn and wine,  
In vain is sought till they could fight no more,  
For all were slain or captives made in one  
The Arabians outruns them as fast as they  
When least they feared, and least they looked for nyl

Their frantic boldness doth presume so far,  
 That many Christians have they full slain,  
 And like a raging flood they spars'd us  
 And overflow'd each country field and plain  
 And therefore some strong troops of men of war,  
 To force them hence and drive them home again  
 And keep the ways between these tents of thine  
 And those broad seas, the seas of Palestine

88

From mouth to mouth the heavy rumour spread  
 Of these misfortunes which dispers'd wide  
 Among the soldiers great improvement bred,  
 Famine they doubt and now come foes beside  
 The duke that saw their wonted courage fled,  
 And in the place thereof with fear espied  
 With merry looks these cheerful words he spake  
 To make them heart again and courage take

89

' You champions bold, with me that scaped have  
 So many dangers and such hard assays  
 Whom still your God did keep, defend and save  
 In all your battles, combats, fights and frays  
 You that subdued the Turks and Persians brave  
 That thirst and hunger held in scorn always  
 And vanquished hills, and seas with heat and cold  
 Shall vain repents appal your courage bold ?

90

That Lord who helped you out at every need  
 When aught befell this glorious camp amiss  
 Shall fortune all your actions well to speed  
 On whom his mercy large extended is  
 Tofore his tomb when conquering hands you spread  
 With what delight will you remember this ?  
 Be strong therefore and keep your valours high  
 To honour conquest, fame and victory

91

Their hopes half dead and courage well nigh lost  
 Reviv'd with these brave speeches of their guide  
 But in his breast a thousand cares he tost  
 Although his sorrows he could wisely hide,  
 He studi'd how to feed that nightly host  
 In so great scarceness and what force provide  
 He should against the Egyptian warriors slay  
 And how subdue those thieves of Ar by

9

The Sixth Book  
OF  
GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE

---

*THE ARGUMENT*

Argantes calls the Christians out to just  
Otho not chosen doth his strength assay,  
But from his saddle tumbled in the dust  
And captive to the town is sent away  
Tancred begins new fight and when both trust  
To win the praise and palm, nought ends the fray  
Erminia hopes to cure her wounded knight  
And from the city turned reds by night

---

**B**UT better hopes had them recomforted  
That lay besieged in the sacred town,  
With new supply late were they victualled,  
When night obscured the earth with shadows brown,  
Then arms and engines on the walls they spread,  
Their slings to cast, and stones to tumble down,  
And all that side which to the northward lies,  
High rampiers and strong bulwarks fortifies

Their wary king commands now here now there,  
To build this tower to make that bulwark strong,  
Whether the sun, the moon, or stars appear,  
To give them time to work, no time comes wrong  
In every street new weapons forged were,  
By cunning smiths, sweating with labour long,  
While thus the careful prince provision made,  
To him Argantes came, and boasting said

"How long shall we like pri oners in chains, 3  
 Captiv'd he inclosed within this wall?  
 I see your workmen taking endless pains  
 To make new weapons for no use at all,  
 Meanwhile these eastern thieves destroy the plains,  
 Your towns are burnt, your forts and castles fall,  
 Yet none of us dares at these gates out peep,  
 Or sound one trumpet shrill to break their sleep

"Their time in feasting and good cheer they spend, 4  
 Nor dare we once their banquets sweet molest,  
 The days and nights likewise they bring to end,  
 In peace, assurance, quiet ease and rest  
 But we must yield whom hunger soon will shend,  
 And make for peace, to save our lives, request,  
 Else if th' Egyptian army stay too long,  
 Like cowards die within this fortress strong

"Yet never shall my courage great consent 5  
 So vile a death should end my noble days,  
 Nor on mine arms within these walls spent  
 To morrow's sun shall spread his lively rays:  
 Let sacred Heavens dispose as they are bent  
 Of this frail life, yet not withouten praise  
 Of valour, prowess, might, Argantes shall  
 Inglorious die, or unrevenged fall

"But if the roots of wonted chivalry 6  
 Be not quite dead your princely breast within,  
 Devise not how with fame and praise to die,  
 But how to live to conquer and to win,  
 Let us together at these gates outfly,  
 And skirmish bold and bloody fight begin,  
 For when last need to desperation driveth,  
 Who dareth most he wisest counsel giveth.

"But if in field your wisdom dare not venture 7  
 To hazard all your troops to doubtful fight,  
 Then bind yourself to Godfrey by indenture,  
 To end your quarrels by one single night  
 And for the Christian this accord shall enter  
 With better will say such you know your right  
 That he the weapons place and time shall choose,  
 And let him for his best, that vantage use

"For though your foe had hands, like Hector strong, 8  
 With heart unfeared, and courage stern and stout,  
 Yet no misfortune can your justice wrong.  
 And what that wanteth, shall this arm help out,  
 In spite of fate shall this right hand ere long,  
 Return victorious if hereof you doubt,  
 Take it for pledge, wherein if trust you have,  
 It shall yourself defend and kingdom save"

"Bold youth," the tyrant thus began to speak 9  
 "Although I withered seem with age and years,  
 Yet are not these old arms so faint and weak,  
 Nor this hoar head so full of doubts and fears  
 But whenas death this vital thread shall break,  
 He shall my courage hear, my death who hears  
 And Aladine that lived a king and knight,  
 To his fair morn will have an evening bright

"But that which yet I would have further blazed, 10  
 To thee in secret shall be told and spoken,  
 Great Soliman of Nice, so far ypraised,  
 To be revenged for his sceptre broken,  
 The men of arms of Araby hath rused,  
 From Inde to Africk, and, when we give token,  
 Attends the favour of the friendly night  
 To victual us, and with our foes to fight.

"Now though Godfredo hold by warlike feat 11  
 Some castles poor and forts in vile oppression,  
 Care not for that, for still our princely seat,  
 This stately town we keep in our possession,  
 But thou appease and calm that courage great,  
 Which in thy bosom makes so hot impression  
 And stay fit time, which will betide ere long,  
 To increase thy glory, and revenge our wrong."

The Saracen at this was only spited, 12  
 Who Soliman's great worth had long envied,  
 To hear him praised thus he nought delighted,  
 Nor that the king upon his aid relied  
 "Within your power, sir King," he says, "united  
 Are peace and war, nor shall this be denied  
 If I the Turk and his Arabian band,  
 He lost his own, shall he defend your land?"



"Perchance he comes some heavenly messenger,  
 Sent down to set the Pagan people free,  
 Then let Argantes for himself take care,  
 This sword, I trust, shall well safe conduct me  
 But while you rest and all your forces spare,  
 That I go forth to war at least agree,  
 Though not your champion, yet a private knight,  
 I will some Christian prove in single fight "

13

The king replied, "Though thy force and might  
 Should be reserved to better time and use,  
 Yet that thou challenge some renowned knight,  
 Among the Christians bold I not refuse "  
 The warrior breathing out desire of fight,  
 An herald called, and said, "Go tell these news  
 To Godfrey's self, and to the western lords,  
 And in their hearings boldly say these words

14

"Say that a knight, who holds in great disdain  
 To be thus closed up in secret mew,  
 Will with his sword in open field maintain,  
 If any dare deny his words for true,  
 That no devotion, as they falsely feign,  
 Hath moved the French these countries to subdue,  
 But vile ambition, and pride's hateful vice,  
 Desire of rule, and spoil, and covetice.

15

"And that to fight I am not only prest  
 With one or two that dare defend the cause,  
 But come the fourth or fifth, come all the rest,  
 Come all that will, and all that weapon draws,  
 Let him that yields obey the victor's lust,  
 As wills the lore of mighty Mars his laws "  
 This was the challenge that fierce Pagan sent,  
 The herald donned his coat of arms, and went

16

And when the man before the presence came  
 Of princely Godfrey, and his captains bold  
 "My Lord," quoth he, "may I withouten blame  
 Before your Grace, my message brave unfold? "  
 'Thou mayest," he answered, "we approve the same,  
 Withouten fear, be thine ambassage told "  
 "Then," quoth the herald, "shall your highness see,  
 If this ambassage sharp or pleasing be."

17

The challenge gan he then at large expose, 18  
With mighty threats, high terms and glorious words,  
On every side an angry murmur rose,  
To wrath so moved were the knights and lords  
Then Godfrey spake, and said, "The man hath chose  
An hard exploit, but when he feels our swords,  
I trust we shall so far entreat the knight,  
As to excuse the fourth or fifth of fight

"But let him come and prove, the field I grant, 19  
Nor wrong nor treason let him doubt or fear,  
Some here shall pay him for his glorious vaunt,  
Without or guile, or vantage, that I swear '  
The herald turned when he had ended scant,  
And hasted back the way he came whileare,  
Nor stayed he aught, nor once forslow'd his pace,  
Till he bespake Argantes face to face

"Arm you, my lord," he said, "your bold defies 20  
By your brave foes accepted boldly been,  
This combat neither high nor low denies,  
Ten thousand wish to meet you on the green,  
A thousand frownd with angry flaming eyes,  
And shaked for rage their swords and weapons keen,  
The field is safely granted by their guide,  
Thus said, the champion for his armour cried

While he was armed, his heart for ire nigh brake, 21  
So yearned his courage hot his foes to find  
The King to fair Clorinda present spake,  
"If he go forth, remain not you behind,  
But of our soldiers best a thousand take,  
To guard his person and your own assigned,  
Yet let him meet alone the Christian knight,  
And stand yourself aloof, while they two fight "

Thus spake the King, and soon without abode 22  
The troop went forth in shining armour clad,  
Before the rest the Pagan champion rode  
His wonted arms and ensigns all he had  
A goodly plain displayed wide and broad  
Between the city and the camp was spread,  
A place like that wherein proud Rome beheld  
The forward young men manage spear and shield.

There all alone Argantes took his stand,  
 Defying Christ and all his servants true  
 In stature, strength, and in strength of hand,  
 In pride presumption, and in dreadful show,  
 Enceladus like, on the Phlegrean strand,  
 Or that huge giant Jesse's infant slew,  
 But his nerve semblant they esteemed light,  
 For most not knew, or else not feared his might

23

As yet not one had Godfrey singled out  
 To undertake this hardy enterprise,  
 But on Prince Tancred saw he all the rout  
 Had fixed their wishes, and had cast their eyes,  
 On him he spied them gazing round about,  
 As though their honour on his prowess lies,  
 And now they whispered louder what they meant,  
 Which Godfrey heard and saw, and was content

24

The rest gave place, for every one descried  
 To whom their chieftains will did most incline,  
 "Tancred," quoth he, "I pray thee calm the pride,  
 Abate the rage of yonder Saracine"  
 No longer would the chosen champion bide,  
 His face with joy, his eyes with gladness shine,  
 His helm he took, and ready steed bestrode,  
 And guarded with his trusty friends forth rode

25

But scantly had he spurred his courser swift  
 Near to the plain, where proud Argantes staved,  
 When unawares his eyes he chanced to lift,  
 And on the hill beheld the warlike maid,  
 As white as snow upon the Alpine chift  
 The virgin shone in silver arms arrayed,  
 Her ventral up so high, that he descried  
 Her goodly visage, and her beauty's pride

He saw not where the Pagan stood and stared,  
 As if with looks he would his foeman kill,  
 But full of other thoughts he forward fared,  
 And sent his looks before him up the hill,  
 His gesture such his troubled soul declared,  
 At last as marble rock he standeth still,  
 Stone cold without within burnt with love's flame,  
 And quite forgot himself, and why he came

27

The challenger, that yet saw none appear 28  
 That made or sign or show he came to just,  
 "How long," cried he, "shall I attend you here?  
 Dares none come forth? dares none his fortune trust?"  
 The other stood amazed, love stopped his ear,  
 He thinks on Cupid, think of Mars who lust,  
 But forth stert Otho bold, and took the field,  
 A gentle knight whom God from danger shield

This youth was one of those, who late desired 29  
 With that vain glorious boaster to have fought,  
 But Tancred chosen, he and all retired  
 Yet to the field the valiant Prince they brought,  
 Now when his slackness he awhile admired,  
 And saw elsewhere employéd was his thought,  
 Nor that to just, though chosen, once he proffered,  
 He boldly took that fit occasion offered

No tiger, panther, spotted leopard, 30  
 Runs half so swift, the forests wild among,  
 As this young champion hasted thitherward,  
 Where he attending saw the Pagan strong  
 Tancredi started with the noise he heard,  
 As waked from sleep, where he had dreamed long,  
 "Oh stay," he cried, "to me belongs this war!"  
 But cried too late, Otho was gone too far

Then full of fury, anger and despite, 31  
 He staved his horse, and waved red for shame,  
 The fight was his, but now disgraced quite  
 Himself he thought, another played his game,  
 Meanwhile the Saracen did hugely smite  
 On Otho's helm, who to requite the same,  
 His foe quite through his sevenfold target bore  
 And in his breastplate stuck and broke his spear

The encounter such, upon the tender grass, 32  
 Down from his steed the Christian backward fell  
 Yet his proud foe so strong and sturdy was,  
 That he nor shook, nor staggered in his self,  
 But to the knight that lay full low, alas,  
 In high disdain his will thus gan he tell,  
 'Yield thee my slave and thus thine honour be,  
 Thou mayst report thou hast encountered me

There all alone Argantes took his stand, 23  
 Defying Christ and all his servants true,  
 In stature, stomach, and in strength of hand,  
 In pride, presumption, and in dreadful show,  
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 Or that huge giant Jesse's infant slew,  
 But his fierce semblant they esteem'd light,  
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 In high disdain his will thus gan he tell,  
 "Yield thee my slave, and this thine honour be,  
 Thou mayst report thou hast encountered me"



The Pagan patience never knew, nor used, 38  
Trembling for ire, his sandy locks he tore,  
Out from his lips flew such a sound confused,  
As lions make in deserts thick, which roar,  
Or as when clouds together crushed and bruised,  
Pour down a tempest by the Caspian shore  
So was his speech imperfect, stopped, and broken,  
He roared and thundered when he should have spoken

But when with threats they both had whetted keen 39  
Their eager rage, their fury, spite and ire,  
They turned their steeds and left large space between  
To make their forces greater, prancing higher,  
With terms that warlike and that worthy been  
O sacred Muse, my haughty thoughts inspire,  
And make a trumpet of my slender quill  
To thunder out this furious combat shrill

These sons of Mavors bore, instead of spears, 40  
Two knotty masts, which none but they could lift,  
Each foaming steed so fast his master bears,  
That never beast bird, shift flew half so swift,  
Such was their fury, as when Boreas tears  
The shattered crags from Taurus' northern clift  
Upon their helms their lances long they broke,  
And up to heaven flew splinters, spark and smoke

The shock made all the towers and turrets quake, 41  
And woods and mountains all high hand resound,  
Yet could not all that force and fury shal e  
The valiant champions, nor their persons wound  
Together hurled both their steeds, and brake  
Each other's neck, the riders lay on ground  
But they, great masters of war's dreadful art  
Plucked forth their swords and soon from earth up start

Close at his surest ward each warrior heth, 42  
He wisely guides his hand, his foot, his eye,  
This blow he proveth, that defence he trieth,  
He traverseth, retireth, presseth nigh,  
Now strikes he out, and now he falsifieth,  
This blow he wardeth, that he lets slip by,  
And for advantage oft he lets some part  
Discovered seem, thus art deludeth art





Wrath bore the sway, both art and reason ful, 45  
 Fury new force, and courage new supplies,  
 Their armours forged were of metal frail,  
 On every side thereof, huge cantels flies,  
 The land was strew'd all with plate and mail  
 That, on the earth, on that, their warm blood lies  
 And at each rush and every blow they smote  
 Thunder the noise, the sparks, seemed lightning hot

The Christian people and the Pagans grazed, 49  
 On this fierce combat wishing oft the end,  
 'Twixt hope and fear they stood long time amazed,  
 To see the knights assail, and eke defend,  
 Yet neither sign they made, nor noise they raised,  
 But for the issue of the fight attend,  
 And stood as still, as life and sense they wanted  
 Save that their hearts within their bosoms panted

Now were they tired both and well nigh spent 50  
 Their blows show greater will than power to wound,  
 But Night her gentle daughter Darkness, sent,  
 With friendly shade to overspread the ground,  
 Two heralds to the fighting champions went,  
 To part the fray, as laws of arms them bound  
 Ardens born in France, and wise Pindore,  
 The man that brought the challenge proud before

These men their sceptres interpose, between 51  
 The doubtful hazards of uncertain fight,  
 For such their privilege hath ever been,  
 The law of nations doth defend their right,  
 Pindore began, "Stay, stay, you warriors keen,  
 Equal your honour, equal is your might,  
 Forbear this combat, so we deem it best,  
 Give night her due, and grant your persons rest

"Man goeth forth to labour with the sun, 52  
 But with the night, all creatures draw to sleep,  
 Nor yet of hidden praise in darkness won  
 The valiant heart of noble knight takes keep  
 Argantes answered him "The fight begun  
 Now to forbear, doth wound my heart right deep  
 Yet will I stay, so that this Christian swear,  
 Before you both, again to meet me here

"I swear," quoth Tancred, "but sweta thou hit ewise 53  
 To make return thy prisoner eke with thee,  
 Else for achievement of this enterprise,  
 None other time but this expect of me,"  
 Thus swore they both, the heralds both devise,  
 What time for this exploit should fittest be  
 And for their wounds of rest and cure had need,  
 To meet again the sixth day was decreed

This fight was deep imprinted in their hearts 54  
 That saw this bloody fray to ending brought,  
 An horror great possessed their weaker parts,  
 Which made them shrink who on their combat thought  
 Much speech was of the praise and high deserts  
 Of these brave champions that so nobly fought,  
 But which for knightly worth was most prused,  
 Of that was doubt and disputation rused

All long to see them end this doubtful fray, 55  
 And as they favour, so they wish success,  
 These hope true virtue shall obtain the day,  
 Those trust on fury, strength and hardiness,  
 But on Erminia most this burden lay,  
 Whose looks her trouble and her fear express,  
 For on this dangerous combat's doubtful end  
 Her joy, her comfort, hope and life depend

Her the sole daughter of that hapless king, 56  
 That of proud Antioch late wore the crown  
 The Christian soldiers to Tancredi bring,  
 When they had sacked and spoiled that glorious town  
 But he, in whom all good and virtue spring,  
 The virgin's honour saved, and her renown,  
 And when her city and her state was lost,  
 Then was her person loved and honoured most

He honoured her, served her, and leave her gave, 57  
 And wiled her so whither and when she list,  
 Her gold and jewels had he care to save,  
 And them restored all, she nothing missed,  
 She, that held this youth and prison brave,  
 When, by this deed, his noble mind she wist.  
 Laid ope her heart for Cupid's shaft to hit  
 Who never knows of love more sure knit

Her body free, captiv'd was her heart 58  
And love the keys did of that prison bear,  
Prepared to go it was a death to part  
From that kind Lord, and from that prison dear,  
But thou, O honour, which esteemed art  
The chiefest virtue noble ladies wear,  
Enforcest her against her will, to wend  
To Aladine, her mother's dearest friend.

At Sion was this princess entertained, 59  
By that old tyrant and her mother dear,  
Whose loss too soon the woeful damsel plined,  
Her grief was such, she lived not half the year,  
Yet banishment, nor loss of friends constrained  
The hapless maid her passions to forbear,  
For though exceeding were her woe and grief,  
Of all her sorrows yet her love was chief

The silly maid in secret longing pined, 60  
Her hope a mote drawn up by Phoebus rays,  
Her love a mountain seemed whereon bright shined  
Fresh memory of Tancred's worth and praise  
Within her closet if her self she shined,  
A hotter fire her tender heart assaies  
Tancred at last, to raise her hope nigh dead  
Before those walls did his broad ensign spread

The rest to view the Christian army feared, 61  
Such seemed their number such their power and might  
But she alone her troubled forehead cleared,  
And on them spread her beauty shining bright,  
In every squadron when it first appeared,  
Her curious eye sought out her chosen knight,  
And every gallant that at the rest excels,  
The same seems him, so love and fancy tells

Within the longly palace builded high, 62  
A turret standeth near the city's wall,  
From which Erminia might at ease descry  
The western host, the plains and mountains all,  
And there she stood all the long day to spy  
From Phoebus rising to his evening fall,  
And with her thoughts disputed of his praise,  
And every thought a scolding sigh did raise

From hence the furious combat she surveyed,  
 And felt her heart tremble with fear and pain,  
 Her secret thoughts thus to her fancy said,  
 Behold thy dear in danger to be slain,  
 So with suspect, with fear and grief dismayed,  
 Attended she her darling's loss or gun,  
 And ever when the Pagan lift his blade,  
 The stroke a wound in her weak bosom made

63

But when she saw the end, and wist withal  
 Their strong contention should estoons begin,  
 Amusement strange her courage did appal,  
 Her vital blood was icy cold within,  
 Sometimes she sighed, sometimes tears let fall,  
 To witness what distress her heart was in,  
 Hopeless, dismayed, pale, sad, astonished,  
 Her love, her fear, her fear, her torment bred

64

Her idle brain unto her soul presented  
 Death in an hundred ugly fashions painted,  
 And if she slept, then was her grief augmented,  
 With such sad visions were her thoughts acquainted,  
 She saw her lord with wounds and hurts tormented,  
 How he complained, called for her help, and fainted,  
 And found, waked from that unquiet sleeping,  
 Her heart with panting sore, eyes, red with weeping

65

Yet these presages of his coming ill  
 Not greatest cause of her discomfort were,  
 She saw his blood from his deep wounds distil,  
 Nor what he suffered could she bide or bear  
 Besides, report her longing ear did fill,  
 Doubling his danger, doubling so her fear,  
 That she concludes, so was her courage lost,  
 Her wounded lord was weak, faint, dead almost

66

And for her mother had her taught before  
 The secret virtue of each herb that springs,  
 Besides fit charms for every wound or sore  
 Corruption breedeth or misfortune brings,—  
 An art esteemed in those times of yore,  
 Becoming daughters of great lords and kings—  
 She would herself be surgeon to her knight,  
 And heal him with her skill, or with her sight

67

Thus would she cure her love, and cure her foe 68  
 She must, that had her friends and kinsfolk shun  
 Some cursed weeds her cunning hand did know,  
 That could augment his harm increase his pain,  
 But she abhorred to be revenged so,  
 No treason should her spotless person stain,  
 And virtueless she wished all herbs and charms  
 Wherewith false men increase their patients' harms

Nor feared she among the bands to stay 69  
 Of armed men, for often had she seen  
 The tragic end of many a bloody fray  
 Her life had full of hap, and hazards been,  
 This made her bold in every hard assay,  
 More than her feeble sex became I ween  
 She feared not the shake of every reed,  
 So cowards are courageous made through need

Love, fearless, hurdy and audacious love, 70  
 Emboldened had this tender damsel so,  
 That where wild beasts and serpents glide and move  
 Through Afric's deserts durst she ride or go,  
 Save that her honour, she esteemed above  
 Her life and body's safety, told her no,  
 For in the secret of her troubled thought,  
 A doubtful combat, love and honour fought.

"O spotless virgin," Honour thus begun, 71  
 "That my true love observ'd firmly hast,  
 When with thy foes thou didst in bondage won,  
 Remember then I kept thee pure and chaste,  
 At liberty now, where wouldest thou run,  
 To lay that field of princely virtue waste,  
 Or lose that jewel ladies hold so dear?  
 Is maidenhood so great a load to bear?"

"Or deemst thou it a praise of little prize, 72  
 The glorious title of a virgin's name?  
 That thou wilt gird by night in glist'ning mail,  
 Amidst thine armed foes to seek thy shame  
 O fool, a woman conquers when she flies,  
 Refusal doth alleth profits quench the flame  
 Thy lord will judge thou must beyond measure,  
 If vainly thus thou wistest so rich a treasure

The sly deceiver Cupid thus beguiled 73  
 The simple damsel, with his fil'd tongue  
 "Thou wert not born," quoth he, "in desert wild  
 The cruel bears and savage beasts among,  
 That you shouldst scorn fair Citherea's child,  
 Or hate those pleasures that to youth belong,  
 Nor did the gods thy heart of iron frame,  
 To be in love is neither sin or shame.

"Go then, go, whither sweet desire inviteth, 74  
 How can thy gentle knight so cruel be?  
 Love in his heart thy grief and sorrows writeth,  
 For thy laments how he complaineth, see  
 Oh cruel woman, whom no care exciteth  
 To save his life, that saved and honoured thee!  
 He languisheth, one foot thou wilt not move  
 To succour him, yet say'st thou art in love

"No, no, stay here Argantes' wounds to cure, 75  
 And make him strong to shed thy darling's blood,  
 Of such reward he may himself assure,  
 That doth a thankless woman so much good  
 Ah, may it be thy patience can endure  
 To see the strength of this Circassian wood,  
 And not with horror and amazement shrink,  
 When on their future fight thou hap'st to think?

"Besides the thanks and praises for the deed, 76  
 Suppose what joy, what comfort shalt thou win,  
 When thy soft hand doth wholesome plaisters spread,  
 Upon the breaches in his ivory skin,  
 Thence to thy dearest lord may health succeed,  
 Strength to his limbs blood to his cheeks so thin,  
 And his rare beauties, now half dead and more,  
 Thou may'st to him, him to thyself restore

"So shall some part of his adventures bold 77  
 And valiant acts henceforth be held as thine,  
 His dear embracements shall thee straight enfold,  
 Together joined in marriage rites divine  
 Lastly high place of honour shalt thou hold  
 Among the matrons sage and dames Latine,  
 In Italy, a land, as each one tells,  
 Where valour true, and true religion dwells"

With such vain hopes the silly maid abused, 78  
 Promised herself mountains and hills of gold  
 Yet were her thoughts with doubts and fears confused  
 How to escape unseen out of that hold,  
 Because the watchmen every minute used  
 To guard the walls against the Christians bold,  
 And in such fury and such heat of war,  
 The gates or seld or never opened are

With strong Clorinda was Erminia sweet 79  
 In surest links of dearest friendship bound,  
 With her she used the rising sun to greet,  
 And her, when Phœbus glided under ground,  
 She made the lovely partner of her sheet  
 In both their hearts one will, one thought was found,  
 Nor aught she hid from that virago bold,  
 Except her love that tale to none she told

That kept she secret, if Clorinda heard 80  
 Her make complaints, or secretly lament,  
 To other cause her sorrow she referred  
 Matter enough she had of discontent,  
 Like as the bird that having close imbarred  
 Her tender young ones in the springing bent  
 To draw the searcher further from her nest,  
 Cries and complains most where she needeth lest

Alone, within her chamber's secret part, 81  
 Sitting one day upon her heavy thought,  
 Devising by what means, what sleight, what art,  
 Her close departure should be safest wrought,  
 Assembled in her unresolv'd heart  
 An hundred passions strove and ceaseless fought  
 At last she saw high hanging on the wall  
 Clorinda's silver arms, and sighed wuthal

And sighing softly to herself she said 82  
 "How blessed is this virgin in her might?  
 How I envy the glory of the maid,  
 Yet envy not her shape or beauty's light,  
 Her steps are not with trailing garment strid,  
 Nor chambers hide her valour shining bright,  
 But armed she rides, and breaketh sword and spear,  
 Nor is her strength restrained by shame or fear



Alas, why did not Heaven these members frail  
 With lively force and vigour strengthen so  
 That I this silken gown and slender veil  
 Might for a breastplate and an helm forego ?  
 Then should not heat, nor cold, nor rain, nor hail,  
 Nor storms that fall, nor blustering winds that blow  
 Withhold me, but I would both day and night,  
 In pitched field, or private combat fight

83

' Nor haddest thou, Argantes, first begun  
 With my dear lord that fierce and cruel fight,  
 But I to that encounter would have run,  
 And haply t'wen him captive by my might,  
 Yet should he find, our furious combat done,  
 His thralldom eas'd, and his bondage light,  
 For fetters, mine embracements should he prove,  
 For diet, kisses sweet, for keeper, love

84

' Or else my tender bosom opened wide,  
 And heart though pierced with his cruel blade,  
 The bloody weapon in my wounded side  
 Might cure the wound which love before had made,  
 Then should my soul in rest and quiet slide  
 Down to the valleys of the Elysian shade,  
 And my mishap the knight perchance would move,  
 To shed some tears upon his murdered love

85

" Alas ! impossible are all these things,  
 Such wishes vain afflict my woeful sprite,  
 Why yield I thus to plaints and sorrowings,  
 As if all hope and help were perished quite ?  
 My heart dares much, it soars with Cupid's wings,  
 Why use I not for once these armours bright ?  
 I may sustain awhile this shield aloft,  
 Though I be tender, feeble, weak and soft

86

" Love, strong, bold, mighty never-tired love,  
 Suppleth force to all his servants true,  
 The fearful stags he doth to battle move,  
 Till each his horns in others' blood imbrue,  
 Yet mean not I the hap's of war to prove,  
 A stratagem I have devised new,  
 Clorinda like in this fair harness dight,  
 I will escape out of the town this night.

87

" I know the men that have the gate to ward, 88  
 If she command dare not her will deny,  
 In what sort else could I beguile the guard?  
 This way is only left, this will I try  
 O gentle love, in this adventure hard  
 Thine handmaid guide, assist and fortify<sup>1</sup>  
 The time, the hour now fitteth best the thing,  
 While stout Clorinda talketh with the king "

Resolv'd thus, without delay she went, 89  
 As her strong passion did her rashly guide,  
 And those bright arms, down from the rafter hent,  
 Within her closet did she closely hide,  
 That might she do unseen, for she had sent  
 The rest, on sleeveless errands from her side,  
 And night her stealths brought to their wished end,  
 Night, patroness of thieves, and lovers' friend

Some sparkling fires on heaven's bright visage shone, 90  
 His azure robe the orient blueness lost,  
 When she, whose wit and reason both were gone,  
 Called for a squire she loved and trusted most,  
 To whom and to a maid, a faithful one,  
 Part of her will she told, how that in post  
 She would depart from Judas king, and feigned  
 That other cause her sudden flight constrained

The trusty squire provided needments meet, 91  
 As for their journey fitting most should be,  
 Meanwhile her vesture, pendant to her feet,  
 Ermma doft, as erst determined she,  
 Stripped to her petticoat the virgin sweet  
 So slender was, that wonder was to see,  
 Her handmaid ready at her mistress' will,  
 To arm her belied, though simple were her skill

The rugged steel oppress'd and offended 92  
 Her dainty neck, and locks of shining gold,  
 Her tender arm so feeble was, it banded  
 When that huge target it presumed to hold,  
 The burnish'd steel bright rays far off extended,  
 She feigned courage, and appeared bold,  
 First by her side unseen smil'd Venus on  
 As erst he laugh'd when Achilles span

Oh, with what labour did her shoulders bear 93  
 That heavy burthen, and how slow she went !  
 Her maid to see that all the coasts were clear,  
 Before her mistress, through the streets was sent ,  
 Love gave her courage, love ead'd fear,  
 Love to her tired limbs new vigour lent,  
 Till she approached where the squire rhode,  
 There took they horse forthwith and forward roge

Disguised they went, and by unused wrys, 94  
 And secret paths they strove unseen to gone,  
 Until the watch they meet, which sore affrays  
 Their soldiers new, when swords and weapons shone ,  
 Yet none to stop their journey once essays,  
 But place and passage yielded every one ,  
 For that white armour, and that helmet bright,  
 Were known and feared, in the darkest night

Erminia, though some deil she were dismayed, 95  
 Yet went she on, and goodly countenance bore,  
 She doubted lest her purpose were bewryed,  
 Her too much boldness she repented sore ,  
 But now the gate her fear and passage stayed,  
 The heedless porter she beguiled therefore,  
 ' I am Clorinda, ope the gate," she cried,  
 " Where as the king commands, thus late I nde "

Her woman's voice and terms all fram'd been, 96  
 Most like the speeches of the princess stout,  
 Who would have thought on horseback to have seen  
 That feeble damsel armed round about ?  
 The porter her obeyed, and she, between  
 Her trusty squire and maiden, sallied out,  
 And through the secret dules they silent pass,  
 Where danger least, least fear, least peril was

But when these fan adventurer, entered were 97  
 Deep in a vale, Erminia stryed her haste,  
 To be recalled she had no cause to fear  
 This foremost hazard had she trimly past .  
 But dangers new tofore unseen, appear,  
 New perils she descried new doubts she crst  
 The way that her desire to quiet brought,  
 More difficult now seemed than erst she thought

Arméd to ride among her angry foes, 98  
 She now perceived it were great oversight,  
 Yet would she not, she thought, herself disclose,  
 Until she came before her chosen knight,  
 To him she purposed to present the rose  
 Pure, spotless, clean, untouched of mortal wight,  
 She stayd therefore, and in her thoughts more wise,  
 She called her squire, whom thus she gan advise

"Thou must," quoth she, "be mine ambassador, 99  
 Be wise, be careful, true, and diligent  
 Go to the camp present thyself before  
 The Prince Tancredi, wounded in his tent,  
 Tell him thy mistress comes to cure his sore,  
 If he to grant her peace and rest consent  
 Gainst whom fierce love such cruel war hath raised,  
 So shall his wounds be cured, her torments eased,

"And say, in him such hope and trust she hath, 100  
 That in his powers she fears no shame nor scorn  
 Tell him thus much and whatsoe'er he saith,  
 Unfold no more, but make a quick return,  
 I for this place is free from harm and scath,  
 Within this valley will meanwhile sojourn  
 Thus spake the princess and her servant true  
 To execute the charge imposed, flew,

And was received, he so discreetly wrought 101  
 First of the watch that guarded in their place,  
 Before the wounded prince then was he brought  
 Who heard his message kind, with gentle grace,  
 Which told he left him tossing in his thought  
 A thousand doubts and turned his speedy pace  
 To bring his lady and his mistress word,  
 She might be welcome to that courteous lord

But she, impatient to whose desire 102  
 Grievous and harmful seemed each little stay,  
 Recounts his steps and thinks, how draws he nigher  
 Now enters in now speaks now comes his view,  
 And that which grieved her most the careful squire  
 Less speedy seemed than e'er before that day,  
 Lastly she for word rode with love to guide,  
 Untill the Christian tents at hand she spied.

Invested in her starry veil, the night 103  
 In her kind arms embrac'd all this round,  
 The silver moon from sea uprising bright  
 Spread frosty pearl upon the candid ground  
 And Cynthia like her beauty's glorious light  
 The love sick nymph threw glittering beams around,  
 And counsellors of her old love she made  
 Those valleys dumb, that silence, and that shade

Beholding then the camp, quoth she, "O fair 104  
 And castle like pavilions, richly wrought!  
 From you how sweet methinketh blows the air,  
 How comforts it my heart, my soul, my thought?  
 Through heaven's fair face from gulf of sad despair  
 My tossed bark to port well nigh is brought  
 In you I seek redress for all my harms,  
 Rest, midst your weapons, peace, amongst your arm

' Receive me then, and let me mercy find, 105  
 As gentle love assureth me I shall,  
 Among you had I entertainment kind  
 When first I was the Prince Tancred's thrall  
 I covet not, led by ambition blind  
 You should me in my father's throne install,  
 Might I but serve in you my lord so dear,  
 That my content, my joy, my comfort were"

Thus parleyed she, poor soul and never feared 106  
 The sudden blow of Fortune's cruel spite,  
 She stood where Phoebe's splendent beam appeared  
 Upon her silver armour double bright,  
 The place about her round she shiring cleared  
 With that pure white wherein the nymph was dight  
 The tigress great, that on her helmet laid,  
 Bore witness where she went, and where she staid

So as her fortune would a Christian band 107  
 Their secret ambush there had closely framed,  
 Led by two brothers of Italia land,  
 Young Poliphern and Alcandro named,  
 These with their forces watched to withstand  
 Those that brought victuals to their foes untamed,  
 And kept that passage, them Erminia spied,  
 And fled as fast as her swift steed could ride

But Poliphe'n, before whose watery eyes, 108  
His aged father strong Clorinda slew,  
When that bright shield and silver helm he spies,  
The championess he thought he saw and knew,  
Upon his hidden mates for aid he cries  
Gainst his supposed foe, and forth he flew,  
As he was rash, and heedless in his wrath,  
Bending his lance, "Thou art but dead," he saith

As when a chased hind her course doth bend 109  
To seek by soil to find some ease or good,  
Whether from craggy rock the spring descend,  
Or softly glide within the shady wood,  
If there the dogs she meet, where late she wend  
To comfort her weak limbs in cooling flood,  
Again she flies swift as she fled at first,  
Forgetting weakness, weariness and thirst

So she, that thought to rest her weary sprite, 110  
And quench the endless thirst of ardent love  
With dear embracements of her lord and knight,  
But such as marriage rites should first approve,  
When she beheld her foe, with weapon bright  
Threatening her death, his trusty courser move,  
Her love, her lord, herself abandoned,  
She spurred her speedy steed, and swift she fled

Erminia fled, scantlv the tender grass 111  
Her Pegasus with his light footsteps bent,  
Her maiden's beast for speed did likewise pass,  
Yet divers ways, such was their fear, they went  
The squire who all too late returned, this,  
With tardy news from Prince Tancredi's tent,  
Fled likewise, when he saw his mistress gone,  
It bootcd not to sojourn there alone.

But Alcandro wiser than the rest, 112  
Who this supposed Clorinda saw likewise,  
To follow her yet was he nothing pressed,  
But in his ambush still and close he lies,  
A messenger to Godfrey he addressed,  
That should him of this accident advise  
How that his brother chased with naked blade  
Clorinda's self, or else Clorinda's shade

Yet that it was, or that it could be she, 113  
He had small cause or reason to suppose,  
Occasion great and weighty must it be  
Should make her ride by night among her foes  
What Godfrey would that observed he,  
And with his soldiers lay in ambush close  
These news through all the Christian army went,  
In every cabin talked, in every tent,

Tancred, whose thoughts the squire had filled with doubt 114  
By his sweet words, supposed now hearing this,  
Alas! the virgin came to seek me out,  
And for my sake her life in danger is,  
Himself forthwith he singled from the rout,  
And rode in haste, though half his arms he miss,  
Among those sandy fields and valleys green,  
To seek his love, he galloped fast unseen

The Seventh Book  
OF  
GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE

---

*THE ARGUMENT.*

A shepherd for Erminia entertains  
Whom whilst Triverdi seeks in vain to find  
He is entrapp'd in Annid's trains  
Riv'n and with strong Argantes is assigned  
To fight an angel to his aid he gains  
Satan that sees the Pagan's fury blind  
And hasty wrath turn to his loss and harm  
Doth raise ne'er toapest uproar and alarm

---

ERMINIA'S steed this while his mistress bore 1  
Through forests thick among the shady trees,  
Her feeble hand the bridle reins forlore,  
Half in a swoon she was for fear I ween,  
But her fleet courser spared ne'er the more  
To bear her through the desert woods unseen  
Of her strong foes, that chased her through the plain,  
And still pursued, but still pursued in vain

Like as the weary hounds at last retire, 2  
Windless, displeased, from the fruitless chase,  
When the sly beast tapsh'd in bush and brier,  
No art nor pains can rouse out of his place  
The Christian knights so full of shame and ire  
Returned back with faint and weary price  
Yet still the fearful dame fled swift as wind,  
Nor ever stayed, nor ever look'd behind



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## The Seventh Book

OF

# GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE

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### THE ARGUMENT

A shepherd for Erminia entertain'd,  
Whom whilst Timerech seeks in vain to find  
He is entrapp'd in Artimida's trains  
Raymond with strong Argantes is assaid  
To fight an angel to his aid he gains  
Satan that sees the Pagan's fury blind  
And hasty wrath turn to his loss and pain  
Doth raise new tempest uproar and alarm

---

ERMINIA'S steed this while his mistress bore 1  
Through forests thick among the shady trees,  
Her feeble hand the bridle reins forlorn,  
Half in a swoon she was, for fear I ween,  
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To bear her through the desert woods unseen  
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When the sly beast t'pish'd in bush and brier,  
No art nor pains can rouse out of his place  
The Christian knight, so full of shame and ire  
Returned back, with fume and weary pace  
Yet still the fearful dame fled swift as wind,  
Nor ever stay'd, nor ever look'd behind

Through thick and thin, all night all day, she drove, 3  
 Withouten comfort, company, or guide,  
 Her plaints and tears with every thought revived,  
 She heard and saw her griefs, but nought beside  
 But when the sun his burning chariot dived  
 In Thetis' wave, and weary team untied,  
 On Jordan's sandy banks her course she stayed  
 At last, there down she light, and down she laid

Her tears, her drink her food, her sorrowings, 4  
 This was her diet that unhappy night  
 But sleep, that sweet repose and quiet brings,  
 To ease the griefs of discontented wight,  
 Spread forth his tender, soft, and nimble wings,  
 In his dull arms folding the virgin bright,  
 And Love, his mother, and the Graces kept  
 Strong watch and ward, while this fair lady slept.

The birds awoke her with their morning song, 5  
 Their warbling music pierced her tender ear,  
 The murmuring brooks and whistling winds among  
 The rattling boughs and leaves, their parts did bear,  
 Her eyes unclosed beheld the groves along  
 Of swains and shepherd grooms that dwellings were  
 And that sweet noise, birds, winds and waters sent,  
 Provoked again the virgin to lament

Her plaints were interrupted with a sound, 6  
 That seemed from thickest bushes to proceed,  
 Some jolly shepherd sung a lusty round,  
 And to his voice he tuned his outen reed,  
 Thither she went, an old man there she found,  
 At whose right hand his little flock did feed,  
 Sat making baskets, his three sons among,  
 That learned their father's art, and learned his song.

Beholding one in shining arms appear, 7  
 The silly man and his were sore dismayed,  
 But sweet Erminia comforted their fear,  
 Her ventral up, her visage open laid,  
 "You happy folk, of heaven beloved dear,  
 Work on, quoth she, "upon your harmless trade,  
 These dreadful arms I bear, no warfare bring  
 To your sweet toil, nor those sweet tunes you sing

‘ But, rather, since this land, these towns and towers      8  
Destroyed are with sword, with fire and spoil,  
How may it be unhurt that you and yours  
In safety thus apply your harmless toil ?

“ My son, quoth he, ‘ this poor estate of ours  
Is ever safe from storm of warlike broil,  
This wilderness doth us in safety keep  
No thundering drum, no trumpet breaks our sleep

“ Haply just Heaven’s defence and shield of right      9  
Doth love the innocence of simple swains,  
The thunderbolts on highest mountains light,  
And seld or never strike the lower plains,  
So kings have cause to fear Bellona’s might,  
Not they whose sweat and toil their dinner gains,  
Nor ever greedy soldier was enticed  
By poverty, neglected and despised

“ O poverty, chief of the heavenly brood,      10  
Dearer to me than wealth or kingly crown  
No wish for honour, thirst of others’ good,  
Can move my heart, contented with mine own  
We quench our thirst with water of this flood,  
Nor fear we poison should therein be thrown,  
These little flocks of sheep and tender goats  
Give milk for food, and wool to make us coats

“ We little wish, we need but little wealth,      11  
From cold and hunger us to clothe and feed  
These are my sons, their care preserves from stealth  
Their father’s flocks nor servants more I need  
Amid these groves I walk oft for my health,  
And to the fishes’ birds, and beasts give I feed  
How they are fed, in forest, spring and lake,  
And their contentment for example take

‘ Time was, for each one hath his doating time      12  
These silver locks were golden tresses then,  
That country life I hated as a crime,  
And from the forest’s sweet contentment ran,  
To Memphis stately palace would I climb  
And there became the mighty Calphurnian,  
And though I but a simple gardener were  
Yet could I mark abuses see and hear

' Entic'd on with hope of future gain,  
 I suffered long what did my soul displease,  
 But when my youth was spent, my hope was vain,  
 I felt my native strength at last decrease,  
 I gan my loss of lusty years complain,  
 And wished I had enjoy'd the country's peace,  
 I bade the court farewell, and with content  
 My latter age here have I quiet spent "

While thus he spake, Erminia hushed and still  
 His wise discourses heard, with great attention,  
 His speeches grave those idle fancies kill  
 Which in her troubled soul bred such dissension,  
 After much thought reformed was her will,  
 Within those woods to dwell was her intention,  
 Till Fortune should occasion new afford,  
 To turn her home to her desired lord

She said therefore, ' O shepherd fortunate !  
 That troubles some didst whilom feel and prove,  
 Yet livest now in this contented state,  
 Let my mishap thy thoughts to pity move,  
 To entertain me as a willing mate  
 In shepherd's life which I admire and love  
 Within these pleasant groves perchance my heart,  
 Of her discomforts, may unload some part

" If gold or wealth, of most esteemed dear,  
 If jewels rich thou diddest hold in prize,  
 Such store thereof, such plenty have I here,  
 As to a greedy mind might well suffice "

With that down trickled many a silver tear  
 Two crystal streams full from her watery eyes,  
 Part of her sad misfortunes then she told,  
 And wept, and with her wept that shepherd old

With speeches kind, he gan the virgin dear  
 Towards his cottage gently home to guide,  
 His aged wife there made her homely cheer,  
 Yet welcomed her, and placed her by her side  
 The princess donned a poor pastor's gear,  
 A kerchief coarse upon her head she tied,  
 But yet her gestures and her looks, I guess,  
 Were such as ill became a shepherdess

Not those rude garments could obscure and hide 18  
 The heavenly beauty of her angel's face,  
 Nor was her princely offspring diminished  
 Or aught disparaged by those lowly base,  
 Her little flocks to pasture would she guide,  
 And milk her goats, and in their folds them place,  
 Both cheese and butter could she make and frame  
 Herself to please the shepherd and his dame

But oft, when underneath the greenwood shade 19  
 Her flocks lay hid from Phoebus scorching rays,  
 Unto her knight she songs and sonnets made  
 And them engraved in bark of beech and bays  
 She told how Cupid did her first invade,  
 How conquered her, and ends with Trinculo's praise  
 And when her passions writ she over read,  
 Again she mourned, again salt tears she shed

"You happy trees for ever leap," quoth she, 20  
 "This woeful story in your tender rind,  
 Another day under your shade maybe  
 Will come to rest again some lover kind,  
 Who if these trophies of my griefs he see,  
 Shall feel dear pity pierce his gentle mind,"  
 With that she sighed and said, "Too late I prove  
 There is no truth in fortune, trust in love

"Yet may it be, if gracious heavens attend 21  
 The earnest suit of a distressed wight,  
 At my entreat they will vouchsafe to send  
 To these huge deserts that unthankful knight,  
 That when to earth the man his eyes shall bend,  
 And sees my grave, my tomb, and ashes light,  
 My woeful death his stubborn heart may move,  
 With tears and sorrows to reward my love

"So, though my life hath most unhappy been, 22  
 At least yet shall my spirit dead be blest,  
 My ashes cold shall, buried on this green,  
 Enjoy that good this body ne'er possessed"  
 Thus she complained to the senseless trees,  
 Floods in her eyes, and fires were in her breast,  
 But he for whom these streams of tears she shed,  
 Wandered far off, alas, as chance him led.

He followed on the footsteps he had traced, 23  
 Till in high woods and forests old he came  
 Where bushes, thorns and trees so thick were placed,  
 And so obscure the shadows of the same  
 That soon he lost the tract wherein he paced,  
 Yet went he on which way he could not um,  
 But still attentive was his longing ear  
 If noise of horse or noise of arms he hear

If with the breathing of the gentle wind, 24  
 An aspen leaf but shaken on the tree  
 If bird or beast stirred in the bushes blind,  
 Thither he spurred, thither he rode to see  
 Out of the wood by Canthar's favour kind,  
 At last, with travel great and pains got he,  
 And following on a little path, he heard  
 A rumbling sound, and hasted thitherward

It was a fountain from the living stone, 25  
 That poured down clear streams in noble store,  
 Whose conduit pipes, united all in one,  
 Throughout a rocky channel ghastly roar,  
 Here Trincred staved, and called yet answered none  
 Save babbling echo, from the crooked shore,  
 And there the weary knight at last espies  
 The springing daylight red and white arise

He sighed sore, and guiltless heaven gave blame, 26  
 That wished success to his desires denied,  
 And sharp revenge protested for the same,  
 If aught but good his mistress fair betide  
 Then wished he to return the way he came,  
 Although he wist not by what path to ride,  
 And time drew near when he again must fight  
 With proud Argantes, that vain glorious night

His stalwart steed the champion stout bestrode 27  
 And pricked fast to find the way he lost,  
 But through a valley as he musing rode,  
 He saw a man that seemed for haste a post,  
 His horn was hung between his shoulders broad  
 As is the guse with us Trincredi crossed  
 His way and gently prayed the man to say,  
 To Godfrey's camp how he should find the way

"Sir," in the Italian language answered he, 28  
 "I ride where noble Boemond hath me sent "  
 The prince thought this his uncle's man should be,  
 And after him his course with speed he bent,  
 A fortress stately built at last they see,  
 'Bout which a muddy stinking lake there went,  
 There they arrived when Titan went to rest  
 His weary limbs in night's untroubled nest

The courier gave the fort a warning blast , 29  
 The drawbridge was let down by them within  
 "If thou a Christian be," quoth he, "thou mayest  
 Till Phœbus shine again, here take thine inn,  
 The County of Cosenza, three days past,  
 This castle from the Turks did nobly win "  
 The prince beheld the piece, which site and art  
 Impregnable had made on every part

He feared within a pile so fortified 30  
 Some secret treason or enchantment lay,  
 But had he known even there he should have died,  
 Yet should his looks no sign of fear betray ,  
 For wheresoever will or chance him guide,  
 His strong victorious hand still made him way  
 Yet for the combat he must shortly make,  
 No new adventures hst he undertake

Before the castle, in a meadow plain 31  
 Beside the bridge's end, he stayed and stood,  
 Nor was entreated by the speeches vain  
 Of his false guide, to pass beyond the flood  
 Upon the bridge appeared a warlike swain  
 From top to toe all clad in armour good  
 Who brandishing a broad and cutting sword,  
 Thus threatened death with many an idle word

"O thou, whom chance or will brings to the soil 32  
 Where fair Armida doth the sceptre guide  
 Thou canst not fly, of arms thyself despoil,  
 And let thy hands with iron chains be tied ,  
 Enter and rest thee from thy weary toil  
 Within this dungeon shalt thou safe abide,  
 And never hope again to see the day,  
 Or that thy hair for age shall turn to grey ,



' Except thou swear her valiant knights to aid 33  
 Against those traitors of the Christian crew "  
 Tancred at this discourse a little staved,  
 His arms, his gesture, and his voice he knew  
 It was Rambaldo, who for that false maid  
 Forsook his country and religion true,  
 And of that fort defender chief became,  
 And those vile customs stablished in the same

The warrior answered, blushing red for shame, 34  
 " Cursed apostate, and ungracious wight,  
 I am that Tancred who defend the name  
 Of Christ and have been ay his faithful knight,  
 His rebel foes can I subdue and tame,  
 As thou shalt find before we end this fight,  
 And thy false heart cleft with this vengeful sword,  
 Shall feel the ire of thy forsaken Lord "

When that great name Rambaldo's ears did fill, 35  
 He shook for fear and looked pale for dread,  
 Yet proudly said, " Tancred, thy hap was ill  
 To wander hither where thou art but dead,  
 Where naught can help thy courage, strength and skill,  
 To Godfrey will I send thy cursed head,  
 That he may see, how for Armida's sake,  
 Of him and of his Christ a scorn I make "

This said, the day to sable night was turned, 36  
 That scant one could another's arms descrie,  
 But soon an hundred lumps and torches burned,  
 That cleared all the earth and all the sky,  
 The castle seemed a stage with lights adorned,  
 On which men play some pompous tragedy,  
 Within a terrace sit on high the queen,  
 And heard, and saw, and kept herself unseen

The noble baron whet his courage hot, 37  
 And busked him boldly to the dreadful fight,  
 Upon his horse long while he turned not,  
 Because on foot he saw the Pagan knight,  
 Who underneath his trusty shield was got,  
 His sword was drawn, closed was his helmet bright  
 Gainst whom the prince marched on a stately pace,  
 Wrath in his voice, rage in his eyes and face

His foe, his furious charge not well abiding, 38  
 Traversed his ground, and started here and there,  
 But he, though faint and weary both with riding,  
 Yet followed fast and still oppressed him near,  
 And on what side he felt Rambaldo sliding,  
 On that his forces most employed were,  
 Now at his helm, now at his hauberk bright,  
 He thundered blows, now at his face and sight

Against those members battery chief he maketh, 39  
 Wherein man's life keeps chiefest residence,  
 At his proud threats the Gascon warrior quaketh  
 And uncouth fear appalled every sense,  
 To numble shifts the knight himself betaketh,  
 And skipbeth here and there for his defence  
 Now with his targe, now with his trusty blade,  
 Against his blows he good resistance made

Yet no such quickness for defence he used, 40  
 As did the prince to work him harm and scathe,  
 His shield was cleft in twain, his helmet bruised,  
 And in his blood his other arms did bathe,  
 On him he heaped blows with thrusts confused,  
 And more or less each stroke annoyed him both,  
 He feared, and in his troubled bosom strove  
 Remorse of conscience, shame, disdain and love

At last so careless foul despair him made, 41  
 He meant to prove his fortune ill or good,  
 His shield cast down, he took his helpless blade  
 In both his hands, which yet had drawn no blood,  
 And with such force upon the prince he laid,  
 That neither plate nor mail the blow withstood,  
 The wicked steel seized deep in his right side,  
 And with his streaming blood his breasts dyed

Another stroke he lent him on the brow, 42  
 So great that loudly rung the sounding steel,  
 Yet pierced he not the helmet with the blow  
 Although the owner tumbled on the ground  
 The prince, whose looks did dreadful anger show,  
 Now meant to use his puissance every deed  
 He smote his head and crashed his teeth for ire  
 His lips breathed wrath eyes sparkled shining fire

The Pagan wretch no longer could sustain 43  
 The dreadful terror of his fierce aspect,  
 Against the threatened blow he saw right plain  
 No tempered armour could his life protect,  
 He leant aside, the stroke fell down in vain,  
 Against a pillar near a bridge erect  
     Thence flaming fire and thousand sparks outstart,  
     And kill with fear the coward Pagan's heart

Toward the bridge the fearful Paynim fled, 44  
 And in swift flight, his hope of life reposed,  
 Himself fast after Lord Tancredi sped,  
 And now in equal pace almost they closed,  
 When all the burning lamps extinguished  
 The shining fort his goodly splendour lost,  
     And all those stars on heaven's blue face that it shone  
     With Cynthia's self, disappeared were and gone

Amid those witchcrafts and that ugly shade, 45  
 No further could the prince pursue the chase  
 Nothing he saw, yet forward still he made,  
 With doubtful steps, and ill assured pace,  
 At last his foot upon a threshold trod,  
 And ere he wist he entered had the place,  
     With ghostly noise the door leaves shut behind,  
     And closed him fast in prison dark and blind

As in our seas in the Commachian Bay, 46  
 A silv' fish, with streams enclosed, striveth,  
 To shun the fury and avoid the sway  
 Wherewith the current in that whirlpool driveth,  
 Yet seeketh all in vain, but finds no way  
 Out of that watery prison, where she diveth  
     I or with such force there be the tides in brought  
     There entereth all that will, thence issueth nought

This prison so entrapped that valiant knight, 47  
 Of which the gate was framed by subtle treason,  
 To close without the help of human might  
 So sure none could undo the leaves again,  
 Against the doors he bended all his might,  
 But all his forces were employed in vain,  
     At last a voice gan to him loudly call,  
     Yield thee quoth it, 'thou art Armida's thrall

"Within this dungeon buried shalt thou spend  
The res'due of thy woeful days and years" 48

The champion list not more with words contend,  
But in his heart kept close his griefs and fears,  
He blamed love, chance gan he reprehend,  
And gaunst enchantment huge complaints he rears  
"It were small loss," softly he thus begun,  
"To lose the brightness of the shining sun ,

"But I, alas, the golden beam forego 49  
Of my far brighter sun , nor can I say  
If these poor eyes shall e'er be blessed so,  
As once again to view that shining ray '  
Then thought he on his proud Circassian foe  
And said, 'Ah! how shall I perform that fray ?  
He, and the world with him, will fancied blame,  
This is my grief, my fault, mine endless shame '

While those high spirits of this champion good, 50  
With love and honour's care are thus oppressed,  
While he torments himself, Argantes wood,  
Waxed weary of his bed and of his rest,  
Such hate of peace, and such desire of blood,  
Such thirst of glory, boiled in his breast ,  
That though he scant could stir or stand upright,  
Yet longed he for the appointed day to fight

The night which that expected day forewent, 51  
Scantly the Pagan closed his eyes to sleep,  
He told how night her sliding hours spent,  
And rose ere springing day began to peep ,  
He called for armour, which incontinent  
Was brought by him that used the same to keep,  
That harness rich old Aladine him gave,  
A worth, present for a champion brave

He donned them on not long their riches eyed, 52  
Nor did he tarry with so great weight incline  
His wonted sword upon his thigh he tied,  
The blade was old and tough, of temper fine  
As when a comet far and wide did cryed,  
In scorn of dubious midst bright he even doth shine  
And tidings of death and mischief bring  
To richly lords, to monarchs, and to kings

So shone the Pagan in bright armour clad, 53  
 And rolled his eyes great swollen with ire and blood,  
 His dreadful gestures threatened horror sad,  
 And ugly death upon his forehead stood,  
 Not one of all his squires the courage had  
 To approach their master in his angry mood,  
 Above his head he shook his naked blade,  
 And gainst the subtle air vain battle made

"That Christian thief," quoth he, "that was so bold 54  
 To combat me in hard and single fight,  
 Shall wounded fall inglorious on the mould,  
 His locks with clods of blood and dust bedight,  
 And living shall with watery eyes behold  
 How from his back I tear his harness bright,  
 Nor shall his dying words me so entreat,  
 But that I'll give his flesh to dogs for meat."

Like as a bull when, pricked with jealousy, 55  
 He spies the rival of his hot desire,  
 Through all the fields doth bellow, roar and cry,  
 And with his thundering voice augments his ire,  
 And threatening battle to the empty sky,  
 Tears with his horn each tree, plant, bush and brier,  
 And with his foot casts up the sand on height,  
 Defying his strong foe to deadly fight

Such was the Pagan's fury, such his cry 56  
 A herald called he then, and thus he spake,  
 "Go to the camp, and in my name, defy  
 The man that combats for his Jesus' sake,"  
 This said, upon his steed he mounted high,  
 And with him did his noble prisoner take,  
 The town he thus forsook, and on the plain  
 He ran, as mad or frantic he had been

A bugle small he winded loud and shrill, 57  
 That made resound the fields and valleys near,  
 Louder than thunder from Olympus hill  
 Seemed that dreadful blast to all that hear,  
 The Christian lords of prowess, strength and skill,  
 Within the imperial tent assembled were  
 The herald there in boasting terms defied  
 Tancredi first, and all that durst beside

With sober cheer Godfredo looked about, 58  
And viewed at leisure every lord and knight,  
But yet for all his looks not one stepped out,  
With courage bold, to undertake the fight  
Absent were all the Christian champions stout,  
No news of Tancred since his secret flight,  
Boemond far off, and banished from the crew  
Was that strong prince who proud Gernando slew

And eke those ten which chosen were by lot, 59  
And all the worthies of the camp beside,  
After Armida false were followed hot,  
When night were come their secret flight to hide,  
The rest their hands and hearts that trusted not,  
Blushed for shame, yet silent still abide,  
For none there was that sought to purchase fame  
In so great peril, fear exiled shame

The angry duke their fear discovered plain, 60  
By their pale looks and silence from each part,  
And as he moved was with just disdain,  
These words he said, and from his seat upstart  
"Unworthy life I judge that coward swain  
To hazard it even now that wants the heart,  
When this vile Pagan with his glorious boast  
Dishonours and defies Christ's sacred host

"But let my camp sit still in peace and rest, 61  
And my life's hazard at their ease behold  
Come bring me here my fairest arms and best,  
And they were brought sooner than could be told  
But gentle Raymond in his aged breast,  
Who had mature advice, and counsel old,  
Than whom in all the camp were none or few  
Of greater might, before Godfredo drew,

And gravely said, "Ah, let it not betide, 62  
On one man's hand to venture all this host"  
No private soldier thou, thou art our guide,  
If thou miscarry, all our hope were lost,  
By thee must Babel fall, and all her pride,  
Of our true faith thou art the prop and post,  
Rule with thy sceptre, conquer with thy word,  
Let others combat with spear and sword

I come on Paris, I do protest to thee  
 These are I am to yet the rest of the  
 Let other men sellon a dreadful war,  
 These other lord will not have more to do  
 Oh that I were in prime of life to see  
 Like you that the old nature I have seen  
 And dire not once hit up so much as I see  
 (Unst him that you and Christ I am like to see)

63

Or is it is when all the lords of the  
 And German princes, great lord to the  
 In Conrad's court, the record of that name  
 When Leopold in the land of the  
 A greater praise I reaped by the name,  
 So strong a force in combat to subdue  
 Than he should do who all alone should I see  
 Or I will thou and of the e Pyrrhus be

64

"Within these arms had I thou seen the name  
 This boasting I myself had not lived now  
 Yet in this breast doth courage still remain,  
 For the or years these members shall not bow,  
 And if I be in this encounter slain  
 Scotfree Argantes shall not scape, I vow,  
 Give me mine arms, this battle shall with praise  
 Augment mine honour, not in younger days"

65

The jolly baron old thus braver spake,  
 His words are spurs to virtue, every knight  
 That seemed before to tremble and to quake,  
 Now talked bold, example hath such might,  
 Each one the battle fierce would undertake,  
 Now strove they all who should begin the fight  
 Baldwin and Roger both, would combat fan  
 Stephen, Gulpho, Germier and the Gerrards twain,

66

And Pyrrhus, who with help of Demond's sword  
 Proud Antioch by cunning sleight oppress,  
 The battle eke with many a lowly word,  
 Ralph, Rosimond, and Eberard request,  
 A Scottish, an Irish and an English lord,  
 Whose lands the seas divide far from the rest,  
 And for the fight did likewise humbly sue,  
 Edward and his Gildippes, lovers true

67

But Raymond more than all the rest doth sue 68

Upon that Pagan fierce to wreak his ire,  
Now wants he nought of all his armours due  
Except his helm that shone like flaming fire  
To whom Godfredo thus, "O mirror true  
Of antique worth! thy courage doth inspire  
New strength in us, of Mars in thee doth shine  
The art, the honour and the discipline

"If ten like thee of valour and of age, 69

Among these legions I could haply find,  
I should the heat of Babel's pride assuage,  
And spread our faith from Thule to furthest Inde  
But now I pray thee calm thy valiant rage,  
Reserve thyself till greater need us bind,  
And let the rest each one write down his name,  
And see whom Fortune chooseth to this game,—

"Or rather see whom God's high judgment taketh, 70

To whom is chance, and fate, and fortune slave"  
Raymond his earnest suit not yet forsaketh,  
His name writ with the residue would he have,  
Godfrey himself in his bright helmet shaketh  
The scrolls, with names of all the champions brave  
They drew, and read the first whereon they hit  
Wherein was "Raymond Earl of Tholouse" writ

His name with joy and mighty shouts they bless 71

The rest allow his choice, and fortune praise,  
Now vigour blushed through those looks of his,  
It seemed he now resumed his youthful days,  
Like to a snake whose slough new changed is,  
That shines like gold against the sunny rays  
But Godfrey most approved his fortune high,  
And wished him honour, conquest, victory

Then from his side he took his noble brand, 72

And giving it to Raymond, thus he spake  
"This is the sword wherewith in Savon land,  
The great Rubello battle used to make,  
From him I took it, fighting hand to hand,  
And took his life with it, and many a valiant  
Or blood with it I have shed since that day,  
With this God grant it proves as happy may



Of these delays meanwhile impatient, 73  
 Argantes threateneth loud and steinly cries,  
 ' O glorious people of the Occident !  
 Behold him here that all your host defies  
 Why comes not Tancred, whose great hardiment  
 With you is prized so dear ? Pardie he lies  
 Still on his pillow and presumes the night  
 Again may shield him from my power and might

Why then some other come, by band and band, 74  
 Come all, come forth on horseback, come on foot  
 If not one man dares combat hand to hand,  
 In all the thousands of so great a rout  
 See where the tomb of Mary's Son doth stand,  
 March thither, warriors bold, what makes you doubt ?  
 Why run you not, there for your sins to weep  
 Or to what greater need these forces keep ? "

Thus scorned by that heathen Saracene 75  
 Were all the soldiers of Christ's sacred name  
 Raymond, while others at his words repine,  
 Burst forth in rage, he could not bear this shame  
 For fire of courage brighter far doth shine  
 If challenges and threats augment the same,  
 So that upon his steed he mounted light,  
 Which Aquilino for his swiftness hight

This jennet was by Tagus bred, for oft 76  
 The breeder of these beasts to war assigned  
 When first on trees burgeon the blossoms soft  
 Pricked forward with the sting of fertile kind,  
 Against the air casts up her head aloft  
 And gathereth seed so from the fruitful wind,  
 And thus conceiving of the gentle blast,  
 A wonder strange and rare, she foals at last

And had you seen the beast you would have said 77  
 The light and subtle wind his father was  
 For if his course upon the sands he made  
 No sign was left what way the beast did pass,  
 Or if he menaged were, or if he played,  
 He scantily bended down the tender grass  
 Thus mounted rode the Earl, and as he went  
 Thus prayed, to Heaven his zealous looks upbent

“ O Lord, that diddest save keep and defend  
 Thy servant David from Goliath's rage,  
 And broughtest that huge giant to his end,  
 Slain by a faithful child of tender age,  
 Like grace, O Lord, like mercy now extend !  
 Let me this vile blasphemous pride assuage,  
 That all the world may to thy glory know,  
 Old men and babes thy foes can overthrow ! ”

78

Thus prayed the County, and his prayers dear  
 Strengthened with zeal, with godliness and faith,  
 Before the throne of that great Lord appear  
 In whose sweet grace is life, death in his wrath,  
 Among his armies bright and legions clear,  
 The Lord an angel good selected hath,  
 To whom the charge was given to guard the knight  
 And keep him safe from that fierce Pagan's might

79

The angel good, appointed for the guard  
 Of noble Raymond from his tender child,  
 That kept him then, and kept him afterward,  
 When spear and sword he able was to wield,  
 Now when his great Creator's will he heard,  
 That in this fight he should him chiefly shield,  
 Up to a tower set on a rock he flies,  
 Where all the heavenly arms and weapons lies

80

There stands the lance wherewith great Michael slew  
 The aged dragon in a bloody fight,  
 There are the dreadful thunders forged new,  
 With storms and plagues that on poor sinners light,  
 The mossy trident mayest thou pendant view  
 There on a golden pin hung up on height,  
 Wherewith sometimes he snutes this solid land,  
 And throws down towns and towers thereon which stand

81

Among the blessed weapons there which stands  
 Upon a dam-ord shield his loosa he bendeth,  
 So great that it might cover all the lands,  
 That it can cast and with nifts catcheth  
 Wherewith the towers are rased and the right hand,  
 The tower is, and the tower is the delight,  
 The tower is, and the tower is the delight,  
 The tower is, and the tower is the delight,  
 The tower is, and the tower is the delight,  
 The tower is, and the tower is the delight,  
 The tower is, and the tower is the delight,

82

But now the walls and turrets round about, 83  
 Both young and old with many thousands fill,  
 The king Clorinda sent and her brave rout,  
 To keep the field, she stayed upon the hill  
 Godfrey likewise some Christian bands sent out  
 Which armed, and linked in good array stood still,  
 And to their champions empty let remain  
 'Twixt either troop a large and spacious plain

Argantes looked for Tancredi bold, 84  
 But saw an uncouth foe at last appear,  
 Raymond rode on, and what he asked him, told,  
 Better by chance, "Tancred is now elsewhere,  
 Yet glory not of that, myself behold  
 Am come prepared, and bid thee battle here,  
 And in his place, or for myself to fight,  
 Lo, here I am, who scorn thy heathenish might "

The Pagan cast a scornful smile and said, 85  
 "But where is Tancred, is he still in bed ?  
 His looks late seemed to make high heaven afraid,  
 But now for dread he is or dead or fled,  
 But where'er earth's centre or the deep sea made  
 His lurking hole, it should not save his head "  
 "Thou liest," he says, "to say so brave a knight  
 Is fled from thee, who thee exceeds in might "

The angry Pagan said, "I have not spilt 86  
 My labour then, if thou his place supply,  
 Go take the field, and let's see how thou wilt  
 Maintain thy foolish words and that brave he, "  
 Thus parleyed they to meet in equal tilt,  
 Each took his aim at other's helm on high, 87  
 Even in the fight his foe good Raymond hit,  
 But shook him not, he did so firmly sit

The fierce Circassian missed of his blow, 87  
 A thing which seld befell the man before,  
 The angel, by unscen, his force did know,  
 And far awry the poignant weapon bore,  
 He burst his lance against the sand below,  
 And bit his lips for rage, and cursed and swore,  
 Against his foe returned he swift as wind,  
 Half mad in arms a second match to find

Like to a ram that butts with horned head, 88  
So spurred he forth his horse with desperate race  
Raymond at his right hand let slide his steed,  
And as he passed struck at the Pagan's face,  
He turned again, the earl was nothing dread,  
Yet stept aside, and to his rage gave place,  
And on his helm with all his strength gan smite,  
Which was so hard his courtlax could not bue

The Saracen employed his art and force, 89  
To grip his foe within his mighty arms,  
But he avoided nimbly with his horse,  
He was no prentice in those fierce alarms,  
About him made he many a winding course,  
No strength, nor sleight the subtle warrior harms,  
His nimble steed obeyed his ready hand,  
And where he stept no print left in the sand

As when a captain doth besiege some hold, 90  
Set in a marsh or high up on a hill,  
And trieth ways and wiles a thousandfold,  
To bring the piece subjected to his will,  
So fared the County with the Pagan bold,  
And when he did his head and breast none ill,  
His wealer parts he wisely gan assail,  
And entrance searched oft 'twixt mail and mail

At last he hit him on a place or twain, 91  
That on his arms the red blood trickled down,  
And yet himself untouched did remain,  
No nail was broke, no plume cut from his crown,  
Argantes raging spent his strength in vain,  
Waste were his strokes, his thrusts were idle thrown,  
Yet pressed he on, and doubled still his blows,  
And where he hits he neither cares nor knows

Among a thousand blows the Siracine 92  
At last struck one, when Raymond was so near,  
That not the swiftness of his Aquiline  
Could his dear lord from that huge danger bear  
But lo, at hand unseen was help divine,  
Which saves when worldly comforts none appear,  
The angel on his targe received that stroke,  
And on that shield Argantes' sword was broke

The sword was broke, therein no wonder lies 93  
 If earthly tempered metal could not hold  
 Against that target forged above the skies,  
 Down fell the blade in pieces on the mould,  
 The proud Circassian scant believed his eyes,  
 Though nought were left him but the hilts of gold,  
 And full of thoughts amazed awhile he stood,  
 Wondering the Christian's armour was so good

The brittle web of that rich sword he thought, 94  
 Was broke through hardness of the County's shield,  
 And so thought Raymond, who discovered nought  
 What succour Heaven did for his safety yield  
 But when he saw the man gainst whom he fought,  
 Unweaponed, still stood he in the field,  
 His noble heart esteemed the glory light  
 At such advantage if he slew the knight

"Go fetch," he would have said, "another blade," 95  
 When in his heart a better thought arose,  
 How for Christ's glory he was champion made,  
 How Godfrey had him to this combat chose,  
 The army's honour on his shoulder laid  
 To hazards new he list not that expose,  
 While thus his thoughts debated on the case,  
 The hilt Argantes hurled at his face

And forward spurred his mounture fierce withal, 96  
 Within his arms longing his foe to strain,  
 Upon whose helm the heavy blow did fall,  
 And bent well nigh the metal to his brain  
 But he, whose courage was heroical,  
 Leapt by, and makes the Pagan's onset vain,  
 And wounds his hand, which he outstretched saw,  
 Fiercer than eagles' talon, lions' paw

Now here, now there, on every side he rode, 97  
 With nimble speed, and spurred now out, now in,  
 And as he went and came still laid on load  
 Where Lord Argantes' arms were weak and thin,  
 All that huge force which in his arms abode,  
 His wrath, his ire, his great desire to win,  
 Against his foe together all he bent,  
 And heaven and fortune furthered his intent

But he, whose courage for no peril fails,  
Well armed, and better hearted, scorns his power  
Like a tall ship when spent are all her sails  
Which still resists the rage of storm and shower,  
Whose mighty ribs fast bound with bands and nails  
Withstands fierce Neptune's wrath, for many an hour,  
And yields not up her bruised keel to winds,  
In whose stern blast no ruth nor grace she finds

98

Argantes such thy present danger was,  
When Satan stirred to aid thee at thy need,  
In human shape he forged an airy mass,  
And made the shade a body seem indeed,  
Well might the spirit of Clorinda pass,  
Like her it was, in armour and in weed,  
In stature, beauty, countenance and face,  
In looks, in speech, in gesture, and in pace

99

And for the spirit should seem the same indeed,  
From where she was whose show and shape it had,  
Towards the wall it rode with feigned speed,  
Where stood the people all dismayed and sad,  
To see their knight of help have so great need,  
And yet the law of arms all help forbad  
There in a turret sat a soldier stout  
To watch, and at a loop hole peeped out,

100

The spirit spake to him, called Oradine,  
The noblest archer then that handled bow,  
"O Oradine, quoth she, "who straight as line  
Can'st shoot, and hit each mark set high or low,  
If yonder knight, alas! be slain in foe,  
As likeliest is, great ruth it were you know,  
And greater shame, if his victorious foe  
Should with his spoils triumphant homeward go

101

"Now prove thy skill, thine arrow's sharp head dip  
In yonder thievish Frenchman's guilty blood,  
I promise thee thy sovereign shall not slip  
To give thee huge rewards for such a good,"  
Thus said the spirit, the man did laugh and skip  
For hope of future gain, nor longer stood,  
But from his quiver nuge a shaft he hent,  
And set it in his mighty bow new bent,

102

Twanged the string, out flew the quarrel long, 103  
 And through the subtle air did singing pass,  
 It hit the knight the buckles rich among,  
 Wherewith his precious girdle fastened was,  
 It bruised them and pierced his hauberk strong,  
 Some little blood down trickled on the grass .  
 Light was the wound , the angel by unseen,  
 The sharp head blusted of the weapon keen

Raymond drew forth the shaft, as much behoved 104  
 And with the steel, his blood out streaming came,  
 With bitter words his foe he then reproved,  
 For breaking faith, to his eternal shame  
 Godfrey, whose careful eyes from his beloved  
 Were never turned, saw and marked the same,  
 And when he viewed the wounded Count's bleed,  
 He sighed, and feared, more purchase than need ,

And with his words, and with his threatening eyes, 105  
 He stirred his captains to revenge that wrong ,  
 Forthwith the spurred courser forward hies,  
 Within their rests put were their lances long,  
 From either side a squadron brave out flies,  
 And boldly made a fierce encounter strong,  
 The raised dust to overspread begun  
 Their shining arms, and far more shining sun

Of breasting spears, of ringing helm and shield, 106  
 A dreadful rumour roared on every side,  
 There lay a horse, another through the field  
 Ran masterless, dismounted was his guide ,  
 Here one lay dead, there did another yield,  
 Some sighed, some sobbed, some prayed, and some cried ,  
 Fierce was the fight, and longer still it lasted,  
 Fiercer and fiercer, still themselves they wasted

Argantes nimbly leapt amid the throng, 107  
 And from a soldier wrung an iron mace,  
 And breaking through the ranks and rings long,  
 Therewith he passage made himself and place,  
 Raymond he sought, the thickest press among,  
 To take revenge for late received disgrace,  
 A greedy wolf he seemed, and would assuage  
 With Raymond's blood his hunger and his rage

The way he found not easy as he would, 108  
But fierce encounters put him oft to pain,  
He met Ormanno and Rogero bold,  
Of Balnavile, Guy, and the Gerrards twain,  
Yet nothing might his rage and haste withhold,  
These worthies strove to stop him, but in vain,  
With these strong lets increased still his ire.  
Like rivers stopped, or closely smouldered fire

He slew Ormanno, and wounded Guy, and laid 109  
Rogero low, among the people slain,  
On every side new troops the man invade,  
Yet all their blows were waste, their onsets vain,  
But while Argantes thus his prizes played,  
And seemed alone this skirmish to sustain,  
The duke his brother called and thus he spake,  
"Go with thy troop, fight for thy Saviour's sake,

"There enter in where hottest is the fight, 110  
Thy force against the left wing strongly bend"  
This said, so brave an onset gave the knight,  
That many a Paynim bold there made his end  
The Turks too weak seemed to sustain his might,  
And could not from his power their lives defend,  
Their ensigns rent, and broke was their array,  
And men and horse on heaps together lay

O'erthrown likewise away the right wing ran, 111  
Nor was there one again that turned his face,  
Save bold Argantes, else fled every man,  
Fear drove them thence on heaps, with headlong chase  
He strayed alone, and battle new began,  
Five hundred men, weaponed with sword and mace,  
So great resistance never could have made,  
As did Argantes with his single blade

The strokes of swords and thrusts of many a spear, 112  
The shock of many a joust he long sustained,  
He seemed of strength enough this charge to bear,  
And time to strike, now here, now there, he gained,  
His armours broke, his members bruised were,  
He sweat and bled, yet courage still he feigned,  
But now his foes upon him pressed so fast,  
That with their weight they bore him back at last



His back against this storm at length he turned, 113  
 Whose headlong fury bore him backward still,  
 Not like to one that fled, but one that mourned  
 Because he did his foes no greater ill,  
 His threatening eyes like flaming torches burned,  
 His courage thirsted yet more blood to spill,  
 And every way and every mean he sought,  
 To stay his flying mates, but all for nought

This good he did, while thus he played his part, 114  
 His bands and troops at ease, and safe, retired,  
 Yet coward dread lacks order, fear wants art,  
 Deaf to attend, commanded or desired  
 But Godfrey that perceived in his wise heart,  
 How his bold knights to victory aspired,  
 Fresh soldiers sent, to make more quick pursuit  
 And help to gather conquest's precious fruit

But this, alas, was not the appointed day, 115  
 Set down by Heaven to end this mortal war  
 The western lords this time had borne away  
 The prize for which they travelled had so far,  
 Had not the devils, that saw the sure decay  
 Of their false kingdom by this bloody war,  
 At once made heaven and earth with darkness blind,  
 And stirred up tempests, storms, and blustering wind

Heaven's glorious lamp, wrapped in an ugly veil 116  
 Of shadows dark, was hid from mortal eye,  
 And hell's grim blackness did bright skies assail,  
 On every side the fiery lightnings fly,  
 The thunders roar, the streaming rain and hail  
 Pour down and make that sea which erst was dry  
 The tempests rend the oaks and cedars bridle,  
 And make not trees but rocks and mountains shake

The rain, the lightning, and the raging wind, 117  
 Beat in the Frenchmen's eyes with hideous force,  
 The soldiers stay'd amazed in heart and mind,  
 The terror such that stopped both man and horse,  
 Surprised with this evil no way they find,  
 Whither for succour to direct their course,  
 But wise Clorinda soon the advantage spied,  
 And spurring forth thus to her soldiers cried

“ You hardy men at arms behold, ’ quoth she, 118  
“ How Heaven, how Justice in our aid doth sh<sup>h</sup>ght,  
Our visages are from this tempest free,  
Our hands at will may wield our weapons bright,  
The fury of this friendly storm you see  
Upon the foreheads of our foes doth light,  
And blinds their eyes, then let us take the tide,  
Come, follow me, good fortune be our guide ’

This said, against her foes on rode the dame, 119  
And turned their backs against the wind and rain ,  
Upon the French with furious rage she came,  
And scorned those idle blows they struck in vain ,  
Argantes at the instant did the same,  
And them who chased him now chased again,  
Nought but his fearful back each Christian shows  
Against the tempest, and against their blows

The cruel hail, and deadly wounding blade, 120  
Upon their shoulders smote them as they fled,  
The blood new spilt while thus they slaughter made,  
The water fallen from skies had dyed red,  
Among the murdered bodies Pyrius laid,  
And valiant Raiphe his heart blood there out bled,  
The first subdued by strong Argantes might,  
The second conquered by that virgin knight

Thus flew the French, and then pursued in chase 121  
The wicked sprites and all the Syrian train  
But gainst their force and gainst their fell menace  
Of hail and wind, of tempest and of rain,  
Godfrey alone turned his audacious face,  
Blaming his barons for their fear so vain,  
Himself the camp gate boldly stood to keep,  
And saved his men within his trenches deep

And twice upon Argantes proud he flew, 122  
And beat him backward, maugre all his might,  
And twice his thirsty sword he did imbrue  
In Pagan’s blood where thickest was the night ,  
At last himself with all his folk withdrew,  
And that day’s conquest gave the virgin bright,  
Which got, she home retired and all her men,  
And thus she chased this lion to his den

Yet ceased not the fury and the ire  
Of these huge storms, of wind, of rain and hail,  
Now was it dark, now shone the lightning fire,  
The wind and water every place assail,  
No bank was safe, no rampire left entire,  
No tent could stand, when beam and cordage ful,  
    Wind, thunder, rain, all gave a dreadful sound,  
And with that music deafed the trembling ground

The Eighth Book  
OF  
GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE

---

*THE ARGUMENT.*

A messenger to Godfrey sage doth tell  
The Prince of Denmark's valour death and end  
The Italians trusting signs untrue too well  
Think their Rinaldo slain the wicked fiend  
Breeds fury in their breasts their bosoms swell  
With ire and hate and war and strife forth send  
They threaten Godfrey he prays to the Lord  
And calms their fury with his look and word

---

NOW were the skies of storms and tempests cleared, 1  
Lord Æolus shut up his winds in hold,  
The silver-mantled morning fresh appeared,  
With roses crowned, and buskined high with gold,  
The spirits yet which had these tempests reared  
Their malice would still more and more unfold,  
And one of them that Astragor was named,  
His speeches thus to foul Alecto framed

"Alecto, see, we could not stop nor stay 2  
The knight that to our foes new tidings brings,  
Who from the hands escaped, with life and wings,  
Of that great prince, chief of all Pagan kings  
He comes, the fall of his slain lord to sing,  
Of death and loss he tells, and such sad things,  
Great news he brings and greatest danger is,  
Bertoldo's son shall be called home for this

"Thou knowest what would befall, bestir thee than , 3  
 Prevent with craft, what force could not withstand,  
 Turn to their evil the speeches of the man,  
 With his own weapon wound Godfredo's hand,  
 Kindle debate, infect with poison wan  
 The English, Switzer, and Italian band,  
 Great tumults move, make brawls and quarrels rise,  
 Set all the camp on uproar and at strife

"This act beseems thee well, and of the deed 4  
 Much may'st thou boast before our lord and king,"  
 Thus said the sprite Persuasion small did need,  
 The monster grants to undertake the thing  
 Meanwhile the knight, whose coming thus they dread,  
 Before the camp his weary limbs doth bring,  
 And wellnigh breathless, "Warriors bold," he cried,  
 "Who shall conduct me to your famous guide?"

An hundred strove the stranger's guide to be, 5  
 To hearken news the knights by heaps assemble,  
 The man fell lowly down upon his knee,  
 And kissed the hand that made proud Babel tremble,  
 "Right puissant lord, whose valiant acts," quoth he,  
 "The sands and stars in number best resemble,  
 Would God some gladder news I might unfold,"  
 And there he paused, and sighed, then thus he told

"Sveno, the King of Denmark's only heir, 6  
 The sword and staff of his declining eild,  
 Longed to be among these squadrons fur  
 Who for Christ's faith here serve with spear and shield,  
 No weariness, no storms of sea or air,  
 No such contents as crowns and sceptres yield,  
 No dear entreaties of so kind a sire,  
 Could in his bosom quench that glorious fire

"He thirsted sore to learn this warlike art 7  
 Of thee, great lord and master of the same,  
 And was ashamed in his noble heart,  
 That never act he did deserved fame;  
 Besides, the news and tidings from each part  
 Of young Rinaldo's worth and praises came  
 But that which most his courage stirr'd hath,  
 Is zeal, religion, godliness, and faith

“ He hasted forward, then without delay, 8  
And with him took of knights a chosen band,  
Directly toward Thrace we took the way,  
To Byzance old, chief fortress of that land,  
There the Greek monarch gently prayed him stay,  
And there an herald sent from you we fand,  
How Antioch was won, who first declared,  
And how defended nobly afterward

“ Defended gaunst Corbana, valiant knight, 9  
That all the Persian armies had to guide,  
And brought so many soldiers bold to fight,  
That void of men he left that kingdom wide ;  
He told thine acts, thy wisdom and thy might,  
And told the deeds of many a lord beside,  
His speech at length to young Rinaldo passed,  
And told his great achievements, first and last

“ And how this noble camp of yours, of late 10  
Besegéd had this town, and in what sort,  
And how you prayed him to participate  
Of the last conquest of this noble fort  
In hardy Sweno opened was the gate  
Of worthy anger by this brave report,  
So that each hour seeméd five years long,  
Till he were fighting with these Pagans strong.

“ And while the herald told your fights and frays, 11  
Himself of cowardice reproved he thought,  
And him to stay that counsell him, or prays,  
He hears not, or, else heard, regardeth naught,  
He fears no perils but whilst he delays,  
Lest this last work without his help be wrought  
In this his doubt, in this his danger lies,  
No hazard else he fears, no peril spies

“ Thus hasting on, he hasted on his death, 12  
Death that to him and us was fatal guide  
The rising morn appeared yet aneath,  
When he and we were armed, and fit to ride,  
The nearest way seemed best, o'er bolt and heath  
We went, through deserts waste, and forests wide,  
The streets and ways he openeth as he goes,  
And sets each land free from intruding foes

“ Now want of food, now dangerous ways we find, 13  
Now open war, now ambush closely laid,  
Yet passed we forth, all perils left behind,  
Our foes or dead or run away afraid,  
Of victory so happy blew the wind,  
That careless all and heedless to it made  
Until one day his tents he happed to rear,  
To Palestine when we approach'd near

“ There did our scouts return and bring us news, 14  
That dreadful noise of horse and arms they hear,  
And that they deemed by sundry signs and shows  
There was some mighty host of Pagans near  
At these sad tidings many changed their hues,  
Some looked pale for dread, some shook for fear,  
Only our noble lord was altered naught,  
In look, in face, in gesture, or in thought

“ But said, ‘ A crown prepare you to possess 15  
Of martyrdom, or happy victory,  
For this I hope, for that I wish no less,  
Of greater merit and of greater glory  
Brethren, this camp will shortly be, I guess,  
A temple, sacred to our memory,  
To which the holy men of future age,  
To view our graves shall come in pilgrimage’

“ This said, he set the watch in order right 16  
To guard the camp, along the trenches deep,  
And as he arm'd was, so every knight  
He willed on his back his arms to keep  
Now had the stillness of the quiet night  
Drown'd all the world in silence and in sleep,  
When suddenly we heard a dreadful sound,  
Which deaf'd the earth, and tremble made the ground.

“ ‘ Arm, arm,’ they cried, Prince Sweno at the same, 17  
Glistering in shining steel leaped foremost out  
His visage shone, his noble looks did flame,  
With kindled brand of courage bold and stout,  
When lo, the Pagans to assault us came,  
And with huge numbers hemmed us round about,  
A forest thick of spears about us grew,  
And over us a cloud of arrows flew

“ Uneven the fight, unequal was the fray, 18  
Our enemies were twenty men to one,  
On every side the slain and wounded lay  
Unseen, where nought but glistening weapons shone  
The number of the dead could no man say  
So was the place with darkness overgone,  
The night her mantle black upon us spreads,  
Hiding our losses and our valiant deeds

“ But hardy Sweno midst the other train, 19  
By his great acts was well descried I wot  
No darkness could his valour's daylight stain,  
Such wondrous blows on every side he smote,  
A stream of blood, a bank of bodies slain,  
About him made a bulwark and a moat,  
And when soe'er he turned his fatal brand,  
Dread in his looks and death sate in his hand

“ Thus fought we till the morning bright appeared, 20  
And strewed roses on the azure sky,  
But when her lamp had night's thick darkness cleared,  
Wherein the bodies dead did buried lie,  
Then our sad cries to heaven for grief we reared,  
Our loss apparent was for we descried  
How all our camp destroyed was almost,  
And all our people well nigh slain and lost

“ Of thousands twain an hundred scant survived 21  
When Sweno murdered saw each valiant knight,  
I know not if his heart in sunder rived  
For dear compassion of that woeful sight,  
He showed no change but said ‘ Since so deprived  
We are of all our friends by chance of fight,  
Come follow them, the path to heaven their blood  
Marks out, now angels made, of martyrs good

“ This said, and glad I think of death at hand, 22  
The signs of heavenly joy shone through his eyes,  
Of Saracens against a mighty band,  
With fearless heart and constant breast he flies  
No steel could shield them from his cutting brand,  
But whom he hits without recur he dies,  
He never struck but filled or killed his foe,  
And wounded was him elf from top to toe



"Not strength, but courage now, preserved on live 23  
 This hardy champion, fortress of our faith,  
 Stricken he strikes, still stronger more they strive,  
 The more they hurt him, more he doth them scathe  
 When towards him a furious knight gan drive,  
 Of members huge, fierce looks, and full of wrath,  
 That with the aid of many a Pygan crew,  
 After long fight, at last Prince Sweno slew

"Ah heavv chance! down fell the valiant youth, 24  
 Nor mongst us all did one so strong, appear  
 As to revenge his death that this is truth,  
 By his dear blood and noble bones I swear,  
 That of my life I had not cure nor ruth  
 No wounds I shunned, no blows I would off bear,  
 And had not Heaven my wished end denied,  
 Even there I should, and willing should, have died.

"Alive I fell among my fellows slain 25  
 Yet wounded so that each one thought me dead,  
 Nor what our foes did since can I explain,  
 So sore amazed was my heart and head,  
 But when I opened first mine eyes again,  
 Night's curtain black upon the earth was spread,  
 And through the darkness to my feeble sight,  
 Appeared the twinkling of a slender light

"Not so much force or judgment in me lies 26  
 As to discern things seen and not mistake,  
 I saw like them who ope and shut their eyes  
 By turns, now half asleep, now half awake,  
 My body else another torment tries,  
 My wounds began to smart, my hurts to ache,  
 For every sore each member pinched was  
 With night's sharp air, heaven's frost, and earth's cold grass

"But still the light approached near and near, 27  
 And with the same a whispering murmur run,  
 Till at my side arrived both they were,  
 When I to spread my feeble eyes begun  
 Two men behold in vestures long appear,  
 With each a lamp in hand, who said, 'O son  
 In that dear Lord who helps his servants, trust,  
 Who ere they ask, grants all things to the just'

"This said, each one his sacred blessing flings 28  
 Upon my corse, with broad out-stretched hand,  
 And mumbled hymns and psalms and holy things,  
 Which I could neither hear, nor understand,  
 'Arise,' quoth they, with that as I had wings,  
 All whole and sound I leaped up from the land  
     O miracle, sweet, gentle, strange and true!  
     My limbs new strength received, and vigour new

"I gazed on them like one whose heart denieth 29  
 To think that done, he sees so strangely wrought,  
 Till one said thus, 'O thou of little faith,  
 What doubts perplex thy unbelieving thought?  
 Each one of us a living body hath,  
 We are Christ's chosen servants, fear us nought,  
     Who to avoid the world's allurements vain,  
     In wilful penance, hermits poor remain

"'Us messengers to comfort thee elect 30  
 That Lord hath sent that rules both heaven and hell,  
 Who often doth his blessed will effect,  
 By such weak means, as wonder is to tell,  
 He will not that this body he neglect,  
 Wherein so noble soul did lately dwell  
     To which again when it uprisen is  
     It shall united be in lasting bliss

"'I spy Lord Sweno's corpse, for which prepared 31  
 A tomb there is according to his worth,  
 By which his honour shall be far declared,  
 And his just praises spread from south to north  
 But lift thine eyes up to the heavens ward,  
 Mark yonder light that like the sun shines forth,  
     That shall direct thee with those beams so clear,  
     To find the body of thy master dear'

"With that I saw from Cynthia's silver face, 32  
 Like to a falling star a beam down slide,  
 That bright as golden line marked out the place,  
 And lightened with clear streams the forest wide,  
 So Latmos shone when Phoebe left the chase,  
 And laid her down by her Lindymon's side,  
     Such was the light that well discern I could,  
     His shap, his wounds, his face, though dead, yet bold.

' He lay not grovelling now, but as a knight 33  
 That ever had to heavenly things desire  
 So towards heaven the prince lay bolt upright,  
 Like him that upward still sought to aspire,  
 His right hand closed held his weapon bright,  
 Ready to strike and execute his ire,  
 His left upon his breast was humbly laid,  
 That men might know, that while he died he prayed

"Whilst on his wounds with bootless tears I wept, 34  
 That neither helped him, nor eased my care,  
 One of those aged fathers to him stepped,  
 And forced his hand that needless weapon spare  
 This sword,' quoth he, 'hath yet good token kept,  
 That of the Pagans' blood he drunk his share,  
 And blusbeth still he could not give his lord,  
 Rich, strong and sharp, was never better sword

' ' Heaven, therefore, will not, though the prince be slain, 35  
 Who used erst to wield this precious brand  
 That so brave blade unused should remain,  
 But that it pass from strong to stronger hand,  
 Who with like force can wield the same again,  
 And longer shall in grace of fortune stand,  
 And with the same shall bitter vengeance take  
 On him that Sweno slew, for Sweno's sake

' ' Great Solyman killed Sweno, Solyman 36  
 For Sweno's sake, upon this sword must die  
 Here take the blade, and with a haste thee than  
 Fluther where Godfred doth encamped he,  
 And fear not thou that any shall or can  
 Or stop thy way, or lead thy steps awry,  
 For He that doth thee on this message send,  
 Thee with His hand shall guide, keep and defend

" ' Arrived there it is His blessed will, 37  
 With true report that thou declare and tell  
 The zeal, the strength, the courage and the skill  
 In thy beloved lord that late did dwell,  
 How for Christ's sake he came his blood to spill  
 And sample left to all of doing well,  
 That future ages may admire his deed,  
 And courage take when his brave end they read

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“‘It resteth now, thou know that gentle knight 38  
That of this sword shall be thy master's heir,  
It is Rinaldo young, with whom in might  
And martial skill no champion may compare,  
Give it to him and say, ‘The Heavens bright  
Of this revenge to him commit the care’

While thus I listened what this old man said,  
A wonder new from further speech us stayed,

“For there whereas the wounded body lay, 39  
A stately tomb with curious work, behold,  
And wondrous art was built out of the clay,  
Which, rising round, the carcass did enfold,  
With words engraven in the marble grey,  
The warrior's name, his worth and praise that told,  
On which I gazing stood, and often read  
That epuaph of my dear master dead”

“‘Among his soldiers,’ quoth the hermit, ‘here 40  
Must Sweno's corpse remain in marble chest,  
While up to heaven are flown their spirits dear,  
To live in endless joy for ever blest,  
His funeral thou hast with many a tear  
Accompanied, it's now high time to rest,  
Come be my guest, until the morning ray  
Shall light the world again, then take thy way’

“This said, he led me over holts and hags, 41  
Through thorns and bushes scant my legs I drew  
Till underneath a heap of stones and crags  
At last he brought me to a secret mew,  
Among the bears, wild boars, the wolves and stags,  
There dwelt he safe with his disciple true,  
And feared no treason, force, nor hurt at all,  
His guiltless conscience was his castle's wall

“My supper roots, my bed was moss and leaves, 42  
But weariness in little rest found ease  
But when the purple morning night bereaves  
Of late usurped rule on lands and seas,  
His loathed couch each wakeful hermit leaves,  
To pry rose they, and I, for so they please,  
I congee took when ended was the same,  
And hitherward, as they advised me, came”

The Dane his woeful tale had done, when thus  
 The good Prince Godfrey answered him, "Sir knight,  
 Thou bringest tidings sad and dolorous,  
 For which our heavy camp laments of right,  
 Since so brave troops and so dear friends to us,  
 One hour hath spent, in one unlucky fight,  
 And so appeared hath thy master stout,  
 As lightning doth, now kindled, now quenched out

43

"But such a death and end exceedeth all  
 The conquests vain of realms, or spoils of gold,  
 Nor aged Rome's proud stately capital,  
 Did ever triumph yet like theirs behold,  
 They sit in heaven on thrones celestial,  
 Crowned with glory, for their conquest bold,  
 Where each his hurts I think to other shows,  
 And glory in those bloody wounds and blows

44

"But thou who hast part of thy race to run,  
 With haps and hazards of this world ylost,  
 Rejoice, for those high honours they have won,  
 Which cannot be by chance or fortune crossed  
 But for thou askest for Bertoldo's son,  
 Know, that he wandereth, banished from this host,  
 And till of him new tidings some man tell,  
 Within this camp I deem it best thou dwell"

45

These words of theirs in many a soul renewed  
 The sweet remembrance of fair Sophia's child,  
 Some with salt tears for him their cheeks bedewed,  
 Lest evil betide him amongst the Pagans wild,  
 And every one his valiant prowess showed,  
 And of his battles stories long compiled,  
 Telling the Dane his acts and conquests past,  
 Which made his ears amazed, his heart aghast

46

Now when remembrance of the youth had wrought  
 A tender pity in each softened mind,  
 Behold returned home with all they caught  
 The bands that were to forage late assigned,  
 And with them in abundance great they brought  
 Both flocks and herds of every sort and kind  
 And corn, although not much, and hay to feed  
 Their noble steeds and coursers when they need.

47

They also brought of misadventure sad 48  
Tokens and signs, seemed too apparent true,  
Rinaldo's armour frused and hacked they had,  
Oft pierced through with blood besmeared new,  
About the camp, for alarums rumours had  
Are farthest spread, these woeful tidings flew  
Thither assembled straight both high and low,  
Longing to see what they were loth to know

His heavy hauberk was both seen and known, 49  
And his broad shield, wherein displayed lies  
The bird that proves her chickens for their own  
By looking grinst the sun with open eyes,  
That shield was to the Pagans often shown  
In many a hard and hardy enterprise,  
But now with many a gash and many a stroke,  
They see, and sigh to see it, frused and broke

While all his soldiers whispered under hand, 50  
And here and there the fault and cause do lay,  
Godfrey before him called Alprand  
Captain of those that brought of late this prey,  
A man who did on points of virtue stand,  
Blemishless in words, and true whate'er he say,  
"Say," quoth the duke, "where you this armour had  
Hide not the truth, but tell it good or bad "

He answered him, "As far from hence think I 51  
As on two days a speedy post well rideth,  
To Gaza ward a little plain doth lie,  
Itself among the steepv hills which hideth,  
Through it slow falling from the mountains high,  
A rolling brook 'twixt bush and bramble glideth,  
Clad with thick shade of boughs of broad leaved green,  
Fit place for men to lie in wait unseen

"Thither, to seek some flocks or herds, we went 52  
Perchance close hid under the green wood shaw,  
And found the springing grass with blood besprent,  
A warrior tumbled in his blood we saw,  
His arms though dusty, bloody, bricked and rent,  
Yet well we knew, when near the corse we draw,  
To which, to view his face, in vain I started,  
For from his body his fair head was parted,

"His right hand wanted eke, with many a wound 53  
 The trunk through piercéd was from back to breast,  
 A little by, his empty helm we found  
 The silver eagle shining on his crest ;  
 To spy at whom to ask we gazéd round,  
 A churl then towards us his steps addressed,  
 But when us armed by the corse he spied,  
 He ran away his fearful face to hide

"But we pursued him, took him, spake him fair, 54  
 Till comforted at last he answer made,  
 How that, the day before, he saw repair  
 A band of soldiers from that forest shade,  
 Of whom one carried by the golden hair  
 A head but late cut off with murdering blade,  
 The face was fair and young, and on the chin  
 No sign of beard to him had yet begun

"And how in sindal wrapt away he bore 55  
 That head with him hung at his saddle bow,  
 And how the murtherers by the arms they wore,  
 For soldiers of our camp he well did know ,  
 The carcass I disarmed and weeping sore,  
 Because I guessed who should that harness owe,  
 Away I brought it but first order gave,  
 That noble body should be laid in grave

"But if it be his trunk whom I believe, 56  
 A nobler tomb his worth deserveth well"  
 This said, good Alprando took his leave,  
 Of certain troth he had no more to tell  
 As he sighed the duke, so did these news him grieve,  
 As in his heart, doubts in his bosom dwell,  
 They yearned to know to find and learn the truth,  
 Which punish would them that had slain the youth

Now when the night dispread her lazy wings 57  
 A tender broad fields of heaven's bright wilderness,  
 Behold rest to souls rest, and ease of careful things,  
 The hands that happy peace both more and less,  
 And with them alone, whom sorrow stings,  
 Both flocks in using on great deeds I guess,  
 And corn, all in thy watchful eyes to creep  
 Their noble sense of mild and gentle sleep



This man was strong of limbs, and all his 'saves  
Were bold, of ready tongue, and working sprue,  
Near Trento born, bred up in brawls and frays,  
In jars, in quarrels, and in civil fight,  
For which exiled, the hills and public ways  
He filled with blood, and robberies day and night,  
Until to Asia's wars at last he came,  
And boldly there he served, and purchased fame 58

He closed his eyes at last when day drew near 59  
Yet slept he not, but senseless lay oppress'd  
With strange amaz'dness and sudden fear  
Which false Alecto breathed in his breast,  
His working powers within deluded were,  
Stone still he quiet lay, yet took no rest,  
For to his thought the fiend herself presented,  
And with strange visions his weak brain tormented

A murdered body huge beside him stood, 60  
Of head and right hand both but lately spoiled,  
His left hand bore the head, whose visage good,  
Both pale and wan, with dust and gore defiled,  
Yet spake, though dead, with whose sad words the blood  
Forth at his lips in huge abundance boiled,  
"Fly, Argilan, from this false camp fly far,  
Whose guide, a traitor, captains, murderers are

"Godfrey hath murdered me by treason vile, 61  
What favour then hope you my trusty friends ?  
His villain heart is full of fraud and guile,  
To your destruction all his thoughts he bends,  
Yet if thou thirst of praise for noble stile,  
If in thy strength thou trust, thy strength that ends  
All hard assays, fly not, first with his blood  
Appease my ghost wandering by Lethe flood,

"I will thy weapon whet, inflame thine ire, 62  
Arm thy right hand, and strengthen every part,  
This said, even while she spake she did inspire  
With fury, rage, and wrath his troubled heart  
The man awaked, and from his eyes like fire  
The poisoned sparks of headstrong madness start  
And arm'd as he was, forth is he gone,  
And gathered all the Italian bands in one

He gathered them where lay the arms that late  
 Were good Rinaldo's, then with semblance stout  
 And furious words his fore conceiv'd hate  
 In bitter speeches thus he vomits out,  
 'Is not this people barbarous and ingrate,  
 In whom truth finds no place truth takes no roat?  
 Whose thirst unquenched is of blood and gold,  
 Whom no yoke boweth, bridle none can hold

63

'So much we suffered have these seven years long,  
 Under this servile and unworthy yoke,  
 That thorough Rome and Italy our wrong  
 A thousand years hereafter shall be spoke  
 I count not how Cilicia's kingdom strong,  
 Subdued was by Prince Tancredi's stroke,  
 Nor how false Baldwin him that land bereaves  
 Of virtue's harvest, fraud there reaped the sheaves

64

"Nor speak I how each hour, at every need,  
 Quick, ready, resolute at all assays,  
 With fire and sword we hasted forth with speed,  
 And bore the brunt of all their fights and frays,  
 But when we had performed and done the deed,  
 At ease and leisure they divide the preys,  
 We reaped naught but travel for our tou,  
 Theirs was the praise, the realms, the gold, the spoil

65

"Yet all this season were we willing blind,  
 Offended unrevenged, wronged but unwroken,  
 Light griefs could not provoke our quiet mind,  
 But now, alas! the mortal blow is stricken,  
 Rinaldo have they slain, and law of kind,  
 Of arms, of nations and of high heaven broken,  
 Why doth not heaven kill them with fire and thunder?  
 To swallow them why cleaves not earth asunder?

66

'They have Rinaldo slun, the sword and shield  
 Of Christ's true faith, and unrevenged he lies  
 Still unrevenged lieth in the field  
 His noble corpse to feed the crows and pies  
 Who murdered him? who shall us certain yield?  
 Who sees not that, although he wanted eyes?  
 Who knows not how the Italian chivalry  
 Proud Godfrey and false Baldwin both envy?

67

"What need we further proof? Heaven, heaven I swear, 68  
Will not consent herein we be beguiled,  
This night I saw his murdered sprite appear,  
Pale, sad and wan, with wounds and blood defiled,  
A spectacle full both of grief and fear  
Godfrey, for murdering him, the ghost reviled  
I saw it was no dream, before mine eyes,  
Howe'er I look, still, still methinks it flies.

'What shall we do? shall we be governed still 69  
By this false hand, contaminate with blood?  
Or else depart and travel forth, until  
To Euphrates we come, that sacred flood,  
Where dwells a people void of martial skill  
Whose cities rich, whose land is fat and good,  
Where kingdoms great we may at ease provide,  
Far from these Frenchmen's malice from their pride.

"Then let us go, and no revengement take 70  
For this brave knight, though it lie in our power  
No, no, that courage rather newly wake,  
Which never sleeps in fear and dread one hour  
And this pestiferous serpent poisoned snake  
Of all our knights that hath destroyed the flower,  
First let us slay, and his deserved end  
Example make to him that kills his friend.

"I will, I will, if your courageous force, 71  
Dareth so much as it can well perform,  
Tear out his cursed heart without remorse,  
The nest of treason false and guile unform  
Thus strike the angry knight with headlong course  
The rest him followed with a furious storm,  
"Arm, arm," they cried, to arms the soldiers ran,  
And as they run "Arm, arm," cried every man.

'Mongst them Alecto strowed wasteful fire, 72  
Envenoming the hearts of most and least,  
Fell disdain, madness, strife, rancour, ire,  
Thirst to shed blood in every breast increased,  
This ill spread far, and till it set on fire  
With rage the Italian lodgings, never ceased,  
From thence unto the Switzers camp it went,  
And last infected every English tent.

Not public loss of their beloved knight, 73  
 Alone stirred up their rage and wrath untamed,  
 But fore conceiv'd griefs, and quarrels light,  
 The ire still nourish'd, and still inflamed,  
 Awaked was each former cause of spite,  
 The Frenchmen cruel and unjust they named,  
 And with bold threats they made their hatred known,  
 Hate seld kept close, and oft unwisely shown

Like boiling liquor in a seething pot, 74  
 That fumeth, swelleth high, and bubbleth fast,  
 Till o'er the brims among the embers hot,  
 Part of the broth and of the scum is cast,  
 Their rage and wrath these few appeas'd not  
 In whom of wisdom yet remained some taste,  
 Camillo, William, Tancred were away,  
 And all whose greatness might their madness stay

Now headlong ran to harness in this heat 75  
 These furious people, all on heaps confused,  
 The roaring trumpets battle gan to threat,  
 As it in time of mortal war is used,  
 The messengers ran to Godfredo great,  
 And bade him arm, while on this noise he mused,  
 And Baldwin first well clad in iron hard,  
 Stepped to his side, a sure and faithful guard

Their murmurs heard to heaven he lift his een, 76  
 As was his wont, to God for aid he fled,  
 "O Lord, thou knowest this right hand of mine  
 Abhorred ever civil blood to shed,  
 Illumine their dark souls with light divine,  
 Repress their rage, by hellish fury bred,  
 The innocency of my guiltless mind  
 Thou knowest, and make these know, with fury blind

'Tis said he felt infus'd in each vein, 77  
 A sacred heat from heaven above distilled,  
 A heat in man that courage could constrain,  
 That his grave look with awful boldness filled  
 Well guarded forth he went to meet the train  
 Of those that would revenge Rinaldo killed,  
 And though their threats he heard, and saw them bent  
 To arms on every side, yet on he went.

Above his hauberk strong a coat he ware, 78  
 Embroidered fair with pearl and rich stone,  
 His hands were naked, and his face was bare,  
 Wherein a lamp of majesty bright shone,  
 He shook his golden mace, wherewith he dare  
 Resist the force of his rebellious foe  
 Thus he appeared, and thus he gan them teach,  
 In shape an angel, and a God in speech

“What foolish words? what threats be these I hear? 79  
 What noise of arms? who dares these tumults move?  
 Am I so honoured? stand you so in fear?  
 Where is your late obedience? where your love?  
 Of Godfrey’s falsehood who can witness bear?  
 Who dare or will these accusations prove?  
 Perchance you look I should entreaties bring,  
 Sue for your favours, or excuse the thing

“Ah, God forbid these lands should hear or see 80  
 Him so disgraced at whose great name they quake,  
 This sceptre and my noble acts for me  
 A true defence before the world can make  
 Yet for sharp justice governed shall be  
 With clemency, I will no vengeance take  
 For this offence, but for Rinaldo’s love,  
 I pardon you, hereafter wiser prove

“But Argillano’s guilty blood shall wash 81  
 This stain away, who kindled this debate,  
 And led by hasty rage and fury rash,  
 To these disorders first undid the gate  
 While thus he spoke, the lightning beams did flash  
 Out of his eyes of majesty and state,  
 That Argillan,—who would have thought it?—shook  
 For fear and terror, conquered with his look.

The rest with indiscreet and foolish wrath 82  
 Who threatened late with words of shame and pride,  
 Whose hands so ready were to harm and scath,  
 And brandished bright swords on every side,  
 Now hushed and still attend what Godfrey saith,  
 With shame and fear their bashful looks they hide,  
 And Argillan they let in chains be bound,  
 Although their weapons him environed round

So when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,  
And beats his tail with courage proud and wroth,  
If his commander come, who first took pain  
To tame his youth, his lofty crest down goeth,  
His threats he feareth, and obeys the rein  
Of thraldom base, and serviceage, though loth,  
Nor can his sharp teeth nor his armed paws,  
Force him rebel against his ruler's laws

83

Fame as a winged warrior they beheld,  
With semblant fierce and furious look that stood,  
And in his left hand had a splendent shield  
Wherewith he covered safe their chieftain good,  
His other hand a naked sword did wield,  
From which distilling fell the lukewarm blood,  
The blood pardie of many a realm and town,  
Whereon the Lord his wrath had poured down.

84

Thus was the tumult, without bloodshed, ended,  
Their arms laid down, strife into exile sent,  
Godfrey his thoughts to greater actions bended,  
And homeward to his rich pavilion went,  
For to assault the fortress he intended  
Before the second or third day were spent ; \  
Meanwhile his timber wrought he oft surveyed  
Whereof his ram and engines great he made,

The Ninth Book  
OF  
GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE.

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THE ARGUMENT.

Alecto false great Solyman doth move  
By night the Christians in their tents to kill  
But God who their intents saw from above  
Sends Michael down from his sacred hill  
\*The spirits foul to hell the angels drove  
The knights delivered from the witch at will  
Destroy the Pagans scatter all their host  
The Soldan flies when all his bands are lost

---

THE grisly child of Erebus the grim,  
Who saw these tumults done and tempest spent,  
'Gainst stream of grace who ever strove to swim  
And all her thoughts against Heaven's wisdom bent,  
Departed now, bright Titan's beams were dim  
(And fruitful lands waxed barren as she went  
She sought the rest of her infernal crew,  
New storms to raise, new broils, and tumults new

She, that well wist her sisters had enticed,  
By their false arts, far from the Christian host,  
Tancred, Rinaldo, and the rest, best prized  
For martial skill, for might esteem'd most,  
Said, of these discords and these strifes advised,  
"Great Solyman, when day his light hath lost,  
These Christians shall assail with sudden war  
And kill them all while thus they strive and jar"

## The Ninth Book

or                   resses gone,                   9  
                           ad uncouth ways,

GODFREY OF B<sup>is</sup>

— stone

— assays,

behold

THE ARGUMENT.

Aleto false go at Solyn  
 By night the, or preys of sheep or kine,                   10  
 But God wha these bands did arm?  
 Sends Michon lately lost of thine  
 \* The spirits fedress thy harm?  
 The knights small candles next shall shine,  
 Destroy them a bold alarm,  
 The Sold, whose grave advice  
                           proved, and proved in Nice.

‘ THE grisly child he doubts no sudden broil                   11  
 ‘ Who saw th and worse-hearted bands,  
 ‘ Gamst stream of e, used to rob and spoil,  
 And all her though not lift up their hands,  
 Departed now, bry courage put to foil  
 ‘ And fruitful landwhile thus secure it stands”  
   She sought theson in his breast she hides,  
   New storms toeless air unseen she glides.

She, that well w ‘ O thou which in my thought                   12  
 By their false ar rage and fury so,  
 Tancred, Rinalht of mortal metal wrought,  
 For martial skateso thee list to go,  
 Said, of these a by dint of sword down brought  
 “ Great Solymd, and seas of red blood flow  
   These Christ only be thou my guide  
   And kill theght the azure skies shall hide.”



When this was said, he mustered all his crew, 13  
 Reproved the cowards, and allowed the bold  
 His forward camp, inspired with courage new,  
 Was ready dight to follow where he would  
 Alecto's self the warning trumpet blew  
 And to the wind his standard great unrolled,  
 Thus on they marchéd, and thus on they went,  
 Of their approach their speed the news prevent

Alecto left them, and her person dight 14  
 Like one that came some tidings new to tell  
 It was the time when first the rising night  
 Her sparkling diamonds poureth forth to sell,  
 When, into Ston come, she marchéd right  
 Where Juda's aged tyrant used to dwell,  
 To whom of Solyman's designment bold,  
 The place, the manner, and the tune she told,

Their mantle dark, the grisly shadows spread, 15  
 Stainéd with spots of deepest sanguine hue,  
 Warm drops of blood, on earth's black visage shed,  
 Supplied the place of pure and precious dew,  
 The moon and stars for fear of sprites were fled,  
 The shrieking goblins eachwhere howling flew,  
 The furies roar, the ghosts and fairies yell,  
 The earth was filled with devils, and empty hell

The Soldan force, through all this horror, went 16  
 Toward the camp of his redoubted foes,  
 The night was more than half consumed and spent,  
 Now headlong down the western hill she goes,  
 When distant scant a mile from Godfrey's tent  
 He let his people there awhile repose,  
 And victualled them, and then he boldly spoke  
 These words which rage and courage might provoke

"See there a camp, full stuffed of spoils and preys, 17  
 Not half so strong as false report recorderth,  
 See there the store house, where their captain lays  
 Our treasures stolen, where Asia's wealth he hoardeth,  
 Now chance the ball unto our racket plays,  
 Take then the vantage which good luck affordeth,  
 For all their arms their horses, gold and treasure  
 Are ours, ours without loss, harm or displeasure

“Nor is this camp that great victorious host  
That slew the Persian lords, and Nice hath won  
For those in this long war are spent and lost,  
These are the dregs, the wine is all outrun,  
And these few left, are drowned and dead almost  
In heavy sleep, the labour half is done  
To send them headlong to Avernus deep,  
For little differs death and heavy sleep

“Come, come, this sword the passage open shall  
 Into their camp, and on their bodies slain  
 We will pass o'er their rampire and their wall,  
 This blade as scythes cut down the fields of grain,  
 Shall cut them so, Christ's kingdom now shall fall  
 Asia her freedom, you shall praise obtain’  
 Thus he inflamed his soldiers to the fight,  
 And led them on through silence of the night

The sentinel by starlight, lo, descried  
This mighty Soldan and his host draw near,  
Who found not as he hoped the Christians' guide  
Unware, ne yet unready was his gear  
The scouts, when this huge army they descried,  
Ran back, and gan with shouts the 'larum rear,  
The watch stert up and drew their weapons bright,  
And bushed them bold to battle and to fight

The Arabians wist they could not come unseen,  
And therefore loud their jarring trumpets sound,  
Their yelling cries to heaven upheaved been,  
The horses thundered on the solid ground,  
The mountains roared, and the valley green,  
The echoes sigh'd from the caves around,  
Alecto with her brand, kindled in hell,  
Tokened to them in David's tower that dwell

Before the rest forth pricked the Soldan fast, 22  
Against the watch, not yet in order just,  
As swift as hideous Boreas' hasty blast  
From hollow rocks when first his storms outburst,  
The raging floods, that trees and rocks down cast,  
Thunders, that towns and towers drive to dust  
Earthquakes, to tear the world in twain that threat,  
Are now, he, comparéd to his fury great

The bold ensample of their father's might 28  
Their weapons whetted and their wrath increased,  
"Come let us go," quoth he, "where yonder knight  
Upon our soldiers makes his bloody feast,  
Let not their slaughter once your hearts affright,  
Where danger most appears there fear it least,  
For honour dwells in hard attempts my sons,  
And greatest praise, in greatest peril, wons"

Her tender brood the forest's savage queen, 29  
Ere on their crests their rugged manes appear,  
Before their mouths by nature armed been,  
Or paws have strength a silly lamb to tear,  
So leadeth forth to prey, and makes them keen,  
And learns by her ensample naught to fear  
The hunter, in those desert woods that takes  
The lesser beasts whereon his feast he makes

The noble father and his hardy crew 30  
Fierce Solyman on every side invade,  
At once all saw upon the Soldan flew,  
With lances sharp and strong encounters made,  
His broken spear the eldest boy down threw,  
And boldly, ever boldly, drew his blade,  
Wherewith he strove, but strove therewith in vain,  
The Pagan's steed, unmarked, to have slain

But as a mountain or a cape of land 31  
Assailed with storms and seas on every side,  
Doth unremoved, steadfast, still withstand  
Storm, thunder, lightning, tempest wind and tide  
The Soldan so withstood Latinus' band,  
And unremoved did all their justs abide,  
And of that hapless youth, who hurt his steed,  
Down to the chin he cleft in twain the head.

Kind Aramante, who saw his brother slain, 32  
To hold him up stretched forth his friendly arm,  
Oh foolish kindness, and oh pity vain,  
To add our proper loss, to other's harm!  
The prince let fall his sword, and cut in twain  
About his brother twined, the child's weak arm,  
Down from their saddles both together slide,  
Together mourned they, and together died

That done, Sabino's lance with nimble force 33  
 He cut in twain, and 'gainst the stripling bold  
 He spurred his steed, that underneath his horse  
 The hardy infant tumbled on the mould,  
 Whose soul, out squeezed from his bruised corpse,  
 With ugly painfulness forsook her hold,  
 And deeply mourned that of so sweet a cage  
 She left the bliss, and joys of youthful age

But Picus yet and Lawrence were on live, 34  
 Whom at one birth their mother fair brought out  
 A pair whose likeness made the parents strive  
 Oft which was which, and jov'ed in their doubt  
 But what their birth did undistinguished give,  
 The Soldan's rage made known, for Picus stout  
 Headless at one huge blow he laid in dust,  
 And through the breast his gentle brother thrust,

Their father, but no father now, alas ! 35  
 When all his noble sons at once were slain,  
 In their five deaths so often murdered was,  
 I know not how his life could him sustain,  
 Except his heart were forged of steel or brass,  
 Yet still he lived, purdie, he saw not plain  
 Their dying looks, although their deaths he knows,  
 It is some ease not to behold our woes

He wept not, for the night her curtain spread 36  
 Between his cause of weeping and his eyes,  
 But still he mourned and on sharp vengeance fed,  
 And thinks he conquers, if revenged he dies,  
 He thirsts the Soldan's heathenish blood to shed,  
 And yet his own at less than naught doth prize,  
 Nor can he tell whether he liefer would,  
 Or die himself, or kill the Pagan bold.

At last, "Is this right hand," quoth he, "so weak, 37  
 That thou disdain'st gainst me to use thy might ?  
 Can it naught do ? can this tongue nothing speak  
 That may provoke thine ire, thy wrath and spite ?"  
 With that he struck his anger great to wreal,  
 A blow, that pierced the mail and metal bright,  
 And in his flank set ope a floodgate wide,  
 Whereat the blood out streamed from his side

Provokéd with his cry, and with that blow, 38  
 The Turk upon him gan his blade discharge,  
 He cleft his breastplate, having first pierced through,  
 Linéd with seven buls' hides, his mighty targe,  
 And sheathed his weapons in his guts below,  
 Wretched Latinus at that issue large,  
 And at his mouth, poured out his vital blood,  
 And sprinkled with the same his murdered brood

On Apennine like as a sturdy tree, 39  
 Against the winds that makes resistance stout,  
 If with a storm it overturned be,  
 Falls down and breaks the trees and plants about,  
 So Latine fell, and with him felléd he  
 And slew the nearest of the Pagans' rout,  
 A worthy end, fit for a man of fame,  
 That dying, slew, and conquered overcame

Meanwhile the Soldan strove his rage interne 40  
 To satisfy with blood of Christians spilled,  
 The Arabians heartened by their captain stern,  
 With murder every tent and cabin filled,  
 Henry the English knight and Olipherne,  
 O fierce Draguto, by thy hands were killed !  
 Gilbert and Philip were by Ariadene  
 Both slain, both born upon the banks of Rhene

Albazar with his mace Ernesto slew, 41  
 Under Algazel Engerlan down fell,  
 But the huge murder of the meaner crew,  
 Or manner of their deaths, what tongue can tell ?  
 Godfrey, when first the heathen trumpets blew,  
 Awaked which heard, no fear could make him dwell,  
 But he and his were up and armed ere long,  
 And marched forward with a squadron strong

He that well heard the rumour and the cry, 42  
 And marked the tumult still grow more and more,  
 The Arabian thieves he judged by and by  
 Against his soldiers made this battle sore,  
 For that they forayed all the countries nigh  
 And spoiled the fields, the duke knew well before,  
 Yet thought he not they had the bardament  
 So to assail him in his arméd tent.

All suddenly he heard, while on he went, 43  
 How to the city ward, "Arm, arm!" they cried,  
 The noise upreared to the firmament,  
 With dreadful howling filled the valleys wide  
 This was Clorinda, whom the king forth sent  
 To battle and Argantes by her side  
 The duke this heard, to Guelpho turned, and prayed  
 Him his lieutenant be, and to him said

"You hear this new alarm from yonder part, 44  
 That from the town breaks out with so much rage,  
 Us needeth much your valour and your art  
 To calm their fury, and their heat to 'suage,  
 Go thither then, and with you take some part  
 Of these brave soldiers of mine equipage,  
 While with the residue of my champions bold  
 I drive these wolves again out of our fold"

They parted this agreed on them between, 45  
 By divers paths, Lord Guelpho to the hill,  
 And Godfrey hasted where the Arabians keen  
 His men like silly sheep destroy and kill,  
 But as he went his troops increased been,  
 From every part the people flocked still,  
 That now grown strong enough, he 'proached nigh  
 Where the fierce Turk caused many a Christian die

So from the top of Vesulus the cold, 46  
 Down to the sandy valleys, tumbleth Po,  
 Whose streams the further from the fountain rolled  
 Still stronger wax, and with more puissance go  
 And horned like a bull his forehead bold  
 He lifts, and o'er his broken banks doth flow,  
 And with his horns to pierce the sea assays,  
 To which he proffereth war, not tribute pays

The duke his men fast flying did espy, 47  
 And thither ran, and thus, displeased, spake,  
 "What fear is this? Oh, whither do you fly?"  
 See who they be that this pursuit do make,  
 A heartless band, that dare no battle try,  
 Who wounds before dare neither give nor take,  
 Against them turn your stern eye's threatening sight,  
 An angry look will put them all to flight"

This said, he spurr'd forth where Solymán  
48 Destroyed Christ's vineyard like a savage boar,  
Through streams of blood, through dust and dirt he ran,  
O'er heaps of bodies wallowing in their gore,  
The squadrons close his sword to ope began,  
He broke their ranks, behind, beside, before,  
And, where he goes, under his feet he treads  
The arm'd Saracens, and barb'd steeds

This slaughter house of angry Mars he passed, 49  
Where thousands dead, half dead, and dying were  
The hardy Soldan saw him come in haste,  
Yet neither stepped aside nor shrunk for fear,  
But bush'd him bold to fight, aloft he cast  
His blade, prepared to strike, and stepped near,  
These noble princes twain, so Fortune wrought,  
From the world's end here met, and here they fought

With virtue, fury, strength with courage strove, 50  
For Asia's mighty empire, who can tell  
With how strange force their cruel blows they drove?  
How sore their combat was? how fierce, how fell?  
Great deeds they wrought, each other's harness clove,  
Yet still in darkness, more the ruth, they dwell  
The night their acts her black veil covered under,  
Their acts whereat the sun, the world might wonder

The Christians by their guide's ensample hearted, 51  
Of their best armed made a squadron strong,  
And to defend their chieftain forth they started  
The Pagans also saved their knight from wrong,  
Fortune her favours twist them evenly parted,  
Fierce was the encounter, bloody, doubtful, long,  
These won, those lost, these lost, those won again,  
The loss was equal, even the numbers slain

With equal rage, as when the southern wind, 52  
Meeteth in battle strong the northern blast,  
The sea and air to neither is resigned,  
But cloud gainst cloud, and wave gainst wave they cast  
So from this skirmish neither part declined,  
But fought it out, and kept their footings fast,  
And oft with furious shock together rush,  
And shield gainst shield, and helm gainst helm they crush

The battle eke to Sionward grew hot, 53  
 The soldiers slain, the hardy knights were killed,  
 Legions of sprites from Limbo's prisons got,  
 The empty air, the hills and valleys filled,  
 Hearting the Pagans that they shrinkéd not,  
 Till where they stood their dearest blood they spilled,  
 And with new rage Argantes they inspire,  
 Whose heat no flames, whose burning need no fire

Where he came in he put to shameful flight 54  
 The fearful watch, and o'er the trenches leaped,  
 Even with the ground he made the rampire's height,  
 And murdered bodies in the ditch upheaped,  
 So that his greedy mates with labour hight,  
 Amid the tents, a bloody harvest reaped  
 Clorinda went the proud Circassian by,  
 So from a piece two chained bullets fly

Now fled the Frenchmen, when in lucky hour 55  
 Arrived Guelpho, and his helping band,  
 He made them turn against this stormy shower,  
 And with bold face their wicked foes withstand  
 Sternly they fought, that from their wounds downpour  
 The streams of blood and run on either hand  
 The Lord of heaven meanwhile upon this fight,  
 From his high throne bent down his gracious sight

From whence with grace and goodness compassed round, 56  
 He ruleth, blesseth, keepeth all he wrought,  
 Above the air, the fire, the sea and ground,  
 Our sense, our wit, our reason and our thought,  
 Where persons three, with power and glory crowned,  
 Are all one God, who made all things of nought,  
 Under whose feet, subjected to his grace,  
 Sit nature, fortune, motion, time and place

This is the place, from whence like smoke and dust 57  
 Of this frail world the wealth, the pomp and power,  
 Are raised, and turneth as he list,  
 And guides our life, our death, our end and hour  
 No eye, howe'er virtuous, pure and just,  
 Can view the brightness of that glorious bower,  
 On every side the blessed spirits be,  
 Equal in joys, though differing in degree.



58  
 With harmony of their celestial song  
 The palace echoed from the chambers pure,  
 At last he Michael called, in harness strong  
 Of never yielding diamonds armed sure,  
 "Behold," quoth he, "to do despite and wrong  
 To that dear flock my mercy hath in cure,  
 How Satan from hell's loathsome prison sends  
 His ghosts, his sprites, his furies and his fiends,

59  
 "Go bid them all depart, and leave the care  
 Of war to soldiers, as doth best pertain  
 Bid them forbear to infect the earth and air,  
 To darken heaven's fair light, bid them refrain,  
 Bid them to Acheron's black flood repair,  
 Fit house for them, the house of grief and pain  
 There let their king himself and them torment,  
 So I command, go tell them mine intent "

60  
 This said, the wingéd warrior low inclined  
 At his Creator's feet with reverence due,  
 Then spread his golden feathers to the wind,  
 And swift as thought away the angel flew,  
 He passed the light, and shining fire assigned  
 The glorious seat of his selected crew,  
 The mover first, and circle crystalline,  
 The firmament, where fixéd stars all shine ,

61  
 Unlike in working then, in shape and show,  
 At his left hand, Saturn he left and Jove,  
 And those untruly errant called I trow,  
 Since he errs not, who them doth guide and move  
 The fields he pressed then, whence hail and snow,  
 Thunder and rain fall down from clouds above,  
 Where heat and cold, dryness and moisture strive,  
 Whose wars all creatures kill, and slain, revive

62  
 The horrid darkness, and the shadows dun  
 Dispersed he with his eternal wings,  
 The flames, which from his heavenly eyes outrun  
 Beguiled the earth and all her sable things ,  
 After a storm so spreadeth forth the sun  
 His rays and bands the clouds in golden strings,  
 Or in the stillness of a moonshine even  
 A falling star so glideth down from Heaven

But when the infernal troop he proachéd near, 63  
 That still the Pagans' ire and rage provoke,  
 The angel on his wings himself did bear,  
 And shook his lance, and thus at last he spoke,  
 "Have you not learned yet to know and fear  
 The Lord's just wrath, and thunder's dreadful stroke?  
 Or in the torments of your endless ill,  
 Are you still fierce, still proud, rebellious still?"

"The Lord hath sworn to break the iron bands 64  
 The brazen gates of Sion's fort which close,  
 Who is it that his sacred will withstands?  
 Against his wrath who dares himself oppose?  
 Go hence, you cursed, to your appointed lands,  
 The realms of death, of torments, and of woes,  
 And in the deeps of that infernal lake  
 Your battles fight, and there your triumphs make

"There tyrannise upon the souls you find 65  
 Condemned to woe, and double still their pains,  
 Where some complain, where some their teeth do grind,  
 Some howl, and weep, some clank their iron chains."  
 Thus said they fled, and those that stay'd behind,  
 With his sharp lance he driveth and constrains,  
 They sighing left the lands, his silver sheep  
 Where Hesperus doth lead, doth feed, and keep

And towards hell their lazy wings display, 66  
 To wreak their malice on the damned ghosts,  
 The birds that follow Titan's hottest ray,  
 Pass not in so great flocks to warmer coasts,  
 Nor leaves in so great numbers fall away  
 When winter nips them with his new come frosts,  
 The earth delivered from so foul annoy,  
 Recalled her beauty, and resumed her joy

But not for this in fierce Argantes' breast 67  
 Lessened the rancour and decreased the ire,  
 Although Alecto left him to infest  
 With the hot brands of her infernal fire,  
 Round his armed head his trenchant blade he blest,  
 And those thick ranks that seemed most entire  
 He breaks, the strong, the high, the weak, the low,  
 Were equalised by his murdering blow

Not far from him amid the blood and dust, 68  
Heads, arms, and legs, Clorinda strow'd wide,  
Her sword through Berengarius' breast she thrust,  
Quite through the heart, where life doth chiefly bide,  
And that fell blow she struck so sure and just,  
That 't his back his life and blood forth glide,  
Even in the mouth she smote Albinus then,  
And cut in twain the visage of the man

Germer's right hand she from his arm divided, 69  
Whereof but late she had received a wound,  
The hand his sword still held, although not guided,  
The fingers half alive stirr'd on the ground,  
So from a serpent slain the tail divided  
Moves in the grass, rolleth and tumbleth round,  
The championess so wounded left the knight,  
And gainst Achilles turned her weapon bright

Upon his neck light that unhappy blow, 70  
And cut the sinews and the throat in twain,  
The head fell down upon the earth below,  
And soiled with dust the visage on the plain,  
The headless trunk a woeful thing to know,  
Still in the saddle seated did remain,  
Until his steed, that felt the reins at large  
With leaps and flings that burden did discharge

While thus this fur and fierce Bellona slew 71  
The western lords, and put their troops to flight,  
Giddippes rag'd mongst the Pagan crew,  
And low in dust laid many a worthy knight  
Like was their sex, their beauty and their hue,  
Like was their youth, their courage and their might,  
Yet fortune would they should the battle try  
Of mightier foes, for both were fram'd to die

Yet wished they oft, and strove in vain to meet 72  
So great betwixt them was the press and throng  
But hardy Guelpho gainst Clorinda sweet  
Ventured his sword to work her harm and wrong,  
And with a cutting blow so did her greet,  
That from her side the blood streamed down along,  
But with a thrust an answer sharp she made,  
And twist his ribs colour'd some deal her blade

Lord Guelpho struck again, but hit her not,  
 For strong Osnuda haply passed by,  
 And not meant him, another's wound he got,  
 That cleft his front in twain above his eye  
 Near Guelpho now the battle waxed hot,  
 For all the troops he led gan thither lie,  
 And thither drew eke many a Paynim knight,  
 That fierce, stern, bloody, deadly waxed the fight

Meanwhile the purple morning peeped o'er  
 The eastern threshold to our half of land,  
 And Argillano in this great uproar  
 From prison loos'd was, and what he fand,  
 Those arms he hent, and to the field them bore,  
 Resolved to take his chance what came to hand,  
 And with great acts amid the Pagan host  
 Would win again his reputation lost.

As a fierce steed 'scaped from his stall at large,  
 Where he had long been kept for warlike need,  
 Runs through the fields unto the flowery marge  
 Of some green forest where he used to feed  
 His curled mane his shoulders broad doth charge  
 And from his lofty crest doth spring and spread,  
 Thunder his feet, his nostrils fire breathe out,  
 And with his neigh the world resounds about

So Argillan rushed forth, sparkled his eyes,  
 His front high lifted was, no fear therein,  
 Lightly he leaps and skips, it seems he flies,  
 He left no sign in dust imprinted thin,  
 And coming near his foes, he sternly cries,  
 As one that forced not all their strength to pin,  
 "You outcasts of the world, you men of naught  
 What hath in you this boldness newly wrought "

76

"Too weak are you to bear a helm or shield,  
 Unfit to arm your breast in iron bright,  
 You run half naked trembling through the field,  
 Your blows are feeble, and your hope in flight,  
 Your facts and all the actions that you wield,  
 The darkness hides, your bulwark is the night,  
 Now she is gone, how will your fights succeed?  
 Now better arms and better hearts you need "

77

While thus he spoke, he gave a cruel stroke 78  
Against Algazel's throat with might and main,  
And as he would have answered him, and spoke,  
He stopped his words, and cut his jaws in twain,  
Upon his eyes death spread his misty cloak,  
A chilling frost congealed every vein,  
He fell and with his teeth the earth he tore,  
Raging in death, and full of rage before

Then by his puissance mighty Sakadine, 79  
Proud Agricaht and Muleasses died,  
And at one wondrous blow his weapon fine,  
Did Adnazel in two parts divide,  
Then through the breast he wounded Ariadne,  
Whom dying with sharp taunts he gan deride,  
He lifting up uneath his feeble eyes,  
To his proud scorns thus answereth, ere he dies

"Not thou, whoe'er thou art, shall glory long 80  
Thy happy conquest in my death I trow,  
Like chance awaits thee from a hand more strong,  
Which by my side will shortly lay thee low "  
He smiled and said "Of nunc hour short or long  
Let heaven take care, but here meanwhile die thou,  
Pasture for wolves and crows," on him his foot  
He set, and drew his sword and life both out

Among this squadron rode a gentle page, 81  
The Sokkan's minion darling and delight,  
On whose fair chin the spring time of his age  
Yet blossomed out her flowers, small or light,  
The sweat spread on his cheeks with heat and rage  
Seemed pearls or morning dews on lilies white,  
The dust therein uprolled adorned his hair,  
His face seemed fierce and sweet, wrathful and fair

His steed was white, and white as purest snow 82  
That falls on tops of aged Apennine  
Lightning and storm are not so swift I trow  
As he to run, to stop, to turn and twine,  
A dart his right hand shaken, prest to throw,  
His cutlass by his thigh short, hooked, fine,  
And braving in his Turkish pomp he shone,  
In purple robe, o'erfret with gold and stone

83

The hardy boy, while thirst of warlike praise  
 Bewitched so his unadvised thought,  
 Gainst every band his childish strength assays,  
 And little danger found, though much he sought,  
 Till Argillan, that watched fit time always  
 In his swift turns to strike him as he fought,  
 Did unawares his snow white courser slay,  
 And under him his master tumbling lay

84

And gainst his face, where love and pity stand,  
 To pry him that rich throne of beauty spare,  
 The cruel man stretched forth his murdering hand,  
 To spoil those gifts, whereof he had no share  
 It seemed remorse and sense was in his brand  
 Which lighting flit, to hurt the lad forbore,  
 But all for nought, gainst him the point he bent  
 That, what the edge had spared, pierced and rent

85

Fierce Solymán that with Godfredo strived  
 Who first should enter conquest's glorious gate,  
 Left off the fray and thither headlong drove,  
 When first he saw the lad in such estate,  
 He brake the press, and soon enough arrived  
 To take revenge but to his aid too late,  
 Because he saw his Lesbine slain and lost,  
 Like a sweet flower nipped with untimely frost.

86

He saw wix dim the starlight of his eyes,  
 His ivory neck upon his shoulders fell,  
 In his pale looks kind pity's image lies,  
 That death even mourned, to hear his passing bell  
 His marble heart such soft impression tries,  
 That midst his wrath his manly tears outwell,  
 Thou weepst Solymán, thou that beheld  
 Thy kingdoms lost, and not one tear could yield

But when the murderer's sword he hapt to view  
 Dropping with blood of his Lesbino dard,  
 His pity vanished, ire and rage renew,  
 He had no leisure bootless tears to shed,  
 But with his blade on Argillano flew,  
 And cleft his shield, his helmet, and his head,  
 Down to his throat, and worthy was that blow  
 Of Solymán, his strength and wrath to show

And not content with this, down from his horse 88  
 He lights, and that dead carcass rent and tore,  
 Like a fierce dog that takes his angry course  
 To bite the stone which had him hit before  
 Oh comfort vain for grief of so great force,  
 To wound the senseless earth that feels no sore !  
 But mighty Godfrey 'gainst the Soldan's train  
 Spent not, this while, his force and blows in vain

A thousand hardy Turks affront he had 89  
 In sturdy iron armed from head to foot,  
 Resolved in all adventures good or bad,  
 In actions wise, in execution stout,  
 Whom Solyman into Arabia lad,  
 When from his kingdom he was first cast out,  
 Where living wild with their evil guide  
 To him in all extremes they faithful bide ,

All these in thickest order sure unite, 90  
 For Godfrey's valour small or nothing shrunk,  
 Corcutes first he on the face did smite,  
 Then wounded strong Rosteno in the flank  
 At one blow Selim's head he stroke off quite,  
 Then both Rossano's arms, in every rank  
 The boldest knights, of all that chosen crew,  
 He felléd, maimed, wounded, hurt and slew

While thus he killed many a Saracine 91  
 And all their fierce assaults unhurt sustamed,  
 Ere fortune wholly from the Turks declinéd,  
 While still they hopéd much, though small they gained,  
 Behold a cloud of dust, wherein doth shine  
 Lightning of war in midst thereof contained,  
 Whence unawares burst forth a storm of swords,  
 Which tremble made the Pagan knights and lords

These fifty champions were, mongst whom there stands 92  
 In silver field, the ensign of Christ's death,  
 If I had mouths and tongues as Briareus hands,  
 If voice as iron tough, if iron breath,  
 What harm this troop wrought to the heathen bands,  
 What knights they slew, I could recount unceath  
 In vain the Turks resist, the Arabians fly ,  
 If they fly, they are slain, if fight, they die

Fear, cruelty, grief, horror, sorrow, pain, 93  
 Run through the field, disguised in diverse shapes,  
 Death might you see triumphant on the plain,  
 Drowning in blood him that from blows escapes  
 The king meanwhile with parcel of his train  
 Comes hastily out, and for sure conquest craves,  
 And from a brink whereon he stood, beheld  
 The doubtful hazard of that bloody field

But when he saw the Pagans shrink away, 94  
 He sounded the retreat, and gave desire  
 His messengers in his behalf to pray  
 Argantes and Clorinda to retire,  
 The furious couple both at once sudnav,  
 Even drunk with shedding blood, and mad with ire,  
 At last they went, and to comfort thought  
 And stay their troops from flight, but all for nought

For who can govern cowardice or fear? 95  
 Their host already was begun to fly,  
 They cast their shields and cutting swords away,  
 As not defended but made slow thereby,  
 A hollow dale the city's bulwarks near  
 From west to south outstretched long doth lie,  
 Thither they fled and in a mist of dust,  
 Towards the walls they run, they throng, they thrust

While down the brink disordered thus they ran, 96  
 The Christian knights huge slaughter on them made,  
 But when to climb the other hill they gan,  
 Old Aladme came fiercely to the aid  
 On that steep brie Lord Guelpho would not than  
 Hazard his folk, but there his soldiers stayed,  
 And safe within the city's walls the king  
 The relics small of that sharp fight did bring

Meanwhile the Soldier in this latest charge 97  
 Had done as much as human force was able,  
 All sweat and blood appeared his members large,  
 His breath was short his courage waxed unstable,  
 His arm grew weak to bear his mighty surge,  
 His hand to rule his heavy sword unable,  
 Which bruised, not cut, so blunted was the blade  
 It lost the use for which a sword was made



Feeling his weakness, he gan musing stand, 98  
And in his troubled thought this question tossed,  
If he himself should murder with his hand,  
Because none else should of his conquest boast,  
Or he should save his life, when on the land  
Lay slain the pride of his subdued host,  
    "At last to fortune's power," quoth he, "I yield,  
And on my flight let her her trophies build

' Let Godfrey view my flight, and smile to see 99  
This mine unworthy second banishment,  
For armed again soon shall he hear of me,  
From his proud head the unsettled crown to rent,  
For, as my wrongs, my wrath etern shall be,  
At every hour the bow of war new bent,  
    I will arise again, a foe, fierce bold,  
    Though dead, though slain, though burnt to ashes cold. '

The Tenth Book  
OR  
GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE

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*THE ARGUMENT*

Ismaen from sleep awakes the Souldan great,  
And into Sion brings the Prince by night  
Where the sad king sits fearful on his seat  
Whom he emboldeneth and exites to fight  
Godfrido hears his lords and knights repeat  
How they escaped Arnidas wrath and spite  
Rinaldo known to live Peter foretells  
His offspring's virtue good deserts and praise.

---

A GALLANT steed, while thus the Soldan said, 1  
Came trotting by him, without lord or guide,  
Quickly his hand upon the reins he laid,  
And weak and weary climbéd up to ride,  
The snake that on his crest hot fire out braid  
Was quite cut off, his helm had lost the pride,  
His coat was rent, his harness hacked and cleft,  
And of his kingly pomp no sign was left

As when a savage wolf chased from the fold, 2  
To hide his head runs to some holt or wood,  
Who, though he filled have while it might hold  
His greedy paunch, yet hungreth after food,  
With sanguine tongue forth of his lips out rolled  
About his jaws that licks up foam and blood,  
So from this bloody fray the Soldan hied,  
His rage unquenched, his wrath unsatisfied.

And, as his fortune would, he 'scapéd free 3  
 From thousand arrows which about him flew,  
 From swords and lances, instruments that be  
 Of certain death, himself he safe withdrew,  
 Unknown, unseen, disguiséd, travelled he,  
 By desert paths and ways but used by few,  
 And rode revolving in his troubled thought  
 What course to take, and yet resolved on naught

Thither at last he meant to take his way, 4  
 Where Egypt's king assembled all his host,  
 To join with him, and once again assay  
 To win by fight by which so oft he lost  
 Determined thus, he made no longer stay,  
 But thitherward spurred forth his steed in post,  
 Nor need he guide the way right well he could,  
 That leads to sandy plains of Gaza old

Nor though his smarting wounds torment him oft, 5  
 His body weak and wounded back and side,  
 Yet rested he, nor once his armour doffed,  
 But all day long o'er hills and dales doth ride  
 But when the night cast up her shade aloft  
 And all earth's colours strange in sables dyed,  
 He light, and as he could his wounds upbound,  
 And shook ripe dates down from a palm he found

On them he supped, and amid the field 6  
 To rest his weary limbs awhile he sought,  
 He made his pillow of his broken shield  
 To ease the griefs of his distempered thought,  
 But little ease could so hard lodging yield,  
 His wounds so smarted that he slept right naught,  
 And, in his breast, his proud heart rent in twain,  
 Two inward vultures, Sorrow and Disdain

At length when midnight with her silence deep 7  
 Did heaven and earth hushed, still, and quiet make,  
 Sore watched and weary, he began to sleep  
 His cares and sorrows in oblivion's lake,  
 And in a little, short, unquiet sleep  
 Some small repose his fatiguing spirits took,  
 But, while he slept, a voice grave and severe  
 At unawares thus thundered in his ear:

"O Solyman ! thou far renowned king, 8  
 Till better season serve, forbear thy rest,  
 A stranger doth thy lands in thralldom bring,  
 Nice is a slave, by Christian yoke oppressed,  
 Sleepest thou here, forgetful of this thing,  
 That here thy friends lie slain, not laid in chest,  
 Whose bones bear witness of thy shame and scorn !  
 And wilt thou idly here attend the morn ?"

The king awoke, and saw before his eyes 9  
 A man whose presence seemed grave and old,  
 A withen staff his steps unstable guides,  
 Which served his feeble members to uphold  
 "And what art thou ?" the prince in scorn replies,  
 "What sprite to vex poor passengers so bold,  
 To break their sleep ? or what to thee belongs  
 My shame, my loss, my vengeance or my wrongs ?"

"I am the man of thine intent," quoth he, 10  
 "And purpose new that sure conjecture hath  
 And better than thou weenest know I thee  
 I proffer thee my service and my faith  
 My speeches therefore sharp and biting be,  
 Because quick words the whetstones are of wrath,—  
 Accept in gree, my lord, the words I spoke,  
 As spurs thine ire and courage to provoke

"But now to visit Egypt's mighty king, 11  
 Unless my judgment fail, you are prepared,  
 I prophesy, about a needless thing  
 You suffer shall a voyage long and hard  
 For though you stav, the monarch great will bring  
 His new assembled host to Juda ward,  
 No place of service there no cause of fight,  
 Nor gainst our foes to use your force and might.

"But if you follow me, within this wall 12  
 With Christian arms hemmed in on every side,  
 \* Withouten battle, fight, or stroke at all,  
 Even at noonday, I will you safely guide,  
 Where you delight, rejoice, and glory shall  
 In perils great to see your prowess tried.  
 That noble town you may preserve and shield,  
 Till Egypt's host come to renew the field"

While thus he parleyed, of this aged guest 13  
The Turk the words and looks did both admire,  
And from his haughty eyes and furious breast  
He lud apart his pride, his rage and ire,  
And humbly said, "I willing am and prest  
To follow where thou leadeest reverend sire,  
And that advice best fits my angry vein  
That tells of greatest peril, greatest pain "

The old man praised his words, and for the air 14  
His late receiv'd wounds to worse disposes,  
A quintessence therein he poured fair,  
That stops the bleeding, and incision closes  
Beholding then before Apollo's chair  
How fresh Aurora violets strewed and roses,  
"Its time, he says, "to wend, for Titan bright  
To wonted labour summons every wight

And to a chariot, that beside did stand, 15  
Ascended he, and with him Solyman,  
He took the reins, and with a mastering hand  
Ruled his steeds, and whipped them now and than,  
The wheels or horses' feet upon the land  
Had left no sign nor token where they ran,  
The coursers pant and smoke with lukewarm sweat  
And, foaming cream, their iron mouthfuls eat

The air about them round, a wondrous thing, 16  
Itself on heaps in solid thickness drew,  
The chariot hiding and environing,  
The subtle mist no mortal eye could view,  
And yet no stone from engine cast or sling  
Could pierce the cloud, it was of proof so true,  
Yet seen it was to them within which ride,  
And heaven and earth without, all clear beside

His beetle brows the Turk amazed bent, 17  
He winkled up his front, and wildly stared  
Upon the cloud and chariot as it went,  
Nor speed to Cynthia's car right well compar'd  
The other seeing his astonishment  
How he bewondered was, and how he fared,  
All suddenly by name the prince gan call,  
By which awak'd thus he spoke withal

“And their great empire and usurped state 23  
Shall overthrown in dust and ashes lie  
Their woeful remnant in an angle strait  
Compassed with sea themselves shall fortify,  
From thee shall spring this lord of war and fate”  
Whereto great Solyman gan thus reply  
“O happy man to so great praise ybore”  
Thus he rejoiced, but yet envied more,

And said, “Let chance with good or bad aspect 24  
Upon me look as sacred Heaven's decree,  
This heart to her I never will subject,  
Nor ever conquered shall she look on me  
The moon her chariot shall awry direct  
Ere from this course I will diverted be”  
While thus he spake, it seemed he breathed fire,  
So fice his courage was, so hot his ire

Thus talked they, till they arrived been 25  
Nigh to the place where Godfrey's tents were reared  
There was a woeful spectacle yseen,  
Death in a thousand ugly forms appeared,  
The Soldan changed hue for grief and teen,  
On that sad book his shame and loss he lered,  
Ah, with what grief his men, his friends he found,  
And standards proud, inglorious lie on ground”

And saw one visage of some well known friend, 26  
In foul despite, a rascal Frenchman tread,  
And there another ragged peasant rend  
The arms and garments from some champion dead  
And there with stately pomp by heaps they wend  
And Christians slain roll up in webs of lead  
Lastly the Turks and slain Arabians brought  
On heaps, he saw them burn with fire to naught

Deeply he sighed, and with naked sword 27  
Out of the coach he leaped in the mire,  
But Ismen called again the angry lord,  
And with grave words apperced his foolish ire  
The prince content remounted at his word,  
Towards a hill on drove the aged sire  
And hasting forward up the brook they pass  
Till far behind the Christian leaguer was

There they alight and took their way on foot, 28  
 The empty chariot vanished out of sight,  
 Yet still the cloud environed them about  
 At their left hand down went they from the height  
 Of Sion's Hill, till they approached the route  
 On that side where to west he looketh right,  
 There Ismen stayéd and his eyesight bent  
 Upon the bushy rocks, and thither went

A hollow cave was in the craggy stone, 29  
 Wrought out by hand a number years tofore,  
 And for of long that way had walled none,  
 The vault was hid with plants and bushes hoar,  
 The wizard stooping in thereat to gone,  
 The thorns aside and scratching brambles bore,  
 His right hand sought the passage through the cleft,  
 And for his guide he gave the prince his left

"What," quoth the Soldan, "by what privy mine, 30  
 What hidden vault behoves it me to creep?  
 This sword can find a better way than thine,  
 Although our foes the passage guard and keep."  
 "Let not," quoth he, "thy princely foot repine  
 To tread this secret path, though dark and deep,  
 For great King Herod used to tread the same,  
 He that in arms had whilom so great fame

"This passage made he, when he would suppress 31  
 His subjects' pride, and them in bondage hold,  
 By this he could from that small fortteress  
 Antonia called, of Antonv the bold,  
 Convey his folk unseen of more and less  
 Even to the midst of the temple old,  
 Thence, hither, where these privy ways begin,  
 And bring unseen whole armies out and in

"But now save I in all this world lives none 32  
 That knows the secret of this darksome place,  
 Come then where Aladine sits on his throne,  
 With lords and princes set about his grace,  
 He feareth more than fitteth such an one,  
 Such signs of doubt show in his cheer and face,  
 Filly you come, hear see, and keep you still,  
 Till time and season serve, then speak your fill"

This said, that narrow entrance passed the knight, 33  
So creeps a camel through a needle's eye,  
And through the ways as black as darkest night  
He followed him that did him rule and guide,  
Strait was the way at first, withouten light,  
But further in, did further amplify,  
So that upright walked at ease the men  
Ere they had passed half that secret den.

A privy door Ismen unlocked at last, 34  
And up they clomb a little used stair,  
Thereat the day a feeble beam in cast,  
Dim was the light, and nothing clear the air,  
Out of the hollow cave at length they passed  
Into a goodly hall, high, broad and fair,  
Where crowned with gold, and all in purple clad  
Sate the sad king, among his nobles sad

The Turk, close in his hollow cloud imbarred, 35  
Unseen, at will did all the prease behold  
These heavy speeches of the king he heard,  
Who thus from lofty siege his pleasure told,  
"My lords, last day our state was much unpaired,  
Our friends were slain, killed were our soldiers bold,  
Great helps and greater hopes we us bereft,  
Nor aught but aid from Egypt land is left

"And well you see far distant is that aid, 36  
Upon our heels our danger treadeth still,  
For your advice was this assembly made,  
Each what he thinketh speak, and what he will."  
A whisper soft arose when this was said,  
As gentle winds the groves with murmur fill,  
But with bold face, high looks and merry cheer,  
Argantes rose, the rest their talk forbear

"O worthy sovereign," thus began to say 37  
The hardy young man to the tyrant wise,  
'What words be these? what fears do you dismay?  
Who knows not this, you need not our advice'  
But on our hand your hope of conquest lay,  
And, for no loss true virtue diminishes,  
Make her our shield, pray her us succours give,  
And without her let us not wish to live



38  
 "Nor say I this for that I aught misdeem  
 That Egypt's promised succours fail us might,  
 Doubtful of my great master's words to seem  
 To me were neither lawful, just, nor right!  
 I speak these words, for spurs I them esteem  
 To waken up each dull and fearful sprite,  
 And make our hearts resolved to all assays,  
 To win with honour, or to die with praise"

39  
 Thus much Argantes said, and said no more,  
 As if the case were clear of which he spoke  
 Orcano rose, of princely stem ybore,  
 Whose presence amongst them bore a mighty stroke,  
 A man esteemed well in arms of yore,  
 But now was coupled new in marriage yoke,  
 Young babes he had, to fight which made him loth,  
 He was a husband and a father both

40  
 "My lord," quoth he, "I will not reprehend  
 The earnest zeal of thine audacious speech,  
 From courage sprung, which seldom is close ypend  
 In swelling stomach without violent breach  
 And though to you our good Circassian friend  
 In terms too bold and fervent oft doth preach,  
 Yet hold I that for good, in warlike feat  
 For his great deeds respond his speeches great

41  
 "But if it you beseem, whom graver age  
 And long experience hath made wise and sly,  
 To rule the heat of youth and bawdy rage,  
 Which somewhat have misled this knight awry,  
 In equal balance ponder then and gauge  
 Your hopes far distant, with your perils nigh,  
 This town's old walls and rampires now compare  
 With Godfrey's forces and his engines rare

42  
 "But, if I may say what I think unblamed,  
 This town is strong, by nature, site and art,  
 But engines huge and instruments are framed  
 Against these defences by our adverse part,  
 Who thinks him most secure is earliest shamed,  
 I hope the best, yet fear unconstant mart,  
 And with this wage if we be long up pent,  
 Famine I doubt, our store will all be spent

43  
 "For all that store of cattle and of grain  
 Which yesterday within these walls you brought,  
 While your proud foes triumphant through the plain  
 On naught but shedding blood, and conquest thought,  
 Too little is this city to sustain,  
 To raise the siege unless some means be sought,  
 And it must last till the prefixed hour  
 That it be raised by Egypt's aid and power

44  
 "But what if that appointed day they miss?  
 Or else, ere we expect, what if they come?  
 The victory yet is not ours for this,  
 Oh save this town from ruin, us from shame!  
 With that same Godfrey still our warfare is  
 These armies, soldiers, captains are the same  
 Who have so oft amid the dusty plain  
 Turks, Persians, Syrians and Arabians slain

45  
 "And thou Argantes wotest what they be,  
 Oft hast thou fled from that victorious host,  
 Thy shoulders often hast thou let them see,  
 And in thy feet hath been thy safeguard most,  
 Clorinda bright and I fled eke with thee,  
 None than his fellows had more cause to boast,  
 Nor blame I any, for in every fight  
 We showed courage, valour, strength and might

46  
 "And though this hardy knight the certain threat  
 Of near approaching death to hear disdain,  
 Yet to this state of loss and danger great,  
 From this strong foe I see the tokens plain,  
 No fort how strong soe'er by art or seat,  
 Can hinder Godfrey why he should not reign  
 This makes me say,—to witness heaven I bring,  
 Zeal to this state, love to my lord and king—

47  
 "The King of Tripoli was well advised  
 To purchase peace, and so preserve his crown  
 But Solymán, who Godfrey's love despised,  
 Is either dead or deep in prison thrown,  
 Else fearful is he run away disguised,  
 And scant his life is left him for his own  
 And yet with gifts, with tribute, and with gold  
 He might in peace his empire still have hold

This spoke O Jerusalem crying gae  
 In words full of sorrow that he would have said,  
 To a c or peace or field him as a slave  
 He dare no on his own person  
 But a who e would he Solcan gar to raise,  
 And gun i his wild wrath in the clo d he raised  
 From I men this because, How can it be  
 That wo co my lord? or these repro che

O, he the strong, doth he, r n i e a a cor  
 I turn, and gar me will to b d i n  
 This s d, in smoky cloud was aer and o'ry,  
 Which like a veil upon the m we clad by,  
 And us o open heaven to Jewish was some,  
 And let me see in the r o i g n o m e c y  
 With princely look and the d e s s o s b e r t y,  
 And on a sudden, this declaration, m m.

' Of whom you speak o' the Sultan here,  
 Neither afraid no run away to crowd,  
 And last he o' the day, less and fables we e,  
 This head shall prove upon a coward's head,  
 I who he e shed a s o u t o o d w e l l e a r,  
 And reaped up mountains at h i c t C h r i s t i a n e a r,  
 I in their camp was a l m a i n t a i n e d a n d e a r,  
 M' men all m e a n d, I am run away

If this, or any covert vile device,  
 False o' r o' false and cowardly care, really,  
 And speak of concord with women of pride,  
 By your good leave S h i n' here shall re e,  
 The lamps and women shall n o r e u l d u m e,  
 The doves and -proun s in o' e n h a i l e.  
 Be e o n e t o r n u s a n d t h e s e C h r i s t i a n s u l l  
 In peace and love un t a n o n e u l l.

While this he said, he s o u d a n t e c a n a n d  
 He said and s i g n e d i n t h e a n d g l e  
 Dumb stood t a h a n a, so a e a d u l w a s h i s w o u,  
 A s o r n w a s t a n s o n t, n r e i n h i s e y e s,  
 He turned a l u t o S i o r a a g e d l o r d,  
 And calmed n s u a s u n t i n s u m o n e u l l  
 Be o o' a d o n n e g o o d p r i e, v a a n d i t n n s  
 Since d u l m a n s j o e d w i t h J u d a s k i n g.

King Aladine from his rich throne upstart 53  
 And said, "Oh how I joy thy face to view,  
 My noble friend! it lesseneth in some part  
 My grief for slaughter of my subject's true,  
 My weak estate to establish come thou art,  
 And mayest thine own reign in time renew,  
 If Heavens consent" with that the Soldan bold  
 In dear embraces did he long enfold

Their greetings done, the king resigned his throne 54  
 To Solymn, and set himself beside  
 In a rich seat adorned with gold and stone  
 And Ismen sat at his elbow side  
 Of whom he asked what way they two had gone  
 And he declared all what had them betide  
 Clorinda bright to Solymn addressed  
 Her salutations first, then all the rest

Among them rose Ormusca valiant knight 55  
 Whom late the Soldan with a convoy sent  
 And when most hot and bloody was the fight,  
 By secret paths and blind byways he went,  
 Till aided by the silence and the night  
 Safe in the city's walls himself he pent  
 And there refreshed with corn and cattle store  
 The pined soldiers, famished high before

With surly countenance and disdainful grace, 56  
 Sullen and sad sat the Circassian stout  
 Like a fierce lion grumbling in his place  
 His fiery eyes that turns and rolls about  
 Nor durst Ormusca view the Soldan's face  
 But still upon the floor did pore and tout  
 Thus with his lords and peers in counselling,  
 The Turkish monarch sat with Juda's king

Godfrey this while gave victory the rein, 57  
 And following her the straits he opened all  
 Then for his soldiers and his captains slain,  
 He celebrates a stately funeral,  
 And told his camp with n a day or twain  
 He would assault the city's mighty wall  
 And all the neathen there enclosed doth threat  
 With fire and sword, with death and danger great

# JERUSALEM DELIVERED

46

Thus spake Orcines, and some inkling gave  
 In doubtful words of that he would have said,  
 To sue for peace or yield himself a slave  
 He durst not openly his king persuade  
 But at those words the Soldan gan to rave,  
 And gaunst his will wrapt in the cloud he stryed,  
 Whom Ismen thus bespake, "How can you bear  
 These words, my lord? or these reproaches hear?"

49

"Oh, let me speak," quoth he, "with me and scorn  
 I burn, and gaunst my will thus bid I stay!"  
 This said, the smoky cloud was cleft and torn,  
 Which like a veil upon them stretched lay,  
 And up to open heaven forthwith was borne,  
 And left the prince in view of lightsome day  
 With princely look amid the press he shined,  
 And on a sudden, thus declared his mind

50

"Of whom you speak behold the Soldan here,  
 Neither afraid nor run away for dread,  
 And that these slanders, lies and fables were,  
 This hand shall prove upon that coward's head,  
 I who have shed a sea of blood well near,  
 And heaped up mountains high of Christians dead,  
 I in their camp who still maintained the fray,  
 My men all murdered, I that run away

51

"If this, or any coward vile beside,  
 False to his faith and country, dares reply,  
 And speak of concord with yon men of pride,  
 By your good leave, Sir King, here shall he die,  
 The lambs and wolves shall in one fold abide,  
 The doves and serpents in one nest shall lie  
 Before one town us and these Christians shall  
 In peace and love unite within one wall"

52

While thus he spoke, his broad and trenchant sword  
 His hand held high aloft in threatening guise,  
 Dumb stood the knights, so dreadful was his word,  
 A storm was in his front, fire in his eyes,  
 He turned at last to Sion's aged lord,  
 And calmed his visage stern in humbler wise  
 'Benold,' quoth he, "good prince, what aid I bring,  
 Since Solyman is joined with Juda's king?"

King Aladine from his rich throne upstart 33  
 And said, "Oh how I joy thy face to view,  
 My noble friend! it lesseneth in some part  
 My grief, for slaughter of my subjects true,  
 My weak estate to stablish come thou art,  
 And mayest thine own again in time renew,  
 If Heavens consent" with that the Soldan bold  
 In dear embracements did he long enfold.

Their greetings done, the king resigned his throne 34  
 To Solymán, and set himself beside  
 In a rich seat adorned with gold and stone,  
 And Ismén ságe did at his elbow bide,  
 Of whom he asked what way they two had gone,  
 And he declared all what had them benide  
 Clorinda bright to Solymán addressed  
 Her salutations first, then all the rest

Among them rose Ormusses' valiant knight, 55  
 Whom late the Soldan with a convoy sent,  
 And when most hot and bloody was the fight,  
 By secret paths and blind byeways he went,  
 Till aided by the silence and the night  
 Safe in the city's walls him-self he pent,  
 And there refreshed with corn and cattle store  
 The pined soldiers, famished nigh before.

With surly countenance and disdainful grace, 56  
 Sullen and sad sat the Circassian stout,  
 Like a fierce lion grumbling in his place,  
 His fiery eyes that turns and rolls about,  
 Nor durst Orcanes view the Soldan's face,  
 But still upon the floor did pore and tout  
 Thus with his lords and peers in counselling,  
 The Turkish monarch sat with Judas's king

Godfrey this while gave victory the run, 57  
 And following her the straits he opened all,  
 Then for his soldiers and his captains slain,  
 He celebrates a stately funeral,  
 And told his camp within a day or twain  
 He would assault the city's mighty wall  
 And all the heathen there enclosed doth threat  
 With fire and sword, with death and danger great

And for he had that noble squadron known, 58  
 In the last fight which brought him so great aid,  
 To be the lords and princes of his own  
 Who followed late the sly enticing maid,  
 And with them Tancred, who had late been thrown  
 In prison deep, by that false witch betrayed,  
 Before the hermit and some private friends,  
 For all those worthies, lords and knights, he sends,

And thus he said, "Some one of you declare 59  
 Your fortunes, whether good or to be blamed,  
 And to assist us with your valours rare  
 In so great need, how was your coming framed?"  
 They blush, and on the ground amazed stare,  
 For virtue is of little guilt ashamed,  
 At last the English prince with countenance bold,  
 The silence broke, and thus their errors told

"We, not elect to that exploit by lot, 60  
 With secret flight from hence ourselves withdrew,  
 Following false Cupid, I deny it not,  
 Enticed forth by love and beauty's hue,  
 A jealous fire burnt in our stomachs hot,  
 And by close ways we passed least in view,  
 Her words, her looks, alas I know too late,  
 Nursed our love, our jealousy, our hate

"At last we gan approach that woeful chime, 61  
 Where fire and brimstone down from Heaven was sent  
 To take revenge for sin and shameful crime  
 Gainst kind commit, by those who nould repent,  
 A loathsome lake of brimstone, pitch and lime,  
 O'ergoes that land, erst sweet and redolent,  
 And when it moves, thence stench and smoke up flies  
 Which dim the welkin and infect the skies

"This is the lake in which yet never might 62  
 Aught that hath weight sink to the bottom down,  
 But like to cork or leaves or feathers light,  
 Stones, iron, men, there fleet and never down,  
 Therein a castle stands, to which by sight  
 But o'er a narrow bridge no way is known,  
 Hither us brought, here welcomed us the witch,  
 The house within was sately, pleasant, rich

“The heavens were clear, and wholesome was the air, 63  
High trees, sweet meadows, waters pure and good,  
For there in thickest shade or myrtles fair  
A crystal spring poured out a silver flood,  
Amid the herbs, the grass and flowers rare,  
The falling leaves down pattered from the wood,  
The birds sung hymns of love, yet speak I naught  
Of gold and marble rich, and richly wrought

“Under the curtain of the greenwood shade, 64  
Beside the brook upon the velvet grass,  
In massy vessel of pure silver made,  
A banquet rich and costly furnished was,  
All beasts, all birds beguiled by fowler's trade,  
All fish were there in floods or seas that pass,  
All dainties made by art, and at the table  
An hundred virgins served, for husbands able

‘She with sweet words and false enticing smiles, 65  
Infused love among the dainties set,  
And with empoisoned cups our souls beguile,  
And made each knight himself and God forget  
She rose and turned again within short whiles,  
With changed looks where wrath and anger met,  
A charming rod, a book with her she brings,  
On which she mumbled strange and secret things

“She read, and change I felt my will and thought, 66  
I longed to change my life, and place of biding,  
That virtue strange in me no pleasure wrought,  
I leapt into the flood myself there hiding.  
My legs and feet both into one were brought,  
Mine arms and hands into my shoulders sliding,  
My skin was full of scales, like shields of brass  
Now made a fish, where late a knight I was

‘The rest with me like shape, like garments wore 67  
And dived with me in that quicksilver stream,  
Such mind, to my remembrance then I bore,  
As when on vain and foolish things men dream,  
At last our shape it pleased her to restore,  
Then full of wonder and of fear we seem,  
And with an ireful look the angry maid  
Thus threatened us, and made us thus afraid.



" 'You see,' quoth she, 'my sacred might and skill,  
 How you are subject to my rule and power,  
 In endless thralldom damned if I will  
 I can torment and keep you in this tower,  
 Or make you birds, or trees on craggy hill,  
 To bide the bitter blasts of storm and shower,  
 Or harden you to rocks on mountains old,  
 Or melt your flesh and bones to rivers cold

68

" 'Yet may you well avoid mine ire and wrath,  
 If to my will your yielding hearts you bend,  
 You must forsake your Christendom and faith,  
 And gainst Godfredo false my crown defend  
 We all refused, for speedy death each prayeth,  
 Save false Rinaldo, he became her friend,  
 We in a dungeon deep were helpless cast,  
 In misery and iron chained fast

69

' Then, for alone they say falls no mishap,  
 Within short while Prince Tancred thither came  
 And was unware surprised in the trap  
 But there short while we staved the wild dame  
 In other folds our mischiefs would upwrap  
 From Hidraort an hundred horsemen came,  
 Whose guide, a baron bold to Egypt's king,  
 Should us disarmed and bound in fetters bring

70

" Now on our way, the way to death we ride,  
 But Providence Divine thus for us wrought,  
 Rinaldo, whose high virtue is his guide  
 To great exploits exceeding human thought,  
 Met us and all at once our guard defied,  
 And ere he left the fight to earth them brought,  
 And in their harness armed us in the place  
 Which late were ours, before our late disgrace

71

" I and all these the hardy champion knew,  
 We saw his valour, and his voice we heard,  
 Then is the rumour of his death untrue,  
 His life is safe, good fortune long it guard,  
 Three times the golden sun hath risen new,  
 Since us he left and rode to Antioch ward,  
 But first his armour, broken, hacked and cleft  
 Unfit for service, there he doft and left '

72

Thus spake the Briton prince, with humble cheer 73  
 The hermit sage to heaven cast up his eyne,  
 His colour and his countenance changéd were,  
 With heavenly grace his looks and visage shine,  
 Ravished with zeal his soul approached near  
 The seat of angels pure, and saints divine,  
 And there he leained of things and haps to come,  
 To give foreknowledge true, and certuin doom

At last he spoke, in more than human sound, 74  
 And told what things his wisdom greut foresaw,  
 And at his thundering voice the foll around  
 Attentive stood, with tiembling and with awe  
 "Rinaldo lives, he said the tokens found  
 From women's craft their false beginnings draw,  
 He lives, and heaven will long preserve his days,  
 To greater glory, and to greater pruse

'These are but trifles yet, though Asia's kings 75  
 Shrink at his name, and tremble at his view,  
 I well foresee he shall do greater things,  
 And wicked emperors conquer and subdue,  
 Under the shadow of his eagle's wings  
 Shall holy Church preserve her sacred crew,  
 From Cæsar's bird he shall the sable trim  
 Pluck off, and breul her talons sharp in twain

"His children's children at his hardiness 76  
 And greut attemp's shall take example fur,  
 From emperors unjust in all distress  
 They shall defend the state of Peter's chair,  
 To raise the humble up, pride to suppress,  
 To help the innocents, shall be their cure  
 This bird of cast shall fly with conquest great,  
 As far as moon gives light or sun gives heat,

"Her eyes behold the truth and purest light, 77  
 And thunders down in Peter's and she brings,  
 And where for Christ and Christian truth men fight,  
 There forth she spreideth her victorie's wings  
 This virgine nature gives her and th's in it  
 Th' a lure her home, for on her presence h' it  
 The copy cast of this great enterprise,  
 So H. w. d. c. e. m. d. s. m. u. n. d. th. c.

These words of his of Prince Rinaldo's death  
Out of their troubled hearts, the fear had rased ;  
In all this joy yet Godfrey smiled uneth,  
In his wise thought such care and heed was placed  
But now from deeps of regions underneath  
Night's veil arose, and sun's bright lustre chased,  
When all full sweetly in their cabins slept,  
Save he, whose thoughts his eyes still open kept

## The Eleventh Book

OR

# GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE.

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### THE ARGUMENT

With grave procession songs and psalms devout  
Heaven's sacred aid the Christ an lords invoke  
That done they scale the wall which kept them out  
The fort's almost won the gates nigh broke  
Godfrey is wounded by Clorinda stout  
And lost is that day's conquest by the stroke  
The angel cures him he returns to fight  
But lost his labour for day lost his light

---

THE Christian army's great and puissant guide,  
To assault the town that all his thoughts had bent,  
Did ladders, rams, and engines huge provide,  
When reverend Peter to him gravely went,  
And drawing him with sober grace aside,  
With words severe thus told his high intent,  
' Right well, my lord, these earthly strengths you move,  
But let us first begin from Heaven above

1

"With public prayer, zeal and faith devout,  
The aid, assistance, and the help obtain  
Of all the blessed of the heavenly rout,  
With whose support you conquest sure may gain,  
First let the priests before thine armies stout  
With sacred hymns their holy voices strain  
And thou and all thy lords and peers with them,  
Of godliness and faith examples be"

2

But yet with sacred notes the hosts proceed,  
 Though blasphemies they hear and curséd things ,  
 So with Apollo's harp Pan tones his reed,  
 So adders hiss where Philomela sings ,  
 Nor flying darts nor stones the Christians dread,  
 Nor arrows shot, nor quarries cast from slings ,  
     But with assured faith, as dreading naught,  
     The holy work begun to end they brought.

13

A table set they on the mountain's height  
 To minister thereon the sacrament,  
 In golden candlesticks a hallowed light  
 At either end of virgin wax there brent ,  
 In costly vestments sacred William dight,  
 With fear and trembling to the altar went,  
     And prayer there and service loud begins,  
     Both for his own and all the army's sins

14

Humbly they heard his words that stood him nigh,  
 The rest far off upon him bent their eyes,  
 But when he ended had the service high,  
 "You servants of the Lord depart," he cries  
 His hands he lifted then up to the sky,  
 And blessed all those warlike companies ,  
     And they dismissed returned the way they came,  
     Their order as before, their pomp the same

15

Within their camp arrived, this voyage ended,  
 Towards his tent the duke himself withdrew,  
 Upon their guide by heaps the bands attended,  
 Till his pavilion's stately door they view,  
 There to the Lord his welfare they commended,  
 And with him left the worthies of the crew,  
     Whom at a costly and rich feast he placed,  
     And with the highest room old Raymond graced

16

Now when the hungry knights sufficed are  
 With meat, with drink, with spices of the best,  
 Quoth he, ' When next you see the morning star,  
 To assault the town be ready all and prest  
 To-morrow is a day of pains and war,  
 This of repose, of quiet peace, and rest ,  
     Go, take your ease this evening, and this night,  
     And make you strong against to-morrow's fight "

17

They took their leave, and Godfrey's heralds rode  
 To intamate his will on every side,  
 And published it through all the lodgings broad,  
 That gainst the morn each should himself provide  
 Meanwhile they might their hearts of cares unload,  
 And rest their tired limbs that eveningtide,  
 Thus faréd they till night their eyes did close,  
 Night friend to gentle rest and sweet repose.

18

With little sign as yet of springing day  
 Out peeped, not well appeared the rising morn,  
 The plough yet tore not up the fertile lav,  
 Nor to their feed the sheep from folds return,  
 The birds sate silent on the greenwood spray  
 Amid the groves unheard was hound and horn,  
 When trumpets shrill, true signs of hardy fights,  
 Called up to arms the soldiers, called the knights.

19

"Arm, arm at once!" an hundred squadrons cried,  
 And with their cry to arm them all begin  
 Godfrey arose, that day he laid aside  
 His hauberk strong he wents to combat in,  
 And donned a breastplate fair, of proof untied,  
 Such one as footmen use, light, easy, thin  
 Scantly their lord thus clothéd had his gromes,  
 When aged Raymond to his presence comes

20

And furnished thus when he the man beheld,  
 By his attire his secret thought he guessed,  
 "Where is, quoth he, 'your sure and trusty shield?'  
 Your helm, your hauberk strong? where all the rest?  
 Why be you half disarmed? why to the field  
 Approach you in these weak defences dressed?  
 I see this day you mean a course to run,  
 Wherein may peril much, small praise be won

21

"Alas, do you that idle praise expect,  
 To set first foot this conquered wall above?  
 Of less account some knight thereto object  
 Whose loss so great and harmful cannot prove,  
 My lord, your life with greater care protect,  
 And love yourself because all us you love  
 Your happy life is spirit, soul and breath  
 Of all this camp, preserve it then from death

22

To this he answered thus, "You know," he said, 23  
 "In Clamont by mighty Urban's hand  
 When I was guded with this noble blade,  
 For Christ's true faith to fight in every land,  
 To God even then a secret vow I made,  
 Not as a captain here this day to stand  
 And give directions, but with shield and sword  
 To fight, to win, or die for Christ my Lord

"When all this camp in battle strong shall be 24  
 Ordained and ordered well disposed all,  
 And all things done which to the high degree  
 And sacred place I hold belongen shall,  
 Then reason is it, nor dissuade thou me,  
 That I likewise assault this sacred wall,  
 Lest from my vow to God late made I swerve  
 He shall this life defend, keep and preserve"

Thus he concludes, and every hardy knight 25  
 His sample followed, and his brethren twain,  
 The other princes put on harness light,  
 As footmen use but all the Pagan train  
 Towards that side bent their defensive might  
 Which lies exposed to view of Charles's wain  
 And Zephyrus sweet blasts, for on that part  
 The town was weakest, both by site and art.

On all parts else the fort was strong by site, 26  
 With mighty hills defenced from foreign rage,  
 And to this part the tyrant gan unite  
 His subjects born and bands that serve for wage,  
 From this exploit he spared nor great nor lite,  
 The aged men, and boys of tender age,  
 To fire of angry war still brought new fuel,  
 Stones, darts, lime, brimstone and bitumen cruel

All full of arms and weapons was the will 27  
 Under whose basis that fair plain doth run,  
 There stood the Soldan like a giant tall,  
 So stood at Rhodes the Coloss of the sun,  
 Waist high, Argantes showed himself withal,  
 At whose stern looks the French to quake begun,  
 Cleopatra on the corner tower alone,  
 In silver arms like rising Cynthia shone.

Her rattling quiver at her shoulders hung, 28  
Therein a flash of arrows feathered well  
In her left hand her bow was bended strong,  
Therein a shaft headed with mortal steel,  
So fit to shoot she singled forth among  
Her foes who first her quarries' strength should feel,  
So fit to shoot Latona's daughter stood  
When Niobe she killed and all her brood

The aged tyrant tottered on his feet 29  
From gate to gate, from wall to wall he flew,  
He comforts all his hands with speeches sweet,  
And every fort and bastion doth review,  
For every need prepared in every street  
New regiments he placed and weapons new  
The matrons grave within their temples high  
To idols false for succours call and cry,

"O Macon, break in twain the steeled lance 30  
Of wicked Godfrey with thy righteous hands,  
Against thy name he doth his arm advance,  
His rebel blood pour out upon these sands,"  
These cries within his ears no entrance  
Could find, for nought he hears, nought understands  
While thus the town for her defence ordains,  
His armies Godfrey ordereth on the plains,

His forces first on foot he forward brought, 31  
With goodly order, providence and art,  
And gainst these towers which to assail he thought,  
In battles twain his strength he doth depart,  
Between them crossbows stood, and engines wrought  
To cast a stone, a quarry, or a dart,  
From whence like thunder's dint or lightnings new  
Against the bulwark stones and lances flew

His men at arms did back his hands on foot, 32  
The lighthorse ride fir off and serve for wings,  
He gave the sign, so mighty was the rout  
Of those that shot with bows and cast with slings,  
Such storms of shafts and stones flew all about,  
That many a Pagan proud to death it brings  
Some died, some at their loops durst scant outpeep,  
Some fled and left the place they took to keep



The hardy Frenchmen, full of heat and haste, 33  
 Ran boldly forward to the ditches large,  
 And o'er their heads an iron pentice vast  
 They built, by joining many a shield and targe,  
 Some with their engines ceaseless shot and cast,  
 And volleys huge of arrows sharp discharge,  
 Upon the ditches some employed their pun  
 To fill the moat and even it with the plun

With slime or mud the ditches were not soft, 34  
 But dry and sandy, void of water clear  
 Though large and deep the Christians fill them oft  
 With rubbish, taggots, stones, and trees they bear.  
 Adrastus first advanced his crest aloft,  
 And boldly gave a strong scalado rear,  
 And through the falling storm did upward climb  
 Of stones, darts, arrows, fire, pitch and lime

The hardy Switzer now so far was gone 35  
 That half way up with ruckle pun he got,  
 A thousand weapons he sustained alone,  
 And his audacious climbing ceased not,  
 At last upon him fell a mighty stone,  
 As from some engine great it had been shot,  
 It broke his helm, he tumbled from the height,  
 The strong Circassian cast that wondrous weight,

Not mortal was the blow, yet with the fall 36  
 On earth sore bruised the man lay in a swoon  
 Argames giv' with boasting words to call,  
 "Who cometh next? this first is tumbled down,  
 Come hardy soldiers, come assault this wall,  
 I will not shrink, nor fly, nor hide my crown,  
 If in your trench yourselves for dread you hold,  
 There shall you die like sheep killed in their fold

Thus boasted he, but in their trenches deep, 37  
 The hidden squadrons kept themselves from scath,  
 The curtain made of shields did well off keep  
 Both darts and shot and scorned all their wrath  
 But now the rim upon the rumpiers steep,  
 On mighty beams his head advanced hath  
 With dreadful horns of iron tough trees great,  
 The walls and bulwarks trembled at his threat

An hundred able men meanwhile let fall 38  
 The weights behind, the engine tumbled down  
 And battered flat the battlements and wall  
 So fell Targetus hill on Sparta town,  
 It crushed the steeled shield in pieces small,  
 And beat the helmet to the wearers' crown,  
 And on the ruins of the walls and stones,  
 Dispersed left their blood their brains and bones

The fierce assailants kept no longer close 39  
 Under the shelter of their target fine,  
 But their bold fronts to chance of war expose,  
 And gainst those towers let their virtue shine,  
 The scaling ladders up to skies arose,  
 The ground works deep some closely undermine,  
 The walls before the Frenchmen shrink and shake,  
 And gaping a gulf of headlong falling make

And fallen they had, so far the strength extends 40  
 Of that fierce ram and his redoubted stroke,  
 But that the Pagans ere the place defends  
 And saved by warlike skill the wall might broke  
 For to what part so'er the engine bends  
 Their sacks of wool they place the blow to choke,  
 Whose yielding breaks the strokes thereon which light,  
 So weakness oft subdues the greatest might

While thus the worthies of the western crew 41  
 Maintained their brave assault and skirmish hot,  
 Her mighty bow Clorinda often drew,  
 And many a sharp and deadly arrow shot,  
 And from her bow no steeled shaft there flew  
 But that some blood the cursed engine got  
 Blood of some valiant knight or man of fame,  
 For that proud shootress scorned weaker game

The first she hit among the Christian peers 42  
 Was the bold son of England's noble king,  
 Above the trench himself he scantily rears,  
 But she an arrow loosed from the string,  
 The wicked steel his gaunt let breaks and tears,  
 And through his right hand thrust the piercing sting,  
 Disabled thus from fighting, he gave o'er,  
 Groaning for pain, but fretting more for rage

Lord Stephen of Ambrose on the ditch's brim, 43  
 And on a ladder high, Clotharius died,  
 From back to breast an arrow pierc'd him,  
 The other was shot through from side to side  
 Then as he managed brave his courser trim,  
 On his left arm he hit the Flemings' guide,  
 He stopped and from the wound the reed out tumbled,  
 But left the iron in his flesh behind

As Ademare stood to behold the fight 44  
 High on the hill, withdrawn to breathe a space,  
 A fatal shaft upon his forehead light,  
 His hand he lifted up to feel the place,  
 Whereon a second arrow chanced right  
 And ruled his hand unto his wounded face,  
 He fell, and with his blood distained the land,  
 His holy blood shed by a virgin's hand

While Palamede stood near the battlement, 45  
 Despisng pearls and all mishap,  
 And upwards still his hardy footings bent,  
 On his right eye he caught a deadly clap,  
 Through his right eye Clorinda's seventh shaft went,  
 And in his neck broke forth a bloody gap,  
 He underneath that bulwark dying fell,  
 Which late to scale and win he trusted well

Thus shot the maid the duke with hard assay 46  
 And sharp assault, meanwhile the town oppressed,  
 Against that part which to his campward lay  
 An engine huge and wondrous he addressed,  
 A tower of wood built for the town's decay  
 As high as were the walls and bulwarks best,  
 A turret full of men and weapons pent,  
 And yet on wheels it rolled, moved, and went

This rolling fort his high approaches made, 47  
 And darts and arrows spit against his foes,  
 As ships are wont in fight, so it assayed  
 With the strong wall to grapple and to close,  
 The Pagans on each side the piece invade,  
 And all their force against this mass oppose,  
 Sometimes the wheels, sometimes the battlement  
 With timber, logs and stones, they broke and rent

So thick flew stones and darts that no man sees 48  
The azure heavens, the sun his brightness lost,  
The clouds of weapons, like to swarms of bees,  
Met in the air, and there each other crossed  
And look how falling leaves drop down from trees,  
When the moist sap is nipped with timely frost,  
Or apples in strong winds from branches fall,  
The Saracens so tumbled from the wall

For on their part the greatest slaughter light, 49  
They had no shelter gaunt so sharp a shower,  
Some left on live betook themselves to flight,  
So feared they this deadly thundering tower  
But Solyman stayed like a valiant knight,  
And some with him, that trusted in his power,  
Argantes with a long beech tree in hand,  
Ran thither, this huge engine to withstand

With this he pushed the tower, and back it drives 50  
The length of all his tree a wondrous way,  
The hardy virgin by his side arrives,  
To help Argantes in this hard assay  
The brand that used the ram, this season strives  
To cut the cords, wherem the woolpacks lie,  
Which done, the sacks down in the trenches fall,  
And to the battery naked left the wall

The tower above, the ram beneath doth thunder, 51  
What lime and stone such puissance could abide ?  
The wall began, now bruised and crushed asunder,  
Her wounded lip to open broad and wide,  
Godfrey himself and his brought safely under  
The shattered wall where greatest breach he spied,  
Himself he saves behind his mighty target,  
A shield not used but in some desperate charge

From hence he sees where Solyman descends, 52  
Down to the threshold of the gaping breach,  
And there it seems the mighty prince intends  
Godfredo's hoped entrance to impeach  
Argantes, and with him the maid, defends  
The walls above to which the tower doth reach,  
His noble heart, when Godfrey this beheld,  
With courage new with wrath and valour swelled

He turned about and to good signat spake, 53  
 Who bare his greatest shield and mighty bow,  
 "That sure and trusty target let me take,  
 Impenetrable is that shield I know,  
 Over these ruins will I passage make,  
 And enter first the way is eath and low,  
 And time requires that by some noble feat  
 I should make known my strength and puissance great

He scant had spoken, scant received the charge, 54  
 When on his leg a sudden shaft him hit,  
 And through that part a hole made wide and large,  
 Where his strong sinews fastened were and knit  
 Clorinda, thou this arrow didst discharge,  
 And let the Pagans bless thy hand for it,  
 For by that shot thou savedst them that day  
 From bondage vile, from death and sure decay

The wounded duke, as though he felt no pain, 55  
 Still forward went, and mounted up the breach  
 His high attempt at first he would refrain,  
 And after called his lords with cheerful speech,  
*But when his leg could not his weight sustain,*  
 He saw his will did fur his power outreach,  
 And more he strove his grief increased the more,  
 The bold assault he left at length therefore

And with his hand he beckoned Guelfo near, 56  
 And said, "I must withdraw me to my tent,  
 My place and person in mine absence bear,  
 Supply my want, let not the fight relent,  
 I go, and will ere long again be here,  
 I go and straight return" this said, he went,  
 On a light steed he leaped, and o'er the green  
 He rode, but rode not, as he thought, unseen

When Godfrey parted, parted eke the heart, 57  
 The strength and fortune of the Christian bands,  
 Courage increased in their adverse part,  
 Wrath in their hearts, and vigour in their hands  
 Valour, success, strength, hardiness and art,  
 Raised in the princes of the western lands  
 Their swords were blunt, fruit was their trumpet's blast,  
 For sun was set, or eke with clouds o'ercast

Upon the bulwarks now appeared hold 58  
 That fearful band that late for dread was fled !  
 The women that Clorinda's strength behold,  
 Their country's love to war encouraged,  
 They weapons got, and fight like men they would,  
 Their gowns tucked up, their locks were loose and spread,  
 Sharp darts they cast, and without dread or fear,  
 Exposed their breasts to save their fortress dear

But that which most dismayed the Christian knights 59  
 And added courage to the Pagans most,  
 Was Guelpho's sudden fall in all men's sights,  
 Who tumbled headlong down his footing lost,  
 A mighty stone upon the worthy lights,  
 But whence it came none wist, nor from what coast  
 And with like blow, which more their hearts dismayed,  
 Beside him low in dust old Raymond laid

And Eustace eke within the ditches large, 60  
 To narrow shifts and last extremes they drive,  
 Upon their foes so fierce the Pagans charge,  
 And with good fortune so their blows they give  
 That whom they hit, in spite of helm or targe,  
 They deeply wound or else of life deprive  
 At this their good success Argantes proud,  
 Waxing more fell, thus roared and cried aloud

"This is not Antioch, nor the evening dark 61  
 Can help your privy sleights with friendly shade,  
 The sun yet shines, your falsehood can we mark,  
 In other wise this bold assault is made,  
 Of praise and glory quenched is the spark  
 That made you first these eastern lands invade,  
 Why cease you now ? why take you not this fort ?  
 What ! are you weary for a charge so short ?"

Thus ragéd he and in such hellish sort 62  
 Increased the fury in the brain sick knight,  
 That he esteemed that large and ample fort  
 Too strait a field, wherein to prove his might,  
 There where the breach had framed a new made port,  
 Himself he placed, with nimble ships and light,  
 He cleared the passage out, and thus he cried  
 To Solymus, that fought close by his side

‘ Come, Solyman, the time and place behold,  
That of our valours well may judge the doubt,  
What stayest thou? amongst these Christians bold  
First leap he forth that holds himself most stout  
While thus his will the mighty champion told,  
Both Solyman and he at once leaped out,  
Fury the first provoked, disdain the last,  
Who scorned the challenge ere his lips it passed

63

Upon their foes unlooked for they flew,  
Each spited other for his virtue’s sake,  
So many soldiers this fierce couple slew,  
So many shields they cleft and helms they break,  
So many ladders to the earth they threw,  
That well they seemed a mount thereof to make,  
Or else some virtue fit to save the town,  
Instead of that the Christians late beat down

64

The folk that strove with rage and haste before  
Who first the wall and rampire should ascend,  
Retire, and for that honour strive no more,  
Scantly they could their limbs and lives defend,  
They fled, their engines lost the Pagans tore  
In pieces small, their rams to naught they rend,  
And all unfit for further service make  
With so great force and rage their beams they brake

65

The Pagans run transported with their ire,  
Now here, now there, and woeful slaughters wrought,  
At last they called for devouring fire,  
Two burning pines against the tower they brought,  
So from the place of their hellish sire,  
When all this world they would consume to naught,  
The fury sisters come with fire in hands,  
Shaking their snaky locks and sparkling brands

66

But noble Imerca, who this while applied  
Gave exhortations to his bold Ladies,  
When of these knights the wondrous acts he spied,  
And saw the champions with their burning pines,  
He left his ark, and thither forthwith hied,  
To stop the rage of those full Saracines  
And with such force the fight he there renewed,  
That now they flew and lost who late pursued

67

Thus changed the state and fortune of the fray 68  
 Meanwhile the wounded duke, in grief and teen,  
 Within his great pavilion rich and gay,  
 Good Sigiene and Baldwin stood between,  
 His other friends whom his mishap dismay,  
 With grief and tears about assembled been  
 He strove in haste the weapon out to wind,  
 And broke the reed, but left the head behind

He bade them take the speediest way they might, 69  
 Of that unlucky hurt to make him sound,  
 And to lay ope the depth thereof to sight,  
 He willed them open, search and lance the wound,  
 "Send me again," quoth he, "to end this fight,  
 Before the sun be sunken under ground,"  
 And leaning on a broken spear, he thrust  
 His leg strught out, to him that cure it must

Erotimus, born on the banks of Po, 70  
 Was he that undertook to cure the knight,  
 All what green herbs or waters pure could do,  
 He knew their power, their virtue, and then might  
 A noble poet was the man also,  
 But in this science had a more delight,  
 He could restore to health death wounded men,  
 And make their names immortal with his pen

The mighty duke yet never changed cheer, 71  
 But grieved to see his friends lamenting stand,  
 The leech prepared his cloths and cleansing gear,  
 And with a belt his gown about him band,  
 Now with his herbs the steely head to tear  
 Out of the flesh he proved, now with his hand  
 Now with his hand now with his instrument  
 He shook and plucked it, yet not forth it went

His labour vain, his art prevailed naught, 72  
 His luck was ill, although his skill were good,  
 To such extremes the wounded prince he brought,  
 That with fell pain he swooned as he stood  
 But the angel pure, that kept him, went and sought  
 Divine dictaunum out of Ida wood,  
 This herb is rough and bears a purple flower,  
 And in his budding leaves lies all his power



Thither came Godfrey armed round about 78  
 In trusty plate, with fierce and dreadful look ,  
 At first approach against Argantes stout  
 Headed with poignant steel a lance he shook,  
 No casting engine with such force throws out  
 A knotty spear, and as the way it took,  
 It whistled in the air, the fearless knight  
 Opposed his shield against that weapon's might

The dreadful blow quite through his target drove 79  
 And bored through his breastplate strong and thick,  
 The tender skin it in his bosom rove  
 The purple blood out streamed from the quick ,  
 To wrest it out the wounded Pagan strove  
 And little leisure gave it there to stick ,  
 At Godfrey's head the lance again he cast,  
 And said, " Lo, there again thy dart thou hast

The spear flew back the way it lately came, 80  
 And would revenge the harm itself had done  
 But missed the mark whereto the man did aim,  
 He stepped aside the furious blow to shun  
 But Sigiene in his throat received the same,  
 The murdering weapon at his neck out run,  
 Nor aught it grieved the man to lose his breath,  
 Since in his prince's stead he suffered death

Even then the Soldan struck with monstrous main 81  
 The noble leader of the Norman band,  
 He reeled awhile and staggered with the pain,  
 And wheeling round fell grovelling on the sand  
 Godfrey no longer could the grief sustain  
 Of these displeasures, but with flaming brand  
 Up to the breach in heat and haste he goes,  
 And hand to hand there combats with his foes ,

And there great wonders surely wrought he had, 82  
 Mortal the fight and fierce had been the fray,  
 But that dark night, from her pavilion sad,  
 Her cloudy wings did on the earth display,  
 Her quiet shades she interposed glad  
 To cruse the knights their arms aside to lay  
 Godfrey withdrew and to their tents they wend,  
 And thus this bloody day was brought to end.

The weak and wounded ere he left the field,  
 The godly duke to safety thence conveyed,  
 Nor to his foes his engines would he yield,  
 In them his hope to win the fortress had,  
 Then to the tower he went, and it beheld,  
 The tower that late the Pagan lords dismayed  
 But now stood bruised, broken, cracked and shivered,  
 From some sharp storm as it were late delivered

83

From dangers great escaped, but late it was,  
 And now to safety brought wellnigh it seems,  
 But as a ship that under sail doth pass  
 The roaring billows and the raging streams,  
 And drawing nigh the wished port, alas,  
 Breaks on some hidden rocks her ribs and beams,  
 Or as a steed rough ways that well hath passed,  
 Before his inn stumpleth and falls at last

84

Such hap befel that tower, for on that side  
 Camst which the Pagans' force and battery hand  
 Two wheels were broke whereon the piece should ride,  
 The maimed engine could no further wend,  
 The troop that guarded it that part provide  
 To underprop with posts, and it defend  
 Till carpenters and cunning workmen came  
 Whose skill should help and rear again the same

85

Thus Godfrey bds and that ere springing day,  
 The cracks and bruises all amend they should,  
 Each open passage and each privy way  
 About the piece he kept with soldiers bold  
 But the loud rumour, both of that they say,  
 And that they do, is heard within the hold,  
 A thousand lights about the tower they view,  
 And what they wrought all night both saw and knew

86

## The Twelfth Book

OF

# GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE

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### THE ARGUMENT

Clorinda hears her eunuch old report  
Her birth her offspring and her native land  
Disguised she fireth Godfrey's rolling fort  
The burn'd piece falls smoking on the sand  
With iron red long unslain in desperate sort  
She fights and falls through pierc'd with his brand  
Christened she dies with sighs with plaints and tears  
He wails her death Argant revengement swears

---

NOW in dark night was all the world embarr'd, 1  
But yet the tired armies took no rest  
The cruel French kept heedful watch and ward,  
While their high tower the wolf men newly dressed,  
The Pagan crew to reinforce prepared  
The weakened bulwarks, late to earth down cast,  
Their rumpiers broke and bruised walls to mend,  
Lastly their hurts the wounded knights attend

Their wounds were dressed, part of the work was brought 2  
To wished end part left to other days,  
A dull desire to rest deep midnight wrought,  
His heavy rod sleep on their eyelids lays  
Yet rested not Clorinda's working thought  
Which thirsted still for fame and warlike praise,  
Argantes else accompanied the maid  
From place to place, which to herself thus said

3  
 "This day Argantes strong, and Solyman,  
 Strange things have done, and purchased great renown,  
 Among our foes out of the walls they ran,  
 Their rams they broke and rent their engines down,  
 I used my bow, of nought else boast I can,  
 My self stood safe meanwhile within this town,  
 And happy was my shot, and prosperous too,  
 But that was all a woman's hand could do

4  
 "On birds and beasts in forests wild that feed  
 It were more fit mine arrows to bestow,  
 Than for a feeble maid in warlike deed  
 With strong and hardy knights herself to show  
 Why take I not again my virgin's weed,  
 And spend my days in secret cell unknown?"  
 Thus thought, thus mused, thus detained the maid,  
 And turning to the night, at last thus said

5  
 "My thoughts are full, my lord, of strange desire  
 Some high attempt of war to undertake,  
 Whether high God my mind therewith inspire  
 Or of his will his God mankind doth make,  
 Among our foes behold the light and fire,  
 I will among them wend, and burn or break  
 The tower, God grant therein I have my will,  
 And that performed, betide me good or ill

6  
 "But if it fortune such my chance should be,  
 That to this town I never turn again,  
 Mine eunuch, whom I dearly love with thee  
 I leave my faithful maids, and all my train,  
 To Egypt then conducted safely see  
 Those woeful damsels and that aged swain  
 Help them, my lord, in that distressed case,  
 Their feeble sex, his age, deserves thy grace

7  
 Argantes wondering stood, and felt the effect  
 Of true renown pierce through his glorious mind  
 "And wilt thou go," quoth he, "and me neglect,  
 Disgraced, despised, leave in this fort behind?  
 Shall I while these strong walls my life protect  
 Behold thy flames and fires tossed in the wind,  
 No, no, thy fellow have I been in arms,  
 And will be still, in prison, in death, in harms



This spoken, ready with a proud refuse 13  
 Argantes was his proffered aid to scorn,  
 Whom Aladine prevents, and with excuse  
 To Solymán thus gan his speeches torn  
 "Right noble prince, as aye hath been your use  
 Your self so still you bear and long have borne,  
 Bold in all acts, no danger can afright  
 Your heart, nor tired is your strength with fight

"If you went forth great things perform you would 14  
 In my conceit yet far unfit it seems  
 That you, who most excel in courage bold,  
 At once should leave this town in these extremes,  
 Nor would I that these twain should leave this hold,  
 My heart their noble lives far worthier deems,  
 If this attempt of less importance were,  
 Or weaker posts so great a weight could bear

"But for well guarded is the mighty tower 15  
 With hardy troops and squadrons round about,  
 And cannot harmed be with little power,  
 Nor fit the time to send whole armies out  
 This pair who passed have many a dreadful stowre  
 And proffer now to prove this venture stout  
 Alone to this attempt let them go forth,  
 Alone than thousands of more price and worth

"Thou, as it best beseems a mighty king, 16  
 With ready bands besides the gate attend,  
 That when this couple have performed the thing,  
 And shall again their footsteps homeward bend,  
 From their strong foci upon them following  
 Thou may'st them keep preserve, save and defend '  
 Thus said the king, "The Soldán must consent,"  
 Silent remained the Turk, and discontent

Then Ismén said, "You twain that undertake 17  
 This hard attempt, a while I pray you stay,  
 Till I a wildfire of fine temper make,  
 That this great engine burn to ashes may,  
 Haply the guard that now doth watch and wake,  
 Will then be tumbled sleeping on the lay,  
 Thus they conclude, and in their chambers sit,  
 To wait the time for this adventure fit

Clorinda there her silver arms off rent, 18  
 Her helm, her shield, her hauberk shining bright,  
 An armour black as jet or coal she hent,  
 Wherein withouten plume herself she dight,  
 For thus disguised amid her foes she meant  
 To pass unseen, by help of friendly night,  
 To whom her eunuch, old Arsetes, came,  
 That from her cradle nursed and kept the dame

This aged sire had followed far and near, 19  
 Through lands and seas, the strong and hardy mould,  
 He saw her leave her arms and wonted gear  
 Her danger nigh that sudden change foresaw  
 By his white locks from black that changed were  
 In following her the woeful man her prey'd  
 By all his service and his talen pain,  
 To leave that fond attempt, but prived in vain

'At last, quoth he, "since huddled to thine ill, 20  
 Thy cruel heart is to thy loss prepared  
 That my weak age, nor tears that down distil,  
 Not numble suit, nor plaint, thou list regard,  
 Attend awhile, strange things unfold I will,  
 Hear both thy birth and high estate declared,  
 Follow my counsel or thy will thus done,"  
 She sat to hear, the eunuch thus begun

"Senapus ruled, and yet perchance dost thou 21  
 In mighty Ethiop, and her deserts waste,  
 The lore of Christ both he and all his train  
 Of people black, hath kept and long embraced,  
 To him a Persian was I sold for gun,  
 And with his queen, as her chief eunuch, placed,  
 Black was this queen as jet, yet on her eyes  
 Sweet loveliness, in black array'd, lies

'The fire of love and frost of jealousy, 22  
 His husband's troubled soul alike torment,  
 The rule of fond suspicion flow'd nigh,  
 For he can love and please to water content,  
 He ne'er hath up from slights or morbid eye,  
 No darts of cold or beams of anger bent  
 His eyes are full of love, by her unbefitting  
 Her joy or ease, her will, her wish and love

'Her prison was a chamber, painted round 23  
 With goodly portraits and with stories old,  
 As white as snow there stood a virgin bound,  
 Besides a dragon fierce, a champion bold  
 The monster did with poignant spear through wound,  
 The gored beast lay dead upon the mould,  
 The gentle queen before this image laid,  
 She pined, she mourned, she wept, she sighed, she prayed

At last with child she proved, and forth she brought, 24  
 And thou art she, a daughter fair and bright,  
 In her thy colour with new terror wrought,  
 She wondered on thy face with strange affright,  
 But yet she purposed in her fearful thought  
 To hide thee from the king, thy father's sight.  
 Lest thy bright hue should his suspect approve,  
 For sold a crow begets a silver dove

"And to her spouse to show she was disposed 25  
 A negro's babe late born, in room of thee,  
 And for the tower wherein she lay enclosed,  
 Was with her damsels only woud and me,  
 To me, on whose true faith she most reposed,  
 She gave thee, ere thou couldest christened be,  
 Nor could I since find means thee to baptize,  
 In Pagan lands thou knowest 't's not the guise

"To me she gave thee, and she wept withal, 26  
 To foster thee in some far distant place,  
 Who can her griefs and plaints to reckoning call,  
 How oft she swooned at the last embrace  
 Her streaming tears amid her kisses fall,  
 Her sighs, her dire complaints did interlace?  
 And looking up at last, 'O God,' quoth she,  
 'Who dost my heart and inward mourning set,'

"If mind and body spotless to this day, 27  
 If I have kept my bed still undefiled,  
 Not for myself a sinful wretch I pray,  
 That in thy presence am an abject wretched,  
 Preserve this babe, whose mother must deny  
 To nourish it, preserve this harmless child,  
 Oh let it live, and chaste be me it make  
 But for good fortune elsewhere sample take



“Thou heavenly soldier which delivered hast  
That sacred virgin from the serpent old,  
If on thine altars I have offerings placed  
And sacrificed myrrh, frankincense and gold,  
On this poor child thy heavenly looks down cast  
With gracious eye this silly babe behold ”

This said, her strength and living sprite was fled  
She sighed, she groaned, she swooned in her bed

“Weeping I took thee, in a little chest,  
Covered with herbs and leaves, I brought thee out  
So secretly, that none of all the rest  
Of such an act suspicion had or doubt,  
To wilderness my steps I first addressed,  
Where horrid shades enclosed me round about  
A tigress there I met, in whose fierce eyes  
Fury and wrath, rage, death and terror lies

“Up to a tree I leaped, and on the grass,  
Such was my sudden fear, I left thee lying  
To thee the beast with furious course did pass  
With curious looks upon thy visage prying,  
All suddenly both meek and mild she was,  
With friendly cheer thy tender body eyeing  
At last she licked thee, and with gesture mild  
About thee played, and thou upon her smiled

“Her fearful muzzle full of dreadful threat,  
In thy weak hand thou tookst withouten dread,  
The gentle beast with milk outstretched teat,  
As nurses custom, proffered thee to feed  
As one that wondereth on some marvel deed,  
I stood this while amazed at the deed  
When thee she saw well filled and satisfied,  
Unto the woods again the tigress hid

She gone down from the tree I came in haste,  
And took thee up and on my journey vend  
Within a little thorp I stayed at last,  
And to a nurse the charge of thee commend  
In forty days the thirteenth time I pass  
Till that thou wert into the world brought to care  
A little be thou little child I care do,  
With love I let thee up to play, and to go

" But having passed the August of mine age, 33  
 When more than half my tap of life was run,  
 Rich by rewards given by your mother sage,  
 For merits past, and service yet undone,  
 I longed to leave this wandering pilgrimage,  
 And in my native soil again to won,  
 To get some seely home I had desire,  
 Loth still to warm me at another's fire.

' To Egypt ward, where I was born, I went, 34  
 And bore thee with me, by a rolling flood,  
 Till I with savage thieves well nigh was hent,  
 Before the brook the thieves behind me stood  
 Thee to forsake I never could consent,  
 And gladly would I 'scape those outlaws wood,  
 Into the flood I leaped far from the brin,  
 My left hand bore thee, with the right I swim

" Swift was the current, in the middle stream 35  
 A whirlpool gaped with devouring jaws,  
 The gulf, on such mishap ere I could dream,  
 Into his deep abyss my carcass draws  
 There I forsook thee, the wild waters seem  
 To pity thee, a gentle wind there blows  
 Whose friendly puffs safe to the shore thee drive,  
 Where wet and weary I at last arrive

' I took thee up, and in my dream that night 36  
 When buried was the world in sleep and shade,  
 I saw a champion clad in armour bright,  
 That o'er my head shook a flaming blade,  
 He said I charge thee execute aight,  
 That charge this infant's mother on thee laid,  
 Baptize the child high Heaven esteems her dear,  
 And I her keeper will attend her near

" ' I will her keep, defend, save and protect, 37  
 I made the waters mild, the tigress tame,  
 O wretch that heavenly warnings dost reject!  
 The warrior vanished having said the same  
 I rose and journeyed on my way direct  
 When blushing morn from Tithon's bed forth came,  
 But for my faith is true and sure I ween,  
 And dreams are false, you still unchristened been.

"A Pagan therefore thee I fostered have, 38  
 Not of thy birth the truth did ever tell,  
 Since you increased are in courage brave,  
 Your sex and nature's self you both excel,  
 Full many a realm have you made bond and slave,  
 Your fortunes last yourself remember well,  
 And how in peace and war, in joy and teen,  
 I have your servant, and your tutor been

"Last morn, from skies ere stars evel'd were, 39  
 In deep and deathlike sleep my senses drowned,  
 The self same vision did again appear,  
 With stormy wrathful looks, and thundering sound,  
 'Villun, quoth he, 'within short while thy dear  
 Must change her life, and leave this sinful ground,  
 Thine be the loss, the torment, and the cure,'  
 This said, he fled through skies, through clouds and air

"Hear then my joy, my hope, my darling, hear, 40  
 High Heaven some dire misfortune threatened hath,  
 Displeased pardie, because I did thee here  
 A lore repugnant to thy parents' faith,  
 Ah, for my sake, this bold attempt forbear,  
 Put off these sable arms, appease thy wrath"  
 This said, he wept, she pensive stood and sad,  
 Because like dream herself but lately had

With cheerful smile she answered him at last, 41  
 "I will this faith observe, it seems me true,  
 Which from my cradle age thou taught me hast,  
 I will not change it for religion new,  
 Nor with vain shows of fear and dread aghast  
 This enterprise forbear I to pursue,  
 No, not if death in his most dreadful face  
 Wherewith he scareth mankind, kept the place."

Approchen gain the time, while thus she spake, 42  
 Wherem they ought that dreadful hazard try,  
 She to Argimæus went, who should partake  
 Of her renown and praise, or with her die  
 In such a words more hasty still did make  
 Th'invincible great, when by it all did fly,  
 In such a words more hasty still did make  
 Wherem erudied me, patch, and brings one wa

And forth they went, and over dale and hill 43  
 They hasted forward with a speedy pace,  
 Unseen, unmarked, undescried, until  
 Beside the engine close themselves they place,  
 New courage there their swelling hearts did fill,  
 Rage in their breasts, fury shown in their face,  
 They yearned to blow the fire, and draw the sword  
 The watch descried them both, and gave the word

Silent they passéd on, the watch begun 44  
 To rear a huge alarm with hideous cries,  
 Therewith the hardy couple forward run  
 To execute their valiant enterprise  
 So from a cannon or a roaring gun  
 At once the noise, the flame, and bullet flies,  
 They run, they give the charge, begin the fray,  
 And all at once their foes break, spoil and slay

They passéd first through thousand thousand blows, 45  
 And then performéd their designment bold,  
 A fiery ball each on the engine throws,  
 The stuff was dry, the fire took quickly hold,  
 Furious upon the timber work it grows,  
 How it increaséd cannot well be told,  
 How it crept up the piece, and how to skies  
 The burning sparks and towering smoke upflies

A mass of solid fire burning bright 46  
 Rolled up in smouldering fumes, there bursteth out,  
 And there the blustering winds add strength and might  
 And gather close the sparséd flames about  
 The Frenchmen trembled at the dreadful light,  
 To arms in haste and fear ran all the rout,  
 Down fell the piece dreaded so much in war,  
 Thus what long days do make one hour doth mar

Two Christian bands this while came to the place 47  
 With speedy haste, where they beheld the fire,  
 Argantes to them cried with scornful grace,  
 "Your blood shall quench these flames, and quench mine ire"  
 This said, the maid and he with sober pace  
 Drew back, and to the banks themselves retire,  
 Faster than brooks which falling showers increasé  
 Their foes rugment, and faster on them press

48  
 The golden port was opened, and forth stepped  
 With all his soldiers bold, the Turkish king,  
 Ready to aid the two his force he kept,  
 When fortune should them home with conquest bring,  
 Over the bars the hardy couple leapt  
 And after them a band of Christians fling,  
 Whom Solymán drove back with courage stout,  
 And shut the gate, but shut Clorinda out

49  
 Alone was she shut forth, for in that hour  
 Wherein they closed the port, the virgin went,  
 And full of heat and wrath, her strength and power  
 Gainst Arimon, that struck her erst, she bent,  
 She slew the knight, nor Argant in that stowre  
 Wist of her parting, or her fierce intent,  
 The fight, the press, the night, and darksome skies  
 Care from his heart had ta'en, sight from his eyes

50  
 But when appeased was her angry mood,  
 Her fury calmed, and settled was her head,  
 She saw the gates were shut, and how she stood  
 Amid her foes, she held herself for dead,  
 While none her marked at last she thought it good,  
 To save her life, some other path to tread,  
 She feigned her one of them, and close her drew  
 Amid the press that none her saw or knew

51  
 Then as a wolf guilty of some misdeed  
 Flies to some grove to hide himself from view,  
 So favoured with the night, with secret speed  
 Discovered from the press the damsel flew  
 Tancred alone of her escape took heed,  
 He on that quarter was arrived new,  
 When Arimon she killed he thither came,  
 He saw it, marked it, and pursued the dame

52  
 He deemed she was some man of mickle might,  
 And on her person would he worship win,  
 Over the hills the nymph her journey dight  
 Towards another port, there to get in  
 With hideous noise fast after spurred the knight,  
 She heard and strayed, and thus her words began,  
 "What haste hast thou? ride softly, take thy breath,  
 What bringest thou?" He answered, "War and death"

"And war and death," quoth she, "here mayest thou get 53  
 If thou for battle come," with that she stayed  
 Tinctured to ground his foot in haste down set,  
 And left his steed, on foot he saw the maid,  
 Their courage hot, their ire and wrath they whet,  
 And either champion drew a tienchant blade,  
 Together ran they, and together stroke,  
 Like two fierce bulls whom rage and love provoke

Worthy of royal lists and brightest day, 54  
 Worthy a golden trump and laurel crown,  
 The actions were and wonders of that fray  
 Which sable night did in dark bosom drown  
 Yet night, consent that I their acts display  
 And make their deeds to future ages known,  
 And in records of long enduring story  
 Enrol their praise, their fame, their worth and glory

They neither shrunk, nor vantage sought of ground, 55  
 They traverse not, nor skipped from part to part,  
 Their blows were neither false nor feigned found,  
 The might, their rage would let them use no art,  
 Their swords together clash with dreadful sound,  
 Their feet staid fast, and neither stir nor start,  
 They move their hands, steadfast their feet remain,  
 Nor blow nor foim they struck, or thrust in vain

Shame bred desire a sharp revenge to take, 56  
 And vengeance taken gave new cause of shame  
 So that with haste and little heed they strake,  
 Fuel enough they had to feed the flame,  
 At list so close their battle fierce they make,  
 They could not wield their swords, so nigh they came,  
 They used the hilts, and each on other rushed,  
 And helm to helm, and shield to shield they crushed

Thrice his strong arms he folds about her wust, 57  
 And thrice was forced to let the virgin go,  
 For she disdain'd to be so embraced,  
 No lover would have strained his mistress so  
 They took their swords again, and each enchased  
 Deep wounds in the soft flesh of his strong foe,  
 Till weak and weary, fuint, aine unneath,  
 They both retired at once, at once took breath

Each other long beheld, and leaning stood 58  
 Upon their swords, whose points in earth were pight,  
 When day break, rising from the eastern flood,  
 Put forth the thousand eyes of blindfold night,  
 Tancred beheld his foe's out streaming blood,  
 And gaping wounds, and waxed proud with the sight,  
 Oh vanity of man's unstable mind,  
 Puffed up with every blast of friendly wind !

Why joy'st thou, wretch ? Oh, what shall be thy gain ? 59  
 What trophy for this conquest is't thou rears ?  
 Thine eyes shall shed, in case thou be not slain,  
 For every drop of blood a sea of tears  
 The bleeding warriors leaning thus remain,  
 Each one to speak one word long time forbears,  
 Tancred the silence broke at last, and said,  
 For he would know with whom this fight he made

' Evil is our chance and hard our fortune is 60  
 Who here in silence, and in shade debate,  
 Where light of sun and witness all we miss  
 That should our prowess and our praise dilate  
 If words in arms find place, yet grant me this,  
 Tell me thy name, thy country, and estate,  
 That I may know, this dangerous combat done,  
 Whom I have conquered, or who hath me won '

"What I will tell, you ask," quoth she, "in vain, 61  
 Nor moved by prayer, nor constrained by power,  
 But thus much know, I am one of those twain  
 Which late with kindled fire destroyed the tower"  
 Tancred at her proud words swelled with disdain,  
 "That hast thou said," quoth he, "in evil hour  
 Thy vaunting speeches, and thy silence both,  
 Uncivil wretch, hath made my heart more wroth

Ire in their claved breasts renewed the fray, 62  
 Fierce was the fight, though feeble were their might,  
 Their strength was gone, their cunning was away,  
 And firm in their sterd maintained the fight,  
 Their swords both points and edges sharp embay  
 In purple blood, whereso they hit or light,  
 And if weak life yet in their bosoms lie,  
 They lived because they both disdained to die

As Aegean seas when storms be calmed again 63  
 That rolled their tumbling waves with troublous blasts,  
 Do yet of tempests past some shows retain  
 And here and there their swelling billows casts,  
 So, though their strength were gone and might were vain,  
 Of their first fierceness still the fury lasts,  
 Wherewith sustained, they to their tackling stood,  
 And heaped wound on wound, and blood on blood

But now, alas, the fatal hour arrives 64  
 That her sweet life must leave that tender hold,  
 His sword into her bosom deep he drives,  
 And bathed in lukewarm blood his iron cold,  
 Between her breasts the cruel weapon rives  
 Her curious square, embossed with swelling gold,  
 Her knees grow weak, the pains of death she feels,  
 And like a falling cedar bends and reels

The prince his hand upon her shield doth stretch, 65  
 And low on earth the wounded damsel layeth,  
 And while she fell, with weak and woeful speech,  
 Her prayers last and last complaints she sayeth,  
 A spirit new did her those prayers teach,  
 Spirit of hope, of charity, and faith,  
 And though her life to Christ rebellious were,  
 Yet did she His child and handmaid dear

"Friend, thou hast won, I pardon thee, nor save 66  
 This body, that all torments can endure,  
 But save my soul, baptism I dying crave,  
 Come wash away my sins with waters pure "  
 His heart relenting nigh in sunder rave,  
 With woeful speech of that sweet creature,  
 So that his rage, his wrath, and anger died,  
 And on his cheeks salt tears for ruth down slide

With murmur loud down from the mountain's side 67  
 A little rannel tumbled near the place,  
 Thither he ran and filled his helmet wide,  
 And quick returned to do that work of grace,  
 With trembling hands her beaver he untied,  
 Which done he saw, and seeing, knew her face,  
 And lost therewith his speech and moving quite,  
 Oh woeful knowledge, oh unhappy sight!



He diéd not, but all his strength unites, 68  
 And to his virtues gave his heart in guard,  
 Bridling his grief, with water he requites  
 The life that he hereft with iron hard,  
 And while the sacred words the knight recites,  
 The nymph to heaven with joy herself prepared,  
 And as her life decays her joys increase,  
 She smiled and said, " Farewell, I die in pence "

As violets blue mongst lilies pure men throw, 69  
 So paleness midst her native white begun,  
 Her looks to heaven she cast, thair eyes I trow  
 Downward for pity bent both heaven and sun,  
 Her naked hand she gave the knight, in show  
 Of love and peace, her speech, alas, was done,  
 And thus the virgin fell on endless sleep,—  
 Love, Beauty, Virtue, for your darling weep !

But when he saw her gentle soul was went, 70  
 His manly courage to relent began,  
 Grief, sorrow, anguish, sadness, discontent,  
 Free empire got and lordship on the man,  
 His life within his heart they close up pent,  
 Death through his senses and his visage ran  
 Like his dead lady, dead seemed Tancred good,  
 In paleness, stillness, wounds and streams of blood

And his weak sprite, to be unbodied 71  
 From fleshly prison free that ceaseless strived,  
 Had followed her fair soul but lately fled  
 Had not a Christian squadron there arrived,  
 To seek fresh water thither haply led,  
 And found the princess dead, and him deprived  
 Of signs of life, yet did the knight remain  
 On live, nigh dead, for her himself had shun

Their guide far off the prince knew by his shield, 72  
 And thither hasted full of grief and fear,  
 Her dead, him seeming so, he there beheld,  
 And for that strange mishap shed many a tear,  
 He would not leave the corpse far in field  
 For food to wolves, though she a Pagan were,  
 But in their arms the soldiers both uphent,  
 And both lamenting brought to Tancred's tent

With those dear burdens to their camp they pass, 73  
 Yet would not that dead seeming knight awake,  
 At last he deeply groaned, which token was  
 His feeble soul had not nor flight yet take  
 The other lay a still and heavy mass,  
 Her spirit had that earthen cage forsake,  
 Thus were they brought, and thus they placed were  
 In sundry rooms, yet both adjoining near

All skill and art his careful servants used 74  
 To life again their dying lord to bring,  
 At last his eyes unclosed, with tears suffused,  
 He felt their hands and heard their whispering,  
 But how he thither came long time he mused,  
 His mind astonished was with everything,  
 He gazed about, his squires in five he knew,  
 Then weak and woeful thus his plants out threw

"What, live I yet? and do I breathe and see 75  
 Of this accursed day the hateful light?  
 This spiteful ray which still upbraudeth me  
 With that accursed deed I did this night,  
 Ah, coward hand, afraid why should'st thou be,  
 Thou instrument of death, shame and despite,  
 Why should'st thou fear, with sharp and trenchant knife,  
 To cut the thread of this blood guilty life?"

"Pierce through this bosom, and my cruel heart 76  
 In pieces cleave, break every string and vein,  
 But thou to slaughters vile which used art,  
 Thinkst it were pity so to ease my pain  
 Of luckless love therefore in torments' smart  
 A sad example must I still remain,  
 A woeful monster of unhappy love,  
 Who still must live, lest death his comfort prove

"Still must I live in anguish, grief, and care, 77  
 Furies my guilty conscience that torment,  
 The ugly shades, dark night, and troubled air  
 In grisly forms her slaughter still present,  
 Madness and death about my bed repair,  
 Hell graspeth wide to swallow up this tent,  
 Swift from myself I run, myself I fear,  
 Yet still my hell within myself I bear

"But where, alas, where be those relics sweet,  
 78 Wherein dwelt late all love, all joy, all good?  
 My fury left them cast in open street,  
 Some beast hath torn her flesh and licked her blood,  
 Ah noble prey! for savage beast unmeet,  
 Ah sweet! too sweet, and far too precious food,  
 Ah, seely nymph! whom night and darksome shade  
 To beasts, and me, far worse than beasts betrayed

"But where you be, if still you be, I wend  
 79 To gather up those relics dear at least  
 But if some beast hath from the hills descend,  
 And on her tender bowels made his feast,  
 Let that fell monster me in pieces rend,  
 And deep entomb me in his hollow chest  
 For where she buried is, there shall I have  
 A stately tomb, a rich and costly grave

Thus mourned the knight, his squire he told at last, 80  
 They had her there for whom those tears he shed,  
 A beam of comfort his dim eyes outcast,  
 Like lightning through thick clouds of darkness spread  
 The heavy burden of his limbs in haste,  
 With mickle pain, he drew forth of his bed,  
 And scant of strength to stand, to move or go,  
 Thither he staggered, reeling to and fro

When he came there, and in her breast espied 81  
 His handiwork, that deep and cruel wound,  
 And her sweet face with leaden paleness dyed,  
 Where beauty late spread forth her beams around,  
 He trembled so, that nere his squire beside  
 To hold him up he had sunk down to ground,  
 And said "O face in death still sweet and fair!  
 Thou canst not sweeten yet my grief and care

"O fair right hand, the pledge of faith and love? 82  
 Given me but late, too late, in sign of peace,  
 How hap it now thou canst not stir nor move?  
 And you, dear limbs, now laid in rest and ease,  
 In rough which my cruel blade this flood gave rove,  
 Your pains I've end, my torments never cease,  
 O hands, O cruel eyes, accused alike!  
 You gave the wound, you gave them light to strike

“But thither now run forth my guilty blood,  
Whither my plunts, my sorrows cannot wend,”  
He said no more, but, as his passion wood  
Inforced him, he gan to tear and rend  
His hair, his face, his wounds, a purple flood  
Did from each side in rolling streams descend,  
He had been slam, but that his pain and woe  
Bereft his senses, and preserved him so

83

Cast on his bed his squires recalled his sprite  
To execute again her hateful charge,  
But tattling fame the sorrows of the knight  
And hard mischance had told this while at large  
Godfrey and all his lords of worth and might,  
Ran thither, and the duty would discharge  
Of friendship true, and with sweet words the rage  
Of bitter grief and woe they would assuage

But as a mortal wound the more doth smart  
The more it scarched is, handled or sought,  
So their sweet words to his afflicted heart  
More grief, more anguish, pain and torment brought  
But reverend Peter that would set apart  
Care of his sheep, as a good shepherd ought,  
His vanity with grave advice reprov'd  
And told what mourning Christian knights behov'd

“O Tancred, Tancred, how far different  
From thy beginnings good these folkes be?  
What makes thee deaf? what hath thy eyesight blent?  
What mist, what cloud thus overshadoweth thee?  
This is a warning good from heaven down sent,  
Yet His advice thou canst not hear nor see  
Who calleth and conducts thee to the way  
From which thou willing dost and witting stray

86

“To worthy actions and achievements fit  
For Christian knights He would thee home recall,  
But thou hast left that course and chang'd it,  
*To make thyself a knight of the world,*  
But see, thy grief and sorrow's painful fit  
Is made the rod to scourge thy sins withal,  
Of thine own good thyself the means He makes,  
But thou His mercy, goodness, grace forsakes

87

"Thou dost refuse of heaven the proffered grace, 88  
 And gainst it still rebel with sinful ire  
 O wretch! O whither doth thy rage thee chase?  
 Refrain thy grief, bridle thy fond desire,  
 At hell's wide gate vain sorrow doth thee place,  
 Sorrow, misfortune's son, despair's foul fire  
 O see thine evil, thy plaint and woe refrain,  
 The guides to death, to hell, and endless pain '

This said his will to die the patient 89  
 Abandon'd, that second death he fear'd,  
 These words of comfort to his heart down went  
 And that dark night of sorrow somewhat cleared,  
 Yet now and then his grief deep sighs forth sent  
 His voice shrill plaints and sad laments oft reared,  
 Now to himself, now to his murdered love,  
 He spoke, who heard perchance from heaven above

Till Phœbus' rising from his evening fall 90  
 To her, for her, he mourns, he calls, he cries,  
 The nightingale so when her children small  
 Some churl takes before their parents' eyes,  
 Alone, dismayed, quite bare of comforts all,  
 Trees with complaints the seas, the shores the skies,  
 Till in sweet sleep against the morning bright  
 She fall at last, so mourned, so slept the knight

And clad in starry veil, amid his dream,  
 For whose sweet sake he mourned, appeared the maid, 91  
 Fairer than erst, yet with that heavenly beam  
 Not out of knowledge was her lovely shade,  
 With looks of ruth her eyes celestial seem  
 To pity his sad plight, and thus she said,  
 "Behold how fair, how glad thy love appears,  
 And for my sake, my dear, forbear these tears

"Thine be the thanks, my soul thou maigest fit 92  
 At unwarres out of her earthly nest  
 Thine be the thanks thou hast advanced it  
 In Abraham's dear bosom long to rest  
 There still I love thee there for Tancred set  
 A seat prepared is among the blest,  
 There in eternal joy eternal light,  
 Thou shalt thy love enjoy, and she her knight,

" Unless thyself, thyself heaven's joys envy,  
 And thy vain sorrow thee of bliss deprive,  
 Live, know I love thee, that I will deny,  
 As angels, men as saints may wights on live "  
 This said, of zeal and love forth of her eye  
 An hundred glorious beams bright shining drive,  
*Amid which rays herself she closed from sight,*  
 And with new joy, new comfort left her knight

Thus comforted he waked, and men discreet  
 In surgery to cure his wounds were sought,  
 Meanwhile of his dear love the relics sweet,  
 As best he could, to grave with pomp he brought  
 Her tomb was not of varied Spartan greet,  
 Nor yet by cunning hand of Scopas wrought,  
 But built of polished stone, and thereon laid  
 The lively shape and portrait of the maid

With sacred burning lamps in order long  
 And mournful pomp the corpse was brought to ground  
 Her arms upon a leafless pine were hung,  
 The hearse, with cypress, arms, with laurel crowned  
 Next day the prince, whose love and courage strong  
 Drew forth his limbs, weak, feeble, and unsound,  
 To visit went, with care and reverence meet,  
 The buried ashes of his mistress sweet :

Before her new made tomb at last arrived,  
 The woeful prison of his living sprite,  
 Pale, cold, sad, comfortless, of sense deprived,  
 Upon the marble grey he fixed his sight,  
 Two streams of tears were from his eyes derived  
 Thus with a sad " Alas ! " began the knight,  
 " O marble dear on my dear mistress placed !  
 My flames within, without my tears thou hast

" Not of dead bones art thou the mournful grave,  
 But of quick love the fortress and the hold,  
 Still in my heart thy wanted brands I have  
 More bitter fur, alas ! but not more cold,  
 Receive these sighs, these kisses sweet receive,  
 In liquid drops of melting tears enroled,  
 And give them to that body pure and chaste,  
 Which in thy bosom cold entombed thou hast

“For if her happy soul her eye doth bend 98  
On that sweet body which it lately dressed,  
My love, thy pity cannot her offend,  
Anger and wrath is not in angels blessed,  
She pardon will the trespass of her friend,  
That hope relieves me with these griefs oppressed,  
This hand she knows hath only sinned, not I,  
Who living loved her, and for love now die

“And loving will I die, oh happy day 99  
Whene’er it chanceth! but oh far more blessed  
If as about thy polished sides I stray,  
My bones within thy hollow grave might rest,  
Together should in heaven our spirits stay,  
Together should our bodies lie in chest,  
So happy death should join what life doth sever,  
O Death, O Life! sweet both, both blessed ever!

Meanwhile the news in that besieged town 100  
Of this mishap was whispered here and there,  
Forthwith it spread, and for too true was known,  
Her woeful loss was talked everywhere,  
Mingled with cries and plaints to heaven upthrown,  
As if the city’s self new taken were  
With conquering foes, or as if flame and fire,  
Nor house, nor church, nor street had left entire

But all men’s eyes were on Arsetes bent, 101  
His sighs were deep, his looks full of despair,  
Out of his woeful eyes no tear there went,  
His heart was hardened with his too much care,  
His silver locks with dust he foul besprent,  
He knocked his breast, his face he rent and tare,  
And while the press flocked to the eunuch old,  
Thus to the people spake Arganteus bold

“I would when first I knew the hardy maid 102  
Excluded was among her Christian foes,  
Have followed her to give her timely aid,  
O by her side this breath and life to lose,  
What had I no, or what lost I unaid  
To make that long the gates again unclosed?  
But he denied, his power did not restrain  
My will, my suit was waste, my speech was vain

"Unless thyself thyself heaven's joys envy,  
 And thy vain sorrow thee of bliss deprive,  
 Live, know I love thee, that I will deny,  
 As angels, men as saints may wights on live "  
 This said, of zeal and love forth of her eye  
 An hundred glorious beams bright shining drive,  
 Amid which rays herself she closed from sight,  
 And with new joy, new comfort left her knight

93

Thus comforted he waked, and men discreet  
 In surgery to cure his wounds were sought,  
 Meanwhile of his dear love the relics sweet,  
 As best he could, to grave with pomp he brought  
 Her tomb was not of varied Spartan greet,  
 Nor yet by cunning hand of Scopas wrought,  
 But built of polished stone, and thereon laid  
 The lively shape and portrait of the maid

94

With sacred burning lamps in order long  
 And mournful pomp the corpse was brought to ground  
 Her arms upon a leafless pine were hung,  
 The hearse, with cypress, arms, with laurel crowned  
 Next day the prince, whose love and courage strong  
 Drew forth his limbs, weak, feeble, and unsound,  
 To visit went, with care and reverence meet,  
 The buried ashes of his mistress sweet:

95

Before her new made tomb at last arrived,  
 The woful prison of his living sprite,  
 Pale, cold, sad, comfortless, of sense deprived,  
 Upon the marble grey he fixed his sight,  
 Two streams of tears were from his eyes derived  
 Thus with a sad "Alas!" began the knight,  
 "O marble dear on my dear mistress placed!  
 My flames within, without my tears thou hast

96

"Not of dead bones art thou the mournful grave,  
 But of quick love the fortress and the hold,  
 Still in my heart thy wonted brands I have  
 More bitter far, alas! but not more cold,  
 Receive these sighs, these kisses sweet receive,  
 In liquid drops of melting tears enrolled,  
 And give them to that body pure and chaste,  
 Which in thy bosom cold entombed thou hast

97



98  
 "For if her happy soul her eye doth bend  
 On that sweet body which it lately dressed,  
 My love, thy pity cannot her offend,  
 Anger and wrath is not in angels blessed,  
 She pardon will the trespass of her friend,  
 That hope relieves me with these griefs oppressed,  
 'Tis hand she knows hath only sinned, not I,  
 Who living loved her, and for love now die

99  
 "And loving will I die, oh happy day  
 Whene'er it chanceth ! but oh far more blessed  
 If 'as about thy polished sides I stray,  
 My bones within thy hollow grave might rest  
 Together should in heaven our spirits stay,  
 Together should our bodies lie in chest,  
 So happy death should join what life doth sever,  
 O Death, O Life ! sweet both, both blessed ever

100  
 Meanwhile the news in that besieged town  
 Of this mishap was whispered here and there,  
 Forthwith it spread, and for too true was known,  
 Her woeful loss was talked everywhere,  
 Mingled with cries and plaints to heaven upthrown,  
 As if the city's self new taken were  
 With conquering foes, or as if flame and fire,  
 Nor house, nor church, nor street had left entire

101  
 But all men's eyes were on Arsetes bent,  
 His sighs were deep, his looks full of despair,  
 Out of his woeful eyes no tear there went  
 His heart was hardened with his too much care,  
 His silver locks with dust he foul besprent,  
 He knocked his breast, his face he rent and tare,  
 And while the press flocked to the eunuch old,  
 Thus to the people spake Argantes bold

102  
 "I would, when first I knew the hardy maid  
 Excluded was among her Christian foes,  
 Have followed her to give her timely aid,  
 Or by her side this breath and life to lose,  
 What did I not, or what left I unsaid  
 To make the king the gate, again unclosed ?  
 But he denied, his power did nought restrain  
 My will, my suit was waste, my speech was vain

" Ah, had I gone, I would from danger free 103  
 Have brought to Sion that sweet nymph again,  
 Or in the bloody fight, where killed was she,  
 In her defence there nobly have been slain  
 But what could I do more? the counsels be  
 Of God and man against my designments plain,  
 Dead is Clorinda fair, laid in cold grave,  
 Let me revenge her whom I could not save,

" Jerusalem, hear what Argantes saith, 104  
 Hear Heaven, and if he break his oath and word,  
 Upon this head cast thunder in thy wrath  
 I will destroy and kill that Christian lord  
 Who this fair dame by night thus murdered hath,  
 Nor from my side I will ungird this sword  
 Till Rancred's heart it cleave, and shed his blood,  
 And leave his corpse to wolves and crows for food '

This said, the people with a joyful shout 105  
 Applaud his speeches and his words approve,  
 And calmed their grief in hope the boaster stout  
 Would kill the prince, who late had slain his love  
 O promise vain! it otherwise fell out  
 Men purpose, but high gods dispose above,  
 For underneath his sword this boaster died  
 Whom thus he scorned and threatened in his pride

The Thirteenth Book  
OR  
GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE

---

THE ARGUMENT

Ismeno sets to guard the forest old  
The wicked sprites whose ugly shapes affray  
And put to flight the men whose labour would  
To their dark shades let in heaven's golden ray  
Thither goes Tancred hardy faithful bold  
But foolish pity lets him not assay  
His strength and courage heat the Christian power  
Annoys whom to refresh God sends a shower

---

BUT scant, dissolvéd into ashes cold,  
The smoking tower fell on the scorched grass,  
When new device found out the enchanter old  
By which the town besieged securéd was,  
Of umber fit his foes deprive he would,  
Such terror bred that late consumed mass  
So that the strength of Sion's walls to shake,  
They should no turrets, rams, nor engines make

From Godfrey's camp a grove a little way  
Amid the valleys deep grows out of sight,  
Thick with old trees whose horrid arms dispay  
An ugly shade, like everlasting night,  
There when the sun spreads forth his clearest ray,  
Dim, thick, uncertain gloomy seems the light,  
As when in eve ning, day and darkness strive  
Which should his foe from our horizon drive

But when the sun his chair in seas doth steep,  
 Night horror darkness thick the place invade,  
 Which veil the mortal eyes with blindness deep  
 And with sad terror make weak hearts afraid,  
 Thither no groom drives forth his tender sheep  
 To browse or ease their front in cooling shade,  
 Nor traveller nor pilgrim there to enter,  
 So awful seems that forest old, dark venture

3

United there the ghosts and goblins meet  
 To frolic with their mates in silent night  
 With dragons wings some cleave the welkin fleet,  
 Some nimbly run o'er hills and valleys light,  
 A wicked troop, that with allurement sweet  
 Draws sinful man from that is good and right,  
 And there with hellish pomp their banquets brought  
 They solemnise, thus the vain Pagans thought

4

No twist, no twig, no bough nor branch, therefore,  
 The Saracens cut from that sacred spring  
 But yet the Christians spared ne'er the more  
 The trees to earth with cutting steel to bring  
 Thither went Ismen old with tresses hoar,  
 When night on all this earth spread forth her wings,  
 And there in silence deaf and inexpressive shawl  
 His characters and circles vain he made

5

He in the circle set one foot unshod,  
 And whispered dreadful charms in ghostly woe  
 Three times for witchcraft love's numbers odd,  
 Toward the east he gaped, westward thrice,  
 He struck the earth thrice with his charmed rod  
 Wherewith dead bones he makes from grave to rise,  
 And thrice the ground with naked foot he smote,  
 And thus he cried loud, with thundering note

6

"Hear, hear, you spirits all that whilom fell,  
 Cast down from heaven with dint of roaring thunder,  
 Hear, you amid the empty air that dwell  
 And storms and showers pour on these kingdoms under  
 Hear all you devils that lie in deepest hell  
 And rend with torments damned hosts asunder,  
 And of those kinds of death of pain and fear,  
 That monarch great great Dis, great Pluto hear!

7

8  
"Keep you this forest well, keep every tree,  
Numbered I give you them and truly told,  
As souls of men in bodies clothéd be  
So every plant a sprite shall hide and hold,  
With trembling fear make all the Christians flee  
When they presume to cut these cedars old "  
This said, his charms he gan again repeat,  
Which none can say but they that use like feat

9  
At those strange speeches, still night's splendent fires  
Quenchéd their lights, and shrunk away for doubt,  
The feeble moon her silver beams retires,  
And wrapt her horns with folding clouds about  
Is men his sprites to come with speed requires,  
"Why come you not, you ever damned rout?  
Why tarry you so long? pardie you stay  
Till stronger charms and greater words I say

10  
"I have not yet forgot for want of use,  
What dreadful terms belong this sacred fest,  
My tongue, it still your stubborn hearts refuse,  
That so much dreaded name can well repeat,  
Which heard, great Dis cannot himself excuse,  
But hither run from his eternal seat,  
O great and fearful!"—More he would have said,  
But that he saw the sturdy sprites obeyed

11  
Legions of devils by thousands thither come,  
Such as in sparséd air their bidding make,  
And thousands also which by Heavenly doom  
Condemned lie in deep Avernus lake,  
But slow they came, displeased all and some  
Because those woods they should in keeping take,  
Yet they obeyed and took the charge in hand,  
And under every branch and leaf they stand

12  
When thus his curséd work performéd was,  
The wizard to his king declared the feat,  
"My lord, let fear, let doubt and sorrow pass,  
Henceforth in safety stands your regal seat,  
Your foe, as he supposed, no mean now has  
To build again his rams and engines great "  
And then he told at large from part to part,  
All what he late performed by wondrous art

"Besides this help, another hap," quoth he, 13  
 "Will shortly chauce that binns not profit small,  
 Within few days Mars and the Sun I see  
 Their fiery beames unite in Leo shall,  
 And then extreme the scorching heat will be,  
 Which neither rain can quench nor dewes that fall,  
 So placed are the planets high and low,  
 That heat, fire, burning all the heavens forshow

"So great with us will be the warmth therefore, 14  
 As with the Garimants or those of Inde,  
 Yet nill it grieve us in this town so sore,  
 We have sweet shade and waters cold by kind  
 Our foes abroad will be tormented more,  
 What shield can they or what refreshing and?  
 Heaven will them vanquish first, then *Leop's* crew  
 Destroy them quite, weck, weery, faint and few

"Thou shalt sit still and conquer, prove no more 15  
 The doubtful hazard of uncertain fight  
 But if Argantes bold, that hates so sore  
 All cause of quiet peace, though just and right,  
 Provoke thee forth to battel, as before,  
 Find means to calm the rage of that fierce knight,  
 For shortly Heaven will send thee ease and peace,  
 And war and trouble amongst thy foes increase."

The King assured by these speeches fair, 16  
 Held Godfrey's power his might and strength in scorn,  
 And now the walls he gan in part repair,  
 Which late the ram had bruised with iron horn,  
 With wise foresight and well advis'd care  
 He fortified each breach and bulwarl torn,  
 And all his folk, men, women, children small,  
 With endless toil again repaired the wall

But Godfrey would this while bring forth his power 7  
 To give assault against that fort in vain,  
 Till he had builded new his dreadful tower,  
 And reared high his down fallen rams again  
 His workmen therefore he dispatched that hour  
 To hew the trees out of the forest main,  
 They went and scant the wood appeared in sight  
 When wonders now their fearful hearts affright

As silly children dare not bend their eye  
Where they are told strange bugbears haunt the place,  
Or as new monsters, while in bed they lie,  
Their fearful thoughts present before their face,  
So feared they, and fled, yet wist not why,  
Nor what pursued them in that fearful chase,  
Except their fear perchance while thus they fled,  
New chimeras, sphinxes, or like monsters bred

18

Swift to the camp they turned back dismayed  
With words confused uncertain tales they told,  
That all which heard them scorned what they said  
And those reports for lies and fables hold  
A chosen crew in shining arms arrayed  
Duke Godfrey thither sent of soldiers bold,  
To guard the men and their faint arms provoke  
To cut the dreadful trees with hardy stroke

19

These drawing near the wood where close ypent  
The wicked sprites in sylvan pinfolds were,  
Their eyes upon those shades no sooner bent  
But frozen dread pierced through their entrails dear,  
Yet on they stalked still and on they went,  
Under bold semblance hiding coward fear,  
And so far wandered forth with trembling pace,  
Till they approached nigh that enchanted place

20

When from the grove a fearful sound outbreaks,  
As if some earthquake hill and mountain tore,  
Where n the southern wind a rumbling makes,  
Or like sea waves against the scraggy shore,  
There lions grumble, there hiss scaly snakes,  
There howl the wolves, the rugged bears there roar,  
There trumpets shrill are heard and thunders fell,  
And all these sounds one sound expressed well

21

Upon their faces pale well might you note  
A thousand signs of heart amazing fear,  
Their reason gone, by no device they wot  
How to press nigh, or stay still where they were  
Against that sudden dread their breasts which smote  
Their courage weak no shield of proof could bear,  
At last they fled and one than all more bold  
Excused their flight, and thus the wonders told

22

‘ My lord, not one of us there is, I grant, 23  
 That dares cut down one branch in yonder spring,  
 I think there dwells a sprite in every plant,  
 There keeps his court great Dis infernal king,  
 He hath a heart of hardened adamant  
 That without trembling dares attempt the thing,  
 And sense he wanteth who so hardy is  
 To hear the forest thunder, roar and hiss ”

This said, Alcisto to his words gave heed, 24  
 Alcisto leader of the Switzers grim  
 A man both void of wit and void of dread,  
 Who feared not loss of life nor loss of limb  
 No savage beasts in deserts wild that fed  
 Nor ugly monster could dishearten him,  
 Nor whirlwind, thunder, earthquake, storm, or aught  
 That in this world is strange or fearful thought

He shook his head, and smiling thus gan say, 25  
 “ The hardness have I that wood to fell,  
 And those proud trees low in the dust to lay  
 Wherein such grisly fiends and monsters dwell ;  
 No roaring ghost my courage can dismay,  
 No shriek of birds, beast’s roar, or dragon’s yell ,  
 But through and through that forest will I wend,  
 Although to deepest hell the paths descend ”

Thus boasted he, and leave to go desired, 26  
 And forward went with joyful cheer and will,  
 He viewed the wood and those thick shades admired,  
 He heard the wondrous noise and rumbling shrill ,  
 Yet not one foot the audacious man reured,  
 He scorned the peril pressing forward still,  
 Till on the forest’s outmost marge he stepped ,  
 A flaming fire from entrance there him kept,

The fire increased, and built a stately wall 27  
 Of burning coals, quick sparks, and embers hot,  
 And with bright flames the wood environed all,  
 That there no tree nor twist Alcisto got ,  
 The higher stretched the flames seemed bulwarks tall,  
 Castles and turrets full of fiery shot,  
 With slugs and engines strong of every sort ,—  
 What mortal wight durst scale so strange a fort?



Oh what strange monsters on the battlement 28  
 In loathsome forms stood to defend the place ?  
 Their frowning looks upon the knight they bent,  
 And threatened death with shot with sword and mace,  
 At last he fled, and though but slow he went,  
 As lions do whom jolly hunters chase,  
 Yet fled the man and with sad fear withdrew,  
 Though fear till then he never felt nor knew

That he had fled long time he never wist, 29  
 But when far run he had discovered it,  
 Himself for wonder with his hand he blist,  
 A bitter sorrow by the heart him bit,  
 Amized, ashamed, disgraced, sad, silent, trist,  
 Alone he would all day in darkness sit,  
 Nor durst he look on man of worth or fame,  
 His pride late great, now greater made his shame.

Godfredo called him, but he found delays 30  
 And causes why he should his cabin keep,  
 At length perforce he comes, but nought he says,  
 Or talks like those that babble in their sleep  
 His shamefacedness to Godfrey plain bewrays  
 His flight, so does his sighs and sadness deep  
 Whereat amazed, 'What chance is this,' quoth he ?  
 "These witchcrafts strange or nature's wonders be.

"But if his courage any champion move 31  
 To try the hazard of this dreadful spring,  
 I give him leave the adventure great to prove,  
 Some news he may report us of the thing "  
 Thus said, his lords attempt the charmed grove,  
 Yet nothing back but fear and flight they bring,  
 For them enforced with trembling to retire,  
 The sight, the sound, the monsters and the fire.

This happed when woeful Tancred left his bed 32  
 To lye in marble cold his mistress dear,  
 The lively colour from his cheek was fled,  
 His limbs were weak his helm or targe to bear,  
 Pathless when need to high attempts him led,  
 No labour would he shun, no danger fear,  
 His valour, boldness, heart and courage brave,  
 To his faint body strength and vigour gave

To this exploit forth went the venturous knight, 33  
 Fearless, yet heedful silent, well advised,  
 The terrors of that forest's dreadful sight,  
 Storms, earthquakes, thunders, cries, he all despised,  
 He feared nothing, yet a motion light,  
 That quickly vanished, in his heart arised  
 When lo, between him and the charmed wood,  
 A fiery city high as heaven up stood

The knight stepped back and took a sudden pause, 34  
 And to himself, "What help these arms?" quoth he,  
 "If in this fire, or monster's gaping jaws  
 I headlong cast myself, what boots it me?  
 For common profit, or my country's cause,  
 To hazard life before me none should be  
 But this exploit of no such weight I hold,  
 For it to lose a prince or champion bold

"But if I fly, what will the Pagans say? 35  
 If I retire, who shall cut down this spring?  
 Godfredo will attempt it every day  
 What if some other knight perform the thing?  
 These flames uprisen to forestall my way  
 Perchance more terror far than danger bring  
 But hap what shall," this said, he forward stepped,  
 And through the fire, oh wondrous boldness, leapt!

He bolted through, but neither warmth nor heat 36  
 He felt, nor sign of fire or scorching flame,  
 Yet wist he not in his dismayed conceit,  
 If that were fire or no through which he came,  
 For at first touch vanished those monsters great,  
 And in their stead the clouds black night did frame  
 And hideous storms and showets of hail and rain,  
 Yet storms and tempests vanished straight again

Amazed but not afraid the champion good 37  
 Stood still, but when the tempest passed he spied,  
 He entered boldly that forbidden wood,  
 And of the forest all the secrets eyed,  
 In all his walk no sprite or phantasm stood  
 That stopped his way or passage free denied,  
 Save that the growing trees so thick were set,  
 That oft his sight and passage oft they let

At length a fair and spacious green he spied, 38  
 Like calmest waters, plain, like velvet, soft,  
 Wherein a cypress clad in summer's pride,  
 Pyramid wise, lift up his tops aloft,  
 In whose smooth bark upon the evenest side,  
 Strange characters he found, and viewed them oft,  
 Like those which priests of Egypt erst instead  
 Of letters used, which none but they could read

Mongst them he pick'd out these words at last, 39  
 Writ in the Syriac tongue, which well he could,  
 "Oh hardy knight, who through these woods hast passed  
 Where Death his palace and his court doth hold !  
 Oh trouble not these souls in quiet placed,  
 Oh be not cruel as thy heart is bold,  
 Pardon these ghosts deprived of heavenly light,  
 With spirits dead why should men living fight ?"

This found he graven in the tender rind, 40  
 And while he mused on this uncouth writ,  
 Him thought he heard the softly whistling wind  
 His blasts amid the leaves and branches knit  
 And frame a sound like speech of human kind,  
 But full of sorrow grief and woe was it,  
 Whereby his gentle thoughts all filled were  
 With pity, sadness, grief, compassion, fear

He drew his sword at last, and gave the tree 41  
 A mighty blow, that made a gaping wound,  
 Out of the rift red streams he trickling see  
 That all bebled the verdant plain around,  
 His hur start up, yet once again stroke he,  
 He nould give over till the end he found  
 Of this adventure, when with plaint and moan,  
 As from some hollow grave, he heard one groan

"Enough, enough !" the voice lamenting said, 42  
 "Tancred thou hast me hurt thou didst me drive  
 Out of the body of a noble maid  
 Who with me lived, whom late I kept on live,  
 And now within this woeeful cypress laid  
 My tender mind thv ax upon sharp doth rive,  
 Cruel, is't not enough thy fons to lill,  
 But in their graves wilt thou torment them still ?

43  
 "I was Clorinda now imprisoned here,  
 Yet not alone within this plant I dwell,  
 For every Pagan lord and Christian peer,  
 Before the city's walls last day that fell,  
 In bodies new or graves I wot not clear,  
 But here they are confined by magic's spell,  
 So that each tree hath life, and sense each bough,  
 A murderer if thou cut one twist art thou"

44  
 As the sick man that in his sleep doth see  
 Some ugly dragon, or some chimera new,  
 Though he suspect, or half persuaded be,  
 It is an idle dream, no monster true,  
 Yet still he fears, he quakes, and strives to flee,  
 So fearful is that wondrous form to view,  
 So feared the knight, yet he both knew and thought  
 All were illusions false by witchcraft wrought

45  
 But cold and trembling waxed his frozen heart,  
 Such strange effects such passions it torment,  
 Out of his feeble hand his weapon start,  
 Himself out of his wits nigh, after went  
 Wounded he saw, he thought, for pain and smart,  
 His lady weep, complain, mourn, and lament,  
 Nor could he suffer her dear blood to see,  
 Or hear her sighs that deep far fetched be

46  
 Thus his fierce heart which death had scornéd oft,  
 Whom no strange shape or monster could dismay,  
 With feignéd shows of tender love made soft,  
 A spirit false did with vain prints betray,  
 A whirling wind his sword heaved up aloft,  
 And through the forest bare it quite away  
 O'ercome retired the prince, and as he came,  
 His sword he found, and repossessed the same,

47  
 Yet would return he had no mind to try  
 His courage further in those forests green,  
 But when to Godfrey's tent he proached nigh,  
 His spirits waxed, his thoughts composed been,  
 "My Lord," quoth he, "a witness true am I  
 Of wonders strange, believe it scant though seen,  
 What of the fire, the shades, the dreadful sound  
 You heard, all true by proof myself have found

“A burning fire, so are those deserts charmed, 48  
Built like a battled wall to heaven was reared,  
Whereon with darts and dreadful weapons armed,  
Of monsters foul mis shaped whole bands appeared,  
But through them all I passed, unhurt, unharmed,  
No flame or threatened blow I felt or feared,  
Then rain and night I found, but straight again  
To day, the night, to sunshine turned the rain

“What would you more? each tree through all that wood 49  
Hath sense, hath life, hath speech, like human kind,  
I heard their words as in that grove I stood,  
That mournful voice still, still I bear in mind  
And, as they were of flesh, the purple blood  
At every blow streams from the wounded rind;  
No, no, not I, nor any else, I trow,  
Hath power to cut one leaf, one branch, one bough”

While thus he said, the Christian's noble guide 50  
Felt uncouth strife in his contentious thought,  
He thought, what if himself in person tried  
Those witchcrafts strange, and bring those charms to naught,  
For such he deemed them, or elsewhere provide  
For timber easier got though further sought,  
But from his study he at last abraid,  
Called by the hermit old that to him said,

“Leave off thy hardy thought, another's hands 51  
Of these her plants the wood disposen shall,  
Now, now the fatal ship of conquest lands,  
Her sails are struck, her silver anchors fall,  
Our champion broken hath his worthless bands,  
And looseth from the soil which held him thrill,  
The time draws nigh when our proud foes in field  
Shall slaughtered lie, and Sion's fort shall yield”

This said, his visage shone with beams divine, 52  
And more than mortal was his voice's sound,  
Godiredo's thought to other acts incline,  
His working brain was never idle found  
But in the Crab now did bright Titan shine,  
And scorched with scalding beams the parched ground,  
And made unfit for toil or warlike feat  
His o'dlers, weak with labour, fust with sweat;

Languished the faithful dog, and wonted care  
 Of his dear lord and cabin both forgot,  
 Panting he lud, and gathered fresher air  
 To cool the burning in his entrails hot.  
 But breathing, which wise nature did prepare  
 To suage the stomach's heat, now bootéd not,  
 For little ease, alas, small help, they win  
 That breathe forth air and scalding fire suck in.

63

Thus languish'd the earth, in this estate  
 Lay woeful thousands of the Christians stout,  
 The faithful people grew nigh desperate  
 Of hopéd conquest, shameful death they doubt,  
 Of their distress they talk and oft debate,  
 These sad complaints were heard the camp throughout  
 "What hope hath Godfrey? shall we still here be  
 Till all his soldiers, all our armies die?"

64

"Alas, with what device, what strength, thinks he  
 To scale these walls, or this strong fort to get?  
 Whence hath he engines new? doth he not see,  
 How wrathful Heaven gainst us his sword doth whet?  
 These tokens shown true signs and witness be  
 Our angry God our proud attempts doth let,  
 And scorching sun so hot his beams outspreads,  
 That not more cooling Inde nor Æthiop needs

65

"Or thinks he it an eath or little thing  
 That us despised, neglected, and disduned,  
 Like abjects vile, to death he thus should bring,  
 That so his empire may be still maintained?  
 Is it so great a bliss to be a king,  
 When he that wears the crown with blood is stained  
 And buys his sceptre with his people's lives?  
 See whither glory vain, fond mankind drives

66

"See, see the man, called holy, just, and good,  
 That courteous, meek, and humble would be thought,  
 Yet never cared in what distress we stood  
 If his vain honour were diminished naught,  
 When dried up from us his spring and flood  
 His water must from Jordan streams be brought,  
 And how he sits at feasts and banquetts sweet  
 And minglèth waters fresh with wines of Crete"

67

The French thus murmured, but the Greekish knight 68  
 Tatine, that of this war was weary grown  
 "Why die we here," quoth he, "slain without fight,  
 Killed, not subdued, murdered, not overthrown"  
 Upon the Frenchmen let the penance light  
 Of Godfrey's folly, let me save mine own,"  
 And as he said, without farewell, the knight  
 And all his cornet stole away by night

His bad example many a troop prepares 69  
 To imitate, when his escape they know,  
 Clotharius his band, and Ademars,  
 And all whose guides in dust were buried low,  
 Discharged of duty's chains and bondage snares  
 Free from their oath, to none they service owe,  
 But now concluded all on secret flight,  
 And shrunk away by thousands every night

Godfredo this both heard, and saw, and knew, 70  
 Yet would with death them chastise though he might  
 But with that faith wherewith he could renew  
 The steadfast hulls and seas dry up to naught  
 He prayed the Lord upon his flock to rue,  
 To open the springs of grace and ease this dought,  
 Out of his looks shone zeal, devotion, faith,  
 His hands and eyes to heaven he heaves, and saith

"Father and Lord, if in the deserts waste 71  
 Thou hadst compassion on thy children dear,  
 The craggy rock when Moses cleft and brast,  
 And drew forth flowing streams of waters clear,  
 Like mercy, Lord, like grace on us down cast,  
 And though our merits less than thine appear,  
 Thy grace supply that want, for though they be  
 Thy first born son, thy children yet are we"

These prayers just, from humble hearts forth sent, 72  
 Were nothing slow to climb the starry sky,  
 But swift as winged bird themselves present  
 Before the Father of the heavens high  
 The Lord accepted them, and gently bent  
 Upon the faithful host His gracious eye,  
 And in what pain and what distress it laid,  
 He saw, and grieved to see and thus He said

" Mine armies dear till now have suffered woe 73  
 Distress and danger, hell's infernal power  
 Their enemy hath been, the world their foe,  
 But happy be their actions from this hour  
 What they begin to blessed end shall go,  
 I will refresh them with a gentle shower,  
     Rinaldo shall return, the Egyptian crew  
     They shall encounter, conquer, and subdue "

At these high words great heaven began to shake, 74  
 The fixed stars the planets wandering still,  
 Trembled the air, the earth and ocean quaked,  
 Springing fountain river, forest, dale and hill,  
 From north to east, a lightning flash outbreak,  
 And coming drops presaged with thunders shrill  
     With joyful shouts the soldiers on the plain,  
     These tokens bless of long desired rain

A sudden cloud, as when He has prayed, 75  
 Not from dry earth exhiled by Phoebus beams,  
 Arose, moist heaven his windows open laid  
 Whence clouds by heaps out rush, and watery streams,  
 The world overspread was with a gloomy shade,  
 That like a dark and mirksome even it seems,  
     The crashing rain from molten skies down fell  
     And o'er their banks the brooks and fountains swell

In summer season, when the cloudy sky 76  
 Upon the parched ground doth rain down send,  
 As duck and mallard in the furrows dry  
 With merry noise the promised showers attend,  
 And spreading broad their wings displayed he  
 To keep the drops that on their plumes descend  
     And where the streams swell to a gathered lake,  
     Therein they dive, and sweet refreshing take

So they the streaming showers with shouts and cries 77  
 Salute which heaven shed on the thirsty lands,  
 The falling liquor from the dropping skies  
 He catcheth in his lap he barehead stands,  
 And his bright helm to drink therein unties,  
 In the fresh streams he dives his swart hands,  
     Their faces some, and some their temples wet  
     And some to keep the drops large vessels set



Nor man alone to ease his burning sore, 78  
Herein doth dive and wash, and hereof drinks,  
But earth itself weak, feeble, faint before,  
Whose solid limbs were cleft with rifts and chinks,  
Received the falling showers and gathered store  
Of liquor sweet, that through her veins down sinks,  
And moisture new infused largely was  
In trees, in plants, in herbs, in flowers, in grass

Earth, like the patient was, whose lively blood 79  
Hath overcome at last some sickness strong,  
Whose feeble limbs had been the bait and food  
Whereon this strange disease depastured long,  
But now restored, in health and welfare stood,  
As sound as erst, as fresh, as fair, as young,  
So that forgetting all his grief and pain,  
His pleasant robes and crowns he takes again

Ceased the rain, the sun began to shine, 80  
With fruitful, sweet, benign, and gentle ray,  
Full of strong power and vigour masculine,  
As be his beams in April or in May  
O happy zeal! who trusts in help divine  
The world's afflictions thus can drive away,  
Can storms appease, and times and seasons change,  
And conquer fortune, fate, and destiny strange

The fourteenth Book  
OR  
GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE

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THE ARGUMENT

The Lord to Godfrey in a dream doth shew  
His will Rinaldo must return at last  
They have their asking who for pardon sue  
Two knights to find the prince are sent in haste  
But Peter who by vision all foreknew  
Sendeth the searchers to a wizard placed  
Deep in a vault who first at large declares  
Arnuda's traus then how to shun those snares

---

NOW from the fresh, the soft and tender bed  
Of her still mother, gentle night out flew,  
The fleeting balm on hills and dales she shed,  
With honey drops of pure and precious dew  
And on the verdant of green forests spread  
The virgin primrose and the violet blue,  
And sweet breathed Zephyr on his spreading wings,  
Sleep, ease, repose, rest, peace and quiet brings

The thoughts and troubles of broad waking day,  
Then sunly dipped in mid Dominion's lake,  
But he whose Godhead heaven and earth doth save,  
In his eternal light did watch and wake  
And bent on Godfrey down the gracious ray  
Of his bright eye, still ope for Godfrey's sake,  
To whom a silent dream the Lord now sent  
Which told his will, his pleasure and intent

Far in the east, the golden gate beside 3  
 Whence Phœbus comes, a crystal port there is,  
 And ere the sun his broad doors open wide  
 The beam of springing day uncloseth this,  
 Hence come the dreams, by which heaven's sacred guide  
 Reveals to man those high degrees of his,  
 Hence towards Godfrey ere he left his bed  
 A vision strange his golden plumes bespread

Such semblances, such shapes, such portraits fair, 4  
 Did never yet in dream or sleep appear,  
 I or all the forms in sea, in earth or air,  
 The signs in heaven, the stars in every sphere  
 All that was wondrous, uncouth, strange and rare,  
 All in that vision well presented were  
 Has dream had placed him in a crystal wide,  
 Beset with golden fires, top, bottom, side,

There while he wondereth on the circles vast, 5  
 The stars, their motions, course and harmony,  
 A knight, with shining rays and fire embraced,  
 Presents himself unwares before his eye,  
 Who with a voice that far for sweetness passed  
 All human speech, thus said, approaching nigh,—  
 "What, Godfrey, knowest thou not thy Hugo here?  
 Come and embrace thy friend and fellow dear!"

He answered him, "Thy glorious shining light 6  
 Which in thine eyes his glistening beams doth place,  
 Estranged hath from my foreknowledge quite  
 Thy countenance, thy favour, and thy face."  
 Thus said, three times he stretched his hands outlight  
 And would in friendly arms the knight embrace;  
 And thrice the spirit fled, that thrice he twined  
 Nought in his folded arms but air and wind

Lord Hugo smiled, "Not as you think," quoth he,  
 "I clothed am in flesh and earthly mould,  
 My spirit pure, and naked soul, you see,  
 A citizen of this celestial hold  
 This place is heaven, and here a room for thee  
 Prepared is among Christ's champions bold  
 "Ah when" quoth he, "these mortal bones unkut,  
 Shall I in peace, in ease and rest there sit?"

Hago replied, ' In many yeus shall Iun,  
 Amid the sunts in bliss here shalt thou reign,  
 But first great wars must by thy hand be done,  
 Much blood be shed and many Pagans slain,  
 The holy city by assault be won,  
 The land set free from seiv le yole again,  
 Wherein thou shalt a Chustian empire frame,  
 And after thee shall Baldwin rule the same

8

"But to increase thy love and great desire  
 To heavenward this blessed place behold  
 These shining lumps, these globes of living fire,  
 How they are turned, guided, moved and rolled  
 The angels singing hear, and all their choir,  
 Then bend thine eyes on vonder earth and mould,  
 All in that mass, that globe and compass see  
 Land, sea spring, fountain, man, beast, grass and tree

9

"How vile how small and of how slender price,  
 Is the reward of goodness, virtue's gain  
 A narrow room our glory vain upties,  
 A little circle doth our pride contain,  
 Earth like an isle amid the water lies,  
 Which sea sometime is called, sometime the main,  
 Yet naught therein responds a name so great,  
 It's but a lake, a pond, a marish strait "

10

Thus said the one, the other bended down  
 His looks to ground, and half in scorn he smiled,  
 He saw at once earth, sea flood castle town,  
 Strangely undivided strangely all compiled  
 And won the fooly man so far should drown,  
 To seiv'ry part on things so base and vild,  
 That sweet empue searcheth and dumb fame,  
 And ease heaven's bliss, yet proffereth heaven the same

11

The thoughts answered ' Since the Lord not vet  
 They sofuy aspt from this cage of clay  
 But he whose Gr vain my voyage let  
 In his eternal lfen the best and surcast way  
 And bent on G!hy happy foot is set  
 Of his bright n nor from this passage strav,  
 To whom aile young Rinaldo call,  
 Which told me in charge, else naught at all

12

"For as the Lord of hosts, the King of bliss,  
 Hath chosen thee to rule the faithful band,  
 So he thy stratagems appointed is  
 To execute, so both shall win this land  
 The first is thine, the second place is his,  
 Thou art this army's head, and he the hand,  
 No other champion can his place supply,  
 And that thou do it doth thy state deny

"The enchanted forest, and her charmed teen,  
 With cutting steel shall he to earth down hew,  
 And thy weak armies which too feeble been  
 To scale again these walls reinforced new,  
 And fuming he dispersed on the green,  
 Shall take new strength new courage at his view,  
 The high built towers, the eastern squadrons all,  
 Shall conquered be, shall fly, shall die shall fall

He held his peace, and Godfrey answered so
 15  
 "Oh, how his presence would comfort me"  
 You that man's hidden thoughts perceive and know  
 If I say truth, or if I love him, see  
 But say, what messengers shall for him go?  
 What shall their speeches, what their errand be?  
 Shall I entreat, or else command the man?  
 With credit neither well perform I can

"The eternal Lord, the other knight replied,
 16  
 "That with so many graces hath thee blest,  
 Will that among the troops thou hast to guide,  
 Thou honoured be and feared of most and least  
 Then speak not thou lest blemish some betide  
 Thy sacred empire if thou make request,  
 But when by suit thou moved art to ruth,  
 Then yield forgive, and home recall the youth

Gabriel shall pray thee, God shall him inspire,
 17  
 To pardon this offence, this fault commit  
 By hasty wrath, by rash and headstrong ire,  
 To call the knight again yield thou to it  
 And though the youth enwrapped in fond desire,  
 Thou hence in love and looseness idle sit,  
 Yet fear it not he shall return with speed,  
 When most you wish him and when most you need

"Your honest Peter, to whose apartment here—  
 He, & Heaven his secrets open, tells and shews,  
 Your messenger direct can to that part,  
 Where of the prince they shall hear certain news,  
 And learn the way, the manner, and the art  
 To bring him back to these thy warlike crews,  
 That all thy soldiers, wandered and misgore,  
 Heaven may unite a, ain and join in one

"Put this conclusion shall my speeches end,—  
 Know that his blood shall mix'd be with thine,  
 Whence barons bold and worthies shall descend  
 That many great exploits shall bring to fine"  
 Thus said, he vanish'd from his sleeping friend  
 Like smoke in wind, or mist in Titan's flame,  
 Slept fled likewise, and in his troubled thought  
 With wonder, pleasure, joy, & with marvel sought.

The duke look'd up, and saw the azure sky  
 With argent beams of silver morning spread,  
 And started up for praise and virtue he  
 In evil and travel, sin and shame in bed  
 He wots he took no word part to his though,  
 To his passion all his lords them sped,  
 And there in council gave the princes wit,  
 How to reach to his reform, & so is ruled by it

Lord Clarelly so there, within whose gentle breast  
 Heaven had infused that new and sudden thought,  
 His presence, we do bring to the duke's relief—  
 "O noble prince mild, thou hast led him, unknown hit  
 Oh! the mer—grant me, your respect  
 I will not fail to let you know the wrongs hit,  
 For your service, I will not let him commit  
 His own sake, but for your chance with

“ And if not he, who else dares undertake  
Of this enchanted wood to cut one tree?  
Gunst death and danger who dares battle malice  
With so bold face, so fearless heart as he?  
Beat down these walls, these gates in pieces break,  
Leap o’er these rampires high, thou shalt him see,  
Restore therefore to this desirous band  
Their wish, their hope, their strength, their shield their hand ,

“ To me my nephew, to thyself restore  
A trusty help when strength of hand thou needs,  
In idleness let him consume no more,  
Recall him to his noble acts and deeds !  
Known be his worth as was his strength of yore  
Where’er thy standard broad her cross outspreads,  
Oh, let his fame and praise spread far and wide,  
Be thou his lord, his teacher and his guide !”

Thus he entreated, and the rest approve  
His words, with friendly murmurs whispered low  
Godfrey as though their suit his mind did move  
To that whereon he never thought till now,  
‘ How can my heart,’ quoth he, ‘ if you I love,  
To your request and suit but bend and bow ?  
Let rigour go, that right and justice be  
Wherein you all consent and all agree

“ Rinaldo shall return, let him restrain  
Henceforth his headstrong wrath and hasty ire,  
And with his hardy deeds let him take pain  
To correspond your hope and my desire  
Guelpho, thou must call home the knight again,  
See that with speed he to these tents retire,  
The messengers appoint as likes thy mind,  
And teach them where they should the young man find’

Up start the Dane that bore Prince Sveno’s brand,  
‘ I will,’ quoth he, “ that message undertake,  
I will refuse no pains by sea or land  
To give thee high this sword, kept for his valour”  
This man was bold of courage, strong of hand,  
Guelpho was glad he did the proffer make  
‘ Thou shalt,’ quoth he “ Ubaldo shalt thou have  
To go with thee and that stout wife and grave’

Ubaldo in his youth had known and seen  
 The fishons strange of many an inouth land  
 And travelled over all the realms between  
 The Arctic circle and not Mexico's strand,  
 And is a man whose wit his guide had been,  
 Their customs use he could, tongues understand,  
 Forth when spent his youthful seasons were  
 Lord Guelpho entertained and held him dear

To these committed was the charge and care  
 To find and bring again the champion bold,  
 Guelpho commands them to the fort repair,  
 Where Boemond doth his seat and sceptre hold,  
 For public fame said that Bertoldo's heir  
 There lived, there dwelt, there strayed, the hermit old,  
 That I now they were misled by false report,  
 Among them came, and parleyed in this sort

"Sir I might" quoth he "if you intend to ride,  
 And follow each report fond people say,  
 You follow but a rash and truthless guide  
 That leads you men amiss and makes them stray,  
 Near Ascalon go to the salt seaside  
 Where a swift brook falls in with hidious sway,  
 An aged sire our friend, there shall you find,  
 All what he saith, that do, that I keep in mind

"Of this great voyage which you undertake,  
 Much by his skill, and much by mine advise  
 Hath he foreknown and welcome for my sake  
 You both shall be, the man is kind and wise  
 Instructed thus no further question make  
 The man elected for this enterprise,  
 But humbly yielded to obey his word  
 For what the hermit said, that said the Lord

They took their leave and on their journey went,  
 Their will could brook no stay, their zeal, no let,  
 To Ascalon their voyage straight they bent,  
 Whose broken shores with brackish waves are wet,  
 And there they heard how grunst the cliffs, besprent  
 With bitter foam, the roaring surges bet,  
 A tumbling brook their passage stopped and stayed,  
 Which late fallen ran had proud and puissant made,



So proud that over all his lands he grew, 33  
 And through the fields ran swift as shaft from bow,  
 While here they stopped and stood, before them drew  
 An aged sire, grave and benign in show,  
 Crowned with a beechen garland gathered new,  
 Clad in a linen robe that rought down low,  
 In his right hand a rod, and on the flood  
 Against the stream he marched, and dry shod yode.

As on the Rhene, when winter's freezing cold 34  
 Congerls the streams to thick and hardened glass,  
 The beauties fur of shepherds' daughters bold  
 With winton windlrys run, turn, pliv and pass  
 So on this river passed the wizard old,  
 Although unfrozen soft and swift it was,  
 And thither stalked where the warriors stayed,  
 To whom, their greetings done, he spoke and said

"Great pains, great travel, lords, you have begun, 35  
 And of a cunning guide great need you stand,  
 Far off, alas! is great Bertold's son,  
 Imprisoned in a waste and desert land,  
 What soil remains by which you must not run,  
 What promontory, rock, sea, shore or sand  
 Your search must stretch before the prince be found,  
 Beyond our world, beyond our half of ground!"

"But yet vouchsafe to see my cell I pray, 36  
 In hidden caves and vaults though builded low,  
 Great wonders there, strange things I will bewray,  
 Things good for you to hear, and fit to know  
 Thus said he bids the river make them way,  
 The flood retired, and backward gan to flow,  
 And here and there two cristal mountains rise,  
 So fled the Red Sea once, and Jordan thrice

He took their hands, and led them headlong down 37  
 Under the flood, through vast and hollow deeps  
 Such light they had as when through shadows brown  
 Of thickest deserts feeble Cynthia peeps  
 Their spacious caves they saw all overflow  
 There all his waters pure great Neptune keeps,  
 And thence to moisten all the earth he brings  
 Sets rivers floods lakes fountains wells and springs

Whence Ganges, Indus, Vol & Ister, I'o, 38  
 Whence Euphrates whence Tigris' spring they vie,  
 Whence Tanais whence Nilus comes also,  
 Although his head till then no creature knew,  
 But under these & wealthy stream doth flow,  
 That sulphur yields and ore rich, quick and new,  
 Which the sunbeams doth polish, purge and fine,  
 And makes it silver pure and gold divine

And all his bays the rich and wealthy stream 39  
 Hath far beset with pearl and precious stone  
 Like stars in sky or lamps on stage that beam,  
 The darkness there was dry, the night was gone,  
 There sparkled, clothed in his azure beam,  
 The heavenly sapphire there the jacinth shone,  
 The carbuncle there flamed, the diamond shewn.  
 There glistened bright, there smiled, the emerald green

Amazed the knights amid these wonders passed, 40  
 And fixed so deep the marvels in their thought,  
 That not one word they uttered, till at last  
 Ubaldo spake and thus his guide besought  
 "O father tell me by what skill thou hast  
 These wonders done?" and to what place us brought?  
 For well I know not if I wake or sleep  
 My heart is drowned in such amazement deep

"You are within the hollow womb" quoth he, 41  
 Of fertile earth, the nurse of all things made,  
 And but you brought and guided are by me,  
 Her sacred entrails could no might invade  
 My palace shortly shall you splendid see,  
 With glorious light, though built in night and shade  
 A Pagan was I born, but yet the Lord  
 To grace, by baptism, hath my soul restored

"Nor yet by help of devil or aid from hell, 42  
 I do this uncouth work and wondrous feat  
 The Lord forbid I use or charm or spell  
 To raise foul Dis from his infernal seat  
 But of all herbs of every spring and well,  
 The hidden power I know and virtue great,  
 And all that kind hath hid from mortal sight  
 And all the stars their motions and their might

“For in these caves I dwell not buried still 43  
From sight of Heaven, but often I resort  
To tops of Lebanon or Carmel hill,  
And there in liquid air myself disport,  
There Mars and Venus I behold it will  
As bare as erst when Vulcan took them short,  
And how the rest roll, glide and move, I see  
How their aspects benign or froward be

“And underneath my feet the clouds I view, 44  
Now thick, now thin, now bright with Iris bow,  
The frost and snow, the rain the hail the dew,  
The winds, from whence they come and whence they blow,  
How Jove his thunder makes and lightning new,  
How with the bolt he strikes the earth below,  
How comete, comete, comete stars are framed  
I knew my skill with pride my heart inflamed

“So learned, cunning, wise, myself I thought, 45  
That I supposed my wit so high might climb  
To know all things that God had framed or wrought,  
Fire air, sea, earth, man, beast, sprite, place and time  
But when your hermit me to baptism brought,  
And from my soul had washed the sin and crime,  
Then I perceived my sight was blindness still,  
My wit was folly, ignorance my skill

“Then saw I, that like owls in shining sun, 46  
So gunst the beams of truth our souls are blind  
And at myself to smile I then begun,  
And at my heart, puffed up with folly's wind,  
Yet still these arts as I before had done  
I practised such was the hermit's mind  
Thus hath he changed my thoughts my heart, my will,  
And rules mine art my knowledge, and my skill

“In him I rest, on him my thoughts depend 47  
My lord my teacher, and my guide is he,  
This noble work he strives to bring to end  
He is the architect, the workmen we,  
The hardy youth home to this camp to send  
From prison strong in care, my charge shall be  
So He commands and me ere this foretold  
Your coming oft, to seal the champion bold

While this he said, he brought the champions twain 48  
 Down to a vault, wherein he dwells and lies,  
 It was a cave high, wide, large, ample, plain,  
 With goodly rooms, halls, chambers, galleries,  
 All what is bred in rich and precious vein  
 Of wealthy earth and hid from mortal eyes,  
 Here shines, and fair adorned was every part  
 With riches grown by kind, not framed by art

An hundred grooms, quick, diligent and neat, 49  
 Attend once gave about these strangers bold,  
 Against the wall there stood a cupboard great  
 Of massive plate, of silver, crystal, gold.  
 But when with precious wines and costly meat  
 They filled were, thus spake the wizard old —  
 ' Now 'tis the time, sir knights, I tell and show  
 What you desire to hear, and long to know

" Traitor's craft, her sleight and hidden guile 50  
 You partly wot, her acts and arts untrue,  
 How to your camp she came, and by what wile  
 The greatest lords and princes thence she drew,  
 You know she turned them first to monsters vile,  
 And kept them since closed up in secret mew,  
 Lastly, to Giza ward in bonds them sent,  
 Whom young Rinaldo rescued as they went

' What chanced since I will at large declare, 51  
 To you unknown, a story strange and true  
 When first her prey, got with such pain and care,  
 I scaped and gone the witch perceived and knew  
 Her hands she wrung for grief, her clothes she tore,  
 And full of woe these heavy words outthrew  
 Alas! my knights are slain, my prisoners free,  
 Ye of this conquest never best shall be,

" He in their place shall serve me, and sustain 52  
 Their pains, their torments suffer sorrows bear  
 And they his absence shall lament in vain,  
 And wail his loss and theirs with many a tear  
 In this time to herself she did ordain  
 A fair and wiled guile as you shall hear,  
 In her she laid where the valiant knight  
 Had once been and slain her men in fight

' Armado there had doft and left his own, 53  
 And on his back a Pagan's harness tied,  
 Perchance he deemed so to pass unknown,  
 And in those arms less noted false to ride,  
 A headless corse in fight late overthrown,  
 The witch in his forsaken arms did hide,  
 And by a brook exposed it on the sand  
 Whither she wished would come a Christian hand

' Their coming might the dame foreknow right well 54  
 For secret spies she sent forth thousand ways,  
 Which every day news from the camp might tell,  
 Who parted thence, booties to search or prey  
 Beside, the sprites conjured by sacred spell,  
 All what she asks or doubts, reveals and says,  
 The body therefore placed she in that part  
 That furthered best her sleight, her craft, and art,

" And near the corpse a varlet false and sly 55  
 She left, attired in shepherd's homely weed,  
 And taught him how to counterfeit, and lie  
 As time required and he performed the deed,  
 With him your soldiers spoke of jealousy  
 And false suspect amongst them he strewed the seed  
 That since brought forth the fruit of strife and jar,  
 Of civil brawls, contention, discord, war

" And as she wished so the soldiers thought 56  
 By Godfrey's practice that the prince was slun,  
 Yet vanished that suspicion false to nought  
 When truth spread forth her silver wings again  
 Her false devices thus Armida wrought,  
 This was her first deceit, her foremost train  
 What next she practised, shall you hear me tell,  
 Against our knight, and what thereof befell

" Armida hunted him through wood and plain 57  
 Till on Orontes' flowery banks he strayed  
 There, where the stream did part and meet again  
 And in the midst a gentle island made,  
 A pillar fair was right beside the main,  
 Near which a little frigate floating lay  
 The marble white the prince did long behold  
 And this inscription read, there writ in gold

58  
 " ' Whoso thou art whom will or chance doth bring  
 With happy steps to flood Orontes sides,  
 Know that the world hath not so strange a thing,  
 Twixt east and west, as this small island lides,  
 Then pass and see, without more turling '  
 The hasty youth to pass the stream provides,  
 And for the cogg was narrow, small and strait  
 Alone he rowed, and bade his squires there wait

59  
 " Landed he stalks about, yet naught he sees  
 But verdant groves, sweet shades, and mossy rocks  
 With caves and fountains flowers herbs and trees  
 So that the words he heard he takes for mocks  
 But that green isle was sweet at all degrees  
 Wherewith enticed down sits he and unlocks  
 His closed helm and bares his visage fan,  
 To take sweet breath from cool and gentle air

60  
 ' A rumbling sound amid the waters deep  
 Meanwhile he heard, and thither turned his sight,  
 And tumbling in the troubled stream too keep  
 How the strong waves together rush and fight  
 Whence first he saw, with golden tresses, peep  
 The rising visage of a virgin bright,  
 And then her neck, her breasts and all, as low  
 As he for shame could see, or she could show

61  
 " So in the twilight does sometimes appear  
 A nymph a goddess or a fairy queen,  
 And though no siren but a sprite this were  
 Yet by her beauty seemed it she had been  
 One of those sisters false which haunted near  
 The Tyrrhene shores and kept those waters sheer  
 Like theirs her face, her voice was and her sound,  
 And thus she sung, and pleased both skies and ground

62  
 " ' Ye happy youths, who April fresh and May  
 Attire in flowering green of lusty age,  
 For glory vain, or virtues idle ray,  
 Do not your tender limbs to toil engage  
 In calm streams, fishes birds, in sunshine play,  
 Who followeth pleasure he is only sage,  
 So nature saith, yet gainst her sacred will  
 Why still rebel you, and why strive you still ?

“ ‘ O fools who youth possess yet scorn the same 63  
 A precious, but a short abiding treasure,  
 Virtue itself is but an idle name,  
 Prized by the world above reason all and measure,  
 And honour, glory, praise renown and fame,  
 That men's proud hearts bewitch with tickling pleasure  
     An echo is a shade a dream, a flower  
     With each wind blasted, spoiled with every shower

“ ‘ But let your happy souls in joy possess 64  
 The ivory castles of your bodies fall,  
 Your passed harms salve with forgetfulness  
 Haste not your coming evils with thought and care,  
 Regard no blazing star with burning tress  
 Nor storm nor threatening sky nor thundering air,  
     This wisdom is, good life, and worldly bliss  
     Kind teacheth us, nature commands us this

“ Thus sung the spirit false, and stealing sleep 65  
 To which her tunes enticed his heavy eyes,  
 By step and step did on his senses creep,  
 Still every limb therein unmoved lies,  
 Not thunders loud could from this slumber deep  
 Of quiet death true image, make him rise  
     Then from her ambush forth Armada start  
     Swearing revenge, and threatening torments smart

“ But when she looked on his face awhile 66  
 And saw how sweet he breathed how still he lay,  
 How his fur eyes though closed seemed to smile,  
 At first she staid astound with great dismay  
 Then sat her down, so love can art beguile  
 And as she sat and looked, fled fast away  
     Her wrath that on his forehead gazed the maid,  
     As in his spring Narcissus tooting lud,

And with a veil she wiped now and then 67  
 From his fair cheeks the globes of silver sweat,  
 And cool air gathered with a trembling run,  
 To mitigate the rage of melting heat  
 Thus who would think it, his hot eye glance can  
 Of that cold frost dissolve the hardness great  
     Which late congealed the heart of that fair dame,  
     Who late a foe, a lover now became

"Of woodbines, lilies, and of roses sweet,  
 Which proudly flowered through that wanton plain  
 All platted fast, well knit, and join'd meet,  
 She framed a soft but surely holding chain,  
 Wherewith she bound his neck his hands and feet,  
 Thus bound, thus taken, did the prince remain,  
 And in a coach which two old dragons drew,  
 She laid the sleeping knight, and thence she flew.

68

"Nor turned she to Damascus' Kingdoms large,  
 Nor to the fort built in Asphalts lake,  
 But jealous of her dear and precious charge,  
 And of her love ashamed, the way did take,  
 To the wide ocean whither skiff or barge  
 From us doth seld or never voyage make,  
 And there to frolic with her love a while  
 She chose a waste, a sole and desert isle

69

' An isle that with her fellows bears the name  
 Of Fortunate, for temperate air and mould,  
 There in a mountain high alight the dame,  
 A hill obscured with shades of forests old,  
 Upon whose sides the witch by art did frame  
 Continual snow, sharp frost and winter cold  
 But on the top, fresh pleasant, sweet and green,  
 Beside a lake a palace built this queen

70

' There in perpetual sweet and flowering spring,  
 She lives at ease, and joys her lord at will,  
 The happy youth from this strange prison bring  
 Your valours must, directed by my skill,  
 And overcome each monster and each thing  
 That guards the palace or that keeps the hill,  
 Nor shall you want a guide, or engines fit,  
 To bring you to the mount, or conquer it.

71

"Beside the stream parted shall you find  
 A dame in visage young, but old in years  
 Her curled locks about her front are twined  
 A partly coloured robe of silk she wears  
 This shall conduct you swift as air or wind  
 Or that fit bird that Jove's hot weapon bears  
 A faithful pilot, cunning trusty, sure,  
 As Tiphys was, or skilful Palinure.

72



“At the hill's foot, whereon the witch doth dwell, 73  
The serpents hiss, and cast their poison vild,  
The ugly bores do rear their bristles full,  
There gape the bears, and roar the lions wild,  
But yet a rod I have can easily quell  
Their rage and wrath, and make them meek and mild  
Yet on the top and height of all the hill,  
The greatest danger lies, and greatest ill

“There welletth out a fair, clear, bubbling spring, 74  
Whose waters pure the thirsty guests entice,  
But in those liquors cold the secret sting  
Of strange and deadly poison closed lies,  
One sup thereof the drinker's heart doth bring  
To sudden joy, whence laughter vain doth rise,  
Nor that strange merriment once stops or stays,  
Till, with his laughter's end, he end his days

“Then from those deadly, wicked streams refrain 75  
Your thirsty lips, despise the daintv cheer  
You find exposed upon the grassy plain,  
Nor those false damsels once vouchsafe to hear,  
That in melodious tunes their voices strain,  
Whose faces lovely, smiling, sweet, appear,  
But you their looks, their voice, their songs despise,  
And enter fair Armida's paradise

“The house is builded like a maze within, 76  
With turning stairs, false doors and winding ways,  
The shape whereof plotted in vellum thin  
I will you give that all those sleights bewrays,  
In midst a garden lies where many a gin  
And net to catch frail hearts, false Cupid lays,  
There in the verdure of the arbours green,  
With your brave champion lies the wanton queen

“But when she haply riseth from the night, 77  
And hath withdrawn her presence from the place,  
Then take a shield I have of diamonds bright,  
And hold the same before the young man's face,  
That he may glass therein his garments light,  
And wanton soft attire, and view his case,  
That with the sight shame and disdain may move  
His heart to leave that base and servile love

“ Now resteth nought that needful is to tell,  
But that you go secure, safe, sure and bold,  
Unseen the palace may you enter well,  
And pass the dangers all I have foretold,  
For neither art, nor charm, nor magic spell,  
Can stop your passage or your steps withhold,  
Nor shall Armida so you guarded be,  
Your coming aught forknow or once foresee

78

“ And eke as safe from that enchanted fort  
You shall return and scape unhurt away ,  
But now the time doth us to rest exhort,  
And you must rise by peep of springing day  
Thus said he led them through a narrow port  
Into a lodging fur wherein they lay  
There glad and full of thoughts he left his guests  
And in his wonted bed the old man rests

79

The Fifteenth Book  
OF  
GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE.

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*THE ARGUMENT*

The well instructed nights forsake their host,  
And come where their strange barl in harbour lay  
And setting soul behold on Egypt's coast  
The monarch's ships and armies in array  
Their wind and pilot good the seas in post  
They pass, and of long journeys make short way  
The far sought isle they find Armida's charms  
They scorn they shun her slights despise her arms

---

THE rosy fingered morn with gladsome ray 1  
Rose to her task from old Tithonus' lap  
When their grave host came where the warriors lay,  
And with him brought the shield, the rod, the map  
"Arise," quoth he, "ere lately broken day,  
In his bright arms the round world fold or wrap,  
All what I promised, here I have them brought,  
Enough to bring Armida's charms to nought."

They started up, and every tender limb 2  
In sturdy steel and stubborn plate they dight,  
Before the old man stalked, they followed him  
Through gloomy shades of sad and sable night,  
Through vaults obscure again and entries dim,  
The way they came their steps remeasured right,  
But at the flood arrived, "Fatewell," quoth he,  
"Good luck your aid, your guide good fortune be"

The flood received them in his bottom low 2  
 And lift them up above his billows thin,  
 The waters so cast up a branch or bough,  
 By violence first plunged and dived therein  
 But when upon the shore the waves them did row  
 The knights for their fair guide to look begin,  
 And gazing round a little while they spied,  
 Wherein a damsel sat the stern to guide

Upon her front her locks were curled new, 4  
 Her eyes were courteous, full of peace and love  
 In look a saint in angel bright in show  
 So in her visage grace and virtue strove  
 Her robe seemed sometimes red and sometimes blue,  
 And changed still as she did stir or move,  
 That look how oft man's eye beheld the same  
 So oft the colours changed, went and came

The feathers so, that tender, soft, and pluin, 5  
 About the doves smooth neck close couched been,  
 Do in one colour never long remain,  
 But change their hue gainst glimpse of Phoebus' sheen,  
 And now of rubies bright a vermeil cham,  
 Now make a carket rich of emeralds green  
 Now mingle both, now alter, turn and change  
 To thousand colours, rich, pure, fair, and strange

"Enter this boat, you happy men," she says, 6  
 "Wherein through raging waves secure I ride,  
 To which all tempest, storm, and wind obeys  
 All burdens light, benign is stream and tide  
 My lord, that rules your journeys and your ways  
 Hath sent me here your servant and your guide"  
 This said, her shallop drove she gainst the sand,  
 And anchor cast amid the steadfast land

They entered in, her anchors she upwound, 7  
 And launched forth to set her pinnace fit  
 Spread to the wind her sails she broad unbound  
 And at the helm sat down to govern it,  
 So called the flood that all his banks he drowned  
 To be the greatest ship of burthen in  
 Yet was her figure little swift and light,  
 That at his lowest ebb he wot he might

Swifter than thought the friendly wind forth bore 8  
 The sliding boat upon the rolling wave,  
 With cased foam and froth the billows hoar  
 About the cable murmur roar and roar  
 At last they came where all his watery store  
 The flood in one deep channel did engrave,  
 And forth to greedy seas his streams he sent  
 And so his waves, his name, himself he spent

The wondrous boat scant touched the troubled main 9  
 But all the sea still hushed and quiet was,  
 Vanished the clouds, ceased the wind and rain,  
 The tempests threatened overblow and pass,  
 A gentle breathing air made even and plain  
 The azure face of heaven's smooth looking glass,  
 And heaven itself smiled from the skies above  
 With a calm clearness on the earth his love

By Ascalon they sailed, and forth drove, 10  
 Towards the west their speedy course they frame,  
 In sight of Gaza till the bark arrived  
 A little port when first it took that name,  
 But since by others' loss so well it thrived  
 A city great and rich that it became,  
 And there the shores and borders of the land  
 They found as full of armed men as sand.

The passengers to landward turned the right 11  
 And there saw pitched many a stately tent,  
 Soldier and footman, captain, lord and knight,  
 Between the shore and city came and went  
 Huge elephants strong camels coursers light,  
 With horned hoofs the sandy ways outrent  
 And in the haven many a ship and boat  
 With mighty anchors fastened swim and float,

Some spread their sails some with strong oars sweep 12  
 The waters smooth, and brush the bottom wave  
 Their breasts in sunder cleave the welking deep,  
 The broken seas for anger foam and rave,  
 When thus their guide began "Sir knights, take heed  
 How all these shores are spread with squadrons brave  
 And troops of hardy knights, yet on these shores  
 The monarch scant hath gathered half his bands

' Of Egypt only these the forces are 13  
 And aid from other lands they here attend,  
 For twixt the noon-day sun and morning star,  
 All realms at his command do bow and bend,  
 So that I trust we shall return from far,  
 And bring our journey long to wished end,  
 Before this king or his lieutenant shall  
 These armies bring to Zion's conquered wall "

While thus she said, as soaring eagles fly 14  
 Mongst other birds securch through the air,  
 And mounting up behold with wistful eye,  
 The radiant beams of old Hyperion's hair,  
 Her gondola so passéd swiftly by  
 Twixt ship and ship withouten fear or care  
 Who should her follow, trouble, stop or stay,  
 And forth to sea made lucky speed and way

Themselves forenst old Kaffirs to n they find, 15  
 A town that first to sailors doth appear  
 As they from Syria pass to Egypt land  
 The sterile coasts of barren Rhinocere  
 They passéd and seas where Casius hill doth stand  
 That with his trees overspreads the waters near  
 Against whose roots breaketh the brackish wave  
 Where Jove his temple Pompey hath his grave

Then Dimitri next, where they behold 16  
 How to the sea his tribute Nilus pays  
 By his seven mouths renowned in stories old,  
 And by an hundred more in noble wars  
 They pass the town built by the Grecian bold,  
 Of him called Alexandria till our days,  
 And Ptoleah's tower and relic removed of yore  
 Far from the land now joined to the shore

Both Crete and Rhodes they left by north unseen, 17  
 And sailed along the coasts of Afric lands,  
 Whose sea to us fur, but realms more inward been  
 All full of monsters and of desert sands  
 With her five cities then they left Cyrene,  
 Where that old temple of false Humma stands  
 Next Ptolemais, and that sterile wood  
 Whence spring the silent streams of Lethe flood

The greater Syrte, thit sailors often cast 18  
In peril great of death and loss extreme,  
They compassed round about, and safely pass'd,  
The Cape Judaea and flood Myrra's stream,  
Then Tripoli, gunst which is Malta plac'd,  
Thit low and hid to lurk in seas doth seem  
The little Syrte then, and Alzerbés isle,  
Where dwelt the foll thit Lotos ate erewhile

Next Tunis on the crooked shore they spied, 19  
Whose bry & rock on either side defends  
Tunis all towns in beauty wealth and pride  
Above as far as Libya's bounds extend,  
Gainst which, from fur Sicilia's fertile side,  
His rugged front great Libya's bands  
The dame there pointed out where somet mes stood  
Rome's stately rival whilom, Carthage proud,

Great Carthage low in ashes cold doth lie, 20  
Her ruins poor the herbs in height scant pass,  
So cities full so perish in kingdoms high,  
Their pride and pomp lies hid in sand and grass  
Then why should mortal man repine to die,  
Whose life, is air, breath, wind, and body, glass  
From thence the seas next Biserta walls they clift  
And far Sardinia on their right hand left

Numidia's mighty plains they coasted then, 31  
Where wandering shepherds used their flocks to feed,  
Then Bugia and Argier, the infamous den  
Of pirates false, Orin they left with speed,  
All Tingra they swiftly overten,  
Where elephants and angry lions breed,  
Where now the realms of Fez and Maroc be,  
Gainst which Granada's shores and coasts they set

Now are they there, where first the sea brake in 32  
By great Alcides' help as stories feign  
True may it be that where those floods began  
It whilom was a firm and solid main  
Before the sea there through old passage ran  
And parted Afric from the land of Spain  
Abila hence, thence Cyloc great upsprings  
Such power hath time to change the face of things

I our tunes the sun had spread his morning rays 23  
 Since first the dance launched forth her v'ndrous brigs  
 And never yet took part in reel or bay  
 But fairly forward bore the Jinn his herchar,  
 Not thro' the strait her jolly ship made way,  
 And boldly sailed upon the ocean large,  
 But if the sea in midst of earth was great,  
 Oh what was this wherein earth hath her seat?

Now deep engulfed in the mighty flood 24  
 They saw not Gades, nor the mountains near,  
 Fled was the land and towns on land that stood  
 Heaven covered sea, sea seemed the heavens to be  
 At last, fair lady, quoth Ubaldo good,  
 ' That in this endless main do t' guide us here  
 If ever man before here sailed tell  
 Or other lands here be wherein men dwell

' Great Hercules, quoth she "when he had quailed 25  
 The monsters fierce in Afric and in Spun  
 And all along your coasts and countries sailed,  
 Yet durst he not assay the ocean main,  
 Within his pillars would he have impaled  
 The overbearing wit of mankind run  
 Till Lord Ulysses did those bounders pass,  
 To see and know he so desirous was

" He passed the pillars and in open wave 26  
 Of the broad sea first his bold sails untwined,  
 But yet the greedy ocean was his grave,  
 Naught helped him his skill against tide and wind  
 With him all witness of his voyage brave  
 Lies buried there, no truth thereof we find,  
 And they whom storm hath forced that way since,  
 Are drowned all, or unreturned from thence

" So that this mighty sea is yet unsought 27  
 Where thousand isles and kingdoms lie unknown,  
 No void of men as some have vainly thought,  
 But peopled well, and walled like your own  
 The land is fertile ground but scant well wrought,  
 Air wholesome temperate sun grass proudly grown  
 " But," quoth Ubaldo "dame I pray thee teach  
 Of that hid world what be the laws and speech?"



“As diverse be their nations,” answered she, 28  
 “Their tongues, their rites, their laws so different are,  
 Some pray to beasts, some to a stone or tree,  
 Some to the earth, the sun, or morning star,  
 Their meats unwholesome vile, and hateful be,  
 Some eat man’s flesh, and captives ta’en in war,  
 And all from Calp’s mountain west that dwell,  
 In faith profane, in life are rude and fell.”

“But will our gracious God,” the knight replied, 29  
 “That with his blood all sinful men hath bought,  
 His truth forever and his gospel hide  
 From all those lands, as yet unknown, unsought?”  
 “Oh no,” quoth she, “his name both far and wide  
 Shall there be known, all learning thither brought,  
 Nor shall these long and tedious ways for ever  
 Your world and theirs, their lands, your kingdoms sever

“The time shall come that sutors shall disdain 30  
 To talk or argue of Alcides’ streat,  
 And lands and seas that nameless yet remain,  
 Shall well be known, their boundaries, site and seat,  
 The ships encompass shall the solid main,  
 As far as seas outstretch their waters great,  
 And measure all the world, and with the sun  
 About this earth, this globe, this compass, run

“A knight of Genes shall have the hardiment 31  
 Upon this wondrous voyage first to wend,  
 Nor winds nor waves that ships in sunder rent,  
 Nor seas unused, strange clime, or pool unkenned,  
 Nor other peril nor astonishment  
 That makes frail hearts of men to bow and bend,  
 Within Abilas’ strait shall keep and hold  
 The noble spirit of this sailor bold

“Thy ship, Columbus, shall her canvas wing 32  
 Spread o’er that world that yet concealed lies,  
 That scant swift fame her looks shall after bring,  
 Though thousand plumes she have, and thousand eyes,  
 Let her of Boreas and Alcides sing,  
 Of thee to future age let this suffice,  
 That of thine acts she some forewarning give,  
 Which shall in verse and noble story live.”

Thus talking, swift twist south and west they run, 33  
 And sliced out twist froth and foam their way,  
 At once they saw before, the setting sun,  
 Behind, the rising beam of springing day,  
 And when the morn her drops and dews begun  
 To scatter broad upon the flowering lay,  
 Far off a hill and mountain high they spied,  
 Whose top the clouds environ, clothe and hide,

And drawing near, the hill at ease they view, 34  
 When all the clouds were molten, fallen and fled,  
 Whose top pyramid-wise did pointed show,  
 High, narrow, sharp, the sides yet more outspread,  
 Thence now and then fire, flame and smoke outflow,  
 As from that hill, whereunder lies in bed  
 Enceladus, whence with imperious sway  
 Bright fire breaks out by night, black smoke by day

About the hill lay other islands small, 35  
 Where other rocks, crags, cliffs, and mountains stood,  
 The Isles Fortunate these elder time did call,  
 To which high Heaven their feigned so kind and good,  
 And of his blessings rich so liberal,  
 That without tillage earth gives corn for food,  
 And grapes that swell with sweet and precious wine  
 There without pruning yields the fertile vine

The olive fat there ever buds and flowers, 36  
 The honey drops from hollow oaks distil,  
 The falling brook her silver streams downpours  
 With gentle murmur from their native hill,  
 The western blast tempereth with dews and showers  
 The sunny rays, lest heat the blossoms kill,  
 The fields Elysian, as fond heathen say,  
 Were there, where souls of men in bliss remain

To these their pilot steered, "And now," quoth she, 37  
 "Your voyage long to end is brought well-near,  
 The happy Isles of Fortune now you see,  
 Of which great fame, and little truth, you hear,  
 Sweet wholesome, pleasant, fertile, fat they be,  
 Yet not so rich as fame reports they were."  
 This said, towards an island fresh she bore,  
 The first of ten, that lies next Afric's shore,

When Charles thus, "If, worthy governess,  
 To our good speed such tutorage be no let,  
 Upon this isle that Heaven so fair doth bless,  
 To view the place, on land & while us set,  
 To know the follies and what God they confess,  
 And all whereby man's heart may knowledge get,  
 That I may tell the wonders therein seen  
 Another day, and say, there have I been"

She answered him, "Well fits this high desire  
 Thy noble heart, yet cannot I consent,  
 For Heaven's decree, firm stable, and entire,  
 Thy wish repugns and against thy will is bent,  
 Nor yet the time hath Titan's gliding fire  
 Met forth, prefixed for this discovery,  
 Nor is it lawful of the ocean main  
 That you the secrets I now, or known explain"

"To you withouten needle, map or card  
 It's given to pass these seas, and there arrive  
 Where in strong prison lies your knight imprisoned,  
 And of her prey you must the witch deprive  
 If further to aspire you be prepared  
 In vain against fate and Heaven's decree you strive  
 While thus she said, the first seen isle gave place  
 And high and rough the second showed his face"

They saw how eastward stretched in order long,  
 The happy islands sweetly flowering lay,  
 And how the seas betwixt those isles enthrong,  
 And how they shouldered land from land away  
 In seven of them the people rude among  
 The shady trees their sheds had built of clay,  
 The rest lay waste, unless wild beasts unscen  
 Or wanton nymphs roamed on the mountains green

A secret place they found in one of those  
 Where the cleft shore sea in his bosom takes  
 And twixt his stretched arms doth fold and close  
 An ample bay, a rock the haven makes,  
 Which to the main doth his broad back oppose  
 Whereon the roaring billow cleaves and breaks  
 And here and there two crags like towers high,  
 Point forth a port to all that sail thereby

The quiet seas below lie safe and still 43  
 The green wood lilies and flowers stout,  
 Sweet caves within, cool shades and waters shrill,  
 Where lie the nymphs on moss and are soft,  
 No anchor there needs hold her fragile stail,  
 No cable twisted sore, though breasting oft  
 Into this desert silent, quiet, glad  
 Entered the dame, and there her haven made

"The palace proudly built," quoth she "behold, 14  
 That sits on top of vonder mountain's height  
 Of Christ's true faith there lies the champion bold  
 In valence love, fancy, folly light,  
 When Phabus shall his rising beams unfold  
 Prepare you guinst the hill to mount upright  
 Nor let this stay in your bold hearts breed care,  
 For save that one, all hopes unluck are,

' But yet this evening if you make good speed, 45  
 To that hill's foot with daylight might you pass  
 Thus said the dame their guide, and they agreed  
 And took their leave and leaped forth on the grass  
 They found the way that to the hill doth lead,  
 And softly went that neither tired was,  
 But at the mountain's foot they both arrived  
 Before the sun his team in waters dived

They saw how from the crags and clefts below 46  
 His proud and stately pleasant top grew out  
 And how his sides were clad with frost and snow,  
 The height was green with herbs and flowerets stout,  
 Like hollyhocks the trees about him grow  
 The rocks of ice keep watch and ward about  
 The tender roses and the lilies new  
 Thus art can nature change, and kind subdue

Within a thick and dark and snawy plot, 47  
 At the hill's foot that night the warriors dwell  
 But when the sun his rays bright shining shot,  
 D spread of golden light the eternal well,  
 ' Up, up they cried and fiercely up they got,  
 And climbed boldly guinst the mountain fell  
 But forth there crept, from whence I cannot say,  
 An ugly serpent which forest filled their way

Armed with golden scales his head and crest 48  
 He lifted high, his neck swelled great with ire,  
 Flamed his eyes, and hiding with his breast  
 All the broad path, he poison breathed and fire,  
 Now reached he forth in folds and forward pressed,  
 Now would he back in rolls and heaps retire,  
 Thus he presents himself to guard the place,  
 The knights pressed forward with assured pace

Charles drew forth his brand to strike the snake, 49  
 Ubildo cried, ' Stay, my companion dear,  
 Will you with sword or weapon battle make  
 Against this monster that affronts us here ? "  
 This said, he gan his charmed rod to shake,  
 So that the serpent durst not hiss for fear,  
 But fled, and dead for dread fell on the grass,  
 And so the passage plain, eath, open was

A little higher on the way they met 50  
 A lion fierce that hugely roared and cried,  
 His crest he reared high, and open set  
 Of his broad gaping jaws the furnace wide,  
 His stern his back oit smote, his rage to whet,  
 But when the sacred staff he once espied  
 A trembling fear through his bold heart was spied  
 His native wrath was gone, and swift he fled

The hurdy couple on their way forth wend, 51  
 And met a host that on them roar and gape,  
 Of savage beasts, tofore unseen, unkend,  
 Differing in voice, in semblance, and in shape,  
 All monsters which hot Afric doth forthsend,  
 Twixt Nilus, Atlas, and the southern cape,  
 Were all there met and all wild beasts besides  
 Hyrcania breeds or Hyrcane forest hides

But yet that fierce, that strange and savage host 52  
 Could not in presence of those worthies stand,  
 But fled away, their heart and courage lost,  
 When Lord Ubildo shook his charming wand  
 No other let the r passage stopped or crossed,  
 Till on the mountain's top them clies they stand  
 Sit it at the ice the frost, and drifted snow,  
 Oft mace them feeble weary, faint and slow

But having passed all that frozen ground 53  
 And overgone that winter sharp and lean,  
 A warm, mild, pleasant, gentle sky they found  
 That overspread a large and ample green  
 The winds breathed spikenard, myrrh, and balm around  
 The blists were firm, uncharn'd, stable been,  
 Not as elsewhere the winds now rise nor fall,  
 And Phœbus there no slings sets not at all

Not as elsewhere now sunshine bright now shower 54  
 Now heat now cold there interchang'd were,  
 But everlasting spring, mild heaven down pours,—  
 In which nor rain nor storm, nor clouds appear,—  
 Nursing to fields their grass to grass, his flowers  
 To flowers then smell, to trees the leaves they bear  
 There by a like a stately palace stands,  
 That overlooks all mountains seas and lands

The passage hard against the mountain steep 55  
 These travellers had faint and weary made  
 That through those grassy plains they scantily creep  
 They walked they rested oft they went they staid  
 When from the rocks that seemed for joy to weep  
 Before their feet a dropping crystal played  
 Enticing them to drink, and on the flowers  
 The plenteous spring a thousand streams down pours

All which, united in the springing grass, 56  
 Ate forth a channel through the tender green  
 And underneath eternal shade did pass,  
 With murmur shrill cold pure and scantily seen  
 Yet so transparent, that perceiv'd was  
 The bottom rich and sands that golden been  
 And on the brims the silken grass aloft  
 Proffered them seats, sweet, easy, fresh and soft

" See here the stream of laughter see the spring, 57  
 Quoth the " of danger and of deadly pain,  
 Here fond desire must by fur governing  
 Be ruled our list bridled with wisdom's rein,  
 Our ears be stopp'd while these Sirens sing  
 Their notes enticing man to pleasure vain '  
 Thus passed they forward where the stream did make  
 An ample pond, a large and spacious lake

There on a table was all dainty food 58  
That sea, that earth, or liquid air could give,  
And in the crystal of the laughing flood  
They saw two naked virgins bathe and dive,  
That sometimes toying, sometimes wrestling stood,  
Sometimes for speed and skill in swimming strive,  
Now underneath they dived, now rose above,  
And ticing bruts laid forth of lust and love

These naked wantons, tender, fair and white, 59  
Moved so far the warriors' stubborn hearts,  
That on their shapes they gazed with delight.  
The nymphs applied their sweet alluring arts,  
And one of them above the waters quite,  
Lift up her head, her breasts and higher parts,  
And all that might weak eyes subdue and take,  
Her lower beauties veiled the gentle lake

As when the morning star, escaped and fled 60  
From greedy waves, with dewy beams up flies.  
Or as the Queen of Love, new born and bred  
Of the Ocean's fruitful froth, did first arise  
So vented she her golden locks forth shed  
Round pearls and crystal moist therein which bes  
But when her eyes upon the knights she cast,  
She start, and feigned her of their sight aghast

And her fair locks, that in a knot were tied 61  
High on her crown, she gan at large unfold,  
Which falling long and thick and spreading wide,  
The ivory soft and white mantled in gold  
Thus her fair skin the dame would clothe and hide,  
And that which hid it no less fair was hold,  
Thus clad in waves and locks, her eyes divine,  
From them ashamed did she turn and twine

Withal she smil'd and she blushed withal, 62  
Her blush, her smilings, smiles her blushing graced  
Over her face her amber tresses fall,  
Whereunder Love himself in ambush placed  
At last she warbled forth a treble small,  
And with sweet looks her sweet songs interlaced,  
"Oh happy men ! that have the grace," quoth she,  
"This bliss, this heaven, this paradise to see,

63  
 ' This is the place wherein you may assuage  
 Your sorrows past, here is that joy and bliss  
 That flourished in the antique golden age,  
 Here needs no law here none doth aught amiss  
 Put off those arms and fear not Mars his rage,  
 Your sword, your shield, your helmet needless is ,  
 Then consecrate them here to endless rest,  
 You shall love's champions be, and soldiers blest

64  
 ' The fields for combat here are beds of down,  
 Or heap'd lies under shady brakes ,  
 But come and see our queen with golden crown,  
 That all her servants blest and happy makes,  
 She will admit you gently for her own,  
 Numbered with those that of her joy partakes  
 But first within this lake your dust and sweat  
 Wash off, and at that table sit and eat.'

65  
 While thus she sung, her sister lured them nigh  
 With many a gesture kind and loving show,  
 To music's sound as dimes in court apply  
 Their cunning feet, and dance now swift now slow  
 But still the knights unmoved passed by,  
 These vain delights for wicked charms they know,  
 Nor could their heavenly voice or angel's look,  
 Surprise their hearts, if eye or ear they took

66  
 For if that sweetness once but touched their hearts  
 And proffered there to kindle Cupid's fire  
 Straight armed Reason to his charge up starts,  
 And quencheth Lust, and killeth fond Desire ,  
 Thus scorned were the dimes, their wiles and arts  
 And to the palace gates the knights retire,  
 While in their stream the damsels dived sad  
 Ashamed, disgraced, for that repulse they had



The Sixteenth Book  
or  
GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE.

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*THE ARGUMENT*

The searchers pass through all the palace bright  
Where in sweet prison lies Rinaldo pent  
And do so much that full of rage and spite  
With them he goes sad, shamed, discontent  
With plaints and prayers to return her knight  
Armida strives he hears, but thence he went  
And she, forlorn her prince great and fair  
Destroys for grief and flies thence through the air

---

THE palace great is builded rich and round,  
And in the centre of the inmost hold  
There lies a garden sweet, on fertile ground,  
Fairer than that where grew the trees of gold  
The cunning sprites had buildings reared around  
With doors and entries false a thousandfold,  
A labyrinth they made that fortress brave,  
Like Dædal's prison, or Porsenna's grave

The knights passed through the castle's largest gate,  
Though round about an hundred ports there shine  
The door leaves framed of carved silver plate,  
Upon their golden hinges turn and twine,  
They staved to view this work of wit and state,  
The workmanship excelled the substance fine,  
For all the shapes in that rich metal wrought,  
Save speech, of living bodies wanted naught

Alcides there sat telling tales, and spun  
 Among the feeble troops of damsels mild,  
 He that the fieri gates of hell had won  
 And heaven upheld, false Love stood by and smiled  
 Armed with his club for Iole forth run,  
 His club with blood of monsters foul defiled,  
 And on her back his lion's skin had she,  
 Too rough a bark for such a tender tree

3

I second was made a sea whose ire flood  
 The hoary froth crushed from the surges blue  
 Wherein two navies great well ring'd stood  
 Of warlike ships, fire from their arms outflow,  
 The waters burned about their vessels good  
 Such flames the gold therein enshrined show,  
 Caesar his Romans hence the Asian kings  
 Thence Antony and Indian princes brings

4

The Cyclopes seemed to swim amid the main,  
 And hill gainst hill and mount gainst mountain smote,  
 With such great fury met those armies twain,  
 Here burnt a ship there sunk a bark or boat,  
 Here darts and wild fire flew there drowned on a gun  
 Of princes dead the bodies fleet and short,  
 Here Caesar wins and wonder conquered been  
 The Eastern ships, there fled the Egyptian queen

5

Antonius cleh himself to flight betook  
 The empire lost to which he would aspire,  
 Yet fled not he nor fought for fear or dook,  
 But followed he drawn on by fond desire  
 Well might he see within his troubled look  
 Strive and contend love courage shame and ire  
 Oft looked he back, oft gazed he on the flight,  
 But oftener on his mistress and her flight

6

Then in the secret caks of fruitful Nile  
 Came in a ship he would sad death receive,  
 And in the pleasure of her lovely smile  
 Secure a bitter's role of cursed fate  
 All that did with him cannot hand compile  
 In a such a rail of that princely gate  
 He first lister stories told first and last  
 Which then they forward pressed, and in they passed

7

As through his channel crooked Meander glides 8  
With turns and twines, and rolls now to, now fro,  
Whose streams run forth there to the salt sea sides  
Here back return and to their springward go  
Such crooked paths, such ways this place hides ;  
Yet all the maze their map described so,  
That through the labyrinth they got in fine,  
As Theseus did by Ariadne's line

When they had passed all those troubled ways, 9  
The garden sweet spread forth her green to show,  
The moving crystal from the fountains plays,  
Fair trees, high plants, strange herbs and flowerets new,  
Sunshiny hills, dales hid from Phœbus' rays,  
Groves, arbours, mossy caves, at once they view,  
And that which beauty most, most wonder brought,  
Nowhere appeared the art which all this wrought

So with the rude the polished mingled was 10  
That natural seem'd all and every part,  
Nature would craft in counterfeiting pass,  
And imitate her imitator art  
Mild was the air, the skies were clear as glass,  
The trees no whirlwind felt, nor tempest smart,  
But ere the fruit drop off, the blossom comes,  
This springs, that falls, that ripeneth and this blooms

The leaves upon the self same bough did hide 11  
Beside the young the old and ripened fig,  
Here fruit was green, there ripe with vermeil side,  
The apples new and old grew on one twig,  
The fruitful vine her arms spread high and wide  
That bended underneath their clusters big,  
The grapes were tender here, hard, young and sour,  
There purple ripe, and nectar sweet forth pour

The joyous birds, hid under greenwood shade, 12  
Sung merry notes on every branch and bough,  
The wind that in the leaves and waters played  
With murmur sweet, now sung, and whistled now,  
Ceased the birds, the wind loud answer made,  
And while they sung, it rumbled soft and low,  
Thus were they hap or cunning chance or art,  
The wind in this strange music bore his part

Her breasts were nild, for the dry was hot, 18  
 Her locks unbound waved in the winton wind,  
 Some dew she sweat, tired with the game you wot,  
 Her sweat drops bright, white, round like pearls of Inde,  
 Her humid eyes a fiery smile forthshot  
 That like sunbeams in silver fountains shined,  
 O'er him her looks she hung, and her soft breast  
 The pillow was, where he and love took rest

His hungry eyes upon her face he fed, 19  
 And feeding them so, pined himself away,  
 And she, declining often down her head,  
 His lips, his cheeks, his eyes kissed, as he lay,  
 Wherewith he sighed, as if his soul had fled  
 From his frail breast to hers, and there would stay  
 With her beloved sprite the armed pair  
 These follies all beheld and this hot fire

Down by the lovers' side there pendent was 20  
 A crystal mirror, bright pure, smooth, and neat,  
 He rose, and to his mistress held the glass,  
 A noble page, graced with that service great,  
 She with glad looks he with inflamed, alas,  
 Beauty and love beheld, both in one seat,  
 Yet them in sundry objects each espies,  
 She, in the glass he saw them in her eyes

Her, to command to serve, it pleased the knight, 21  
 He proud of bondage of her empire, she,  
 'My dear' he said, "that blassest with thy sight  
 Even blessed angels turn thine eyes to me,  
 For painted in my heart and portrayed right  
 Thy worth thy beauties and perfections be,  
 Of which the form, the shape and fashion best,  
 Not in this glass is seen, but in my breast

'And if thou me disdain yet be content 22  
 At least so to behold thy lovely hue,  
 That while thereon thy looks are fixed and bent  
 Thy happy eyes themselves may see and view  
 So rare a shape no crystal can present,  
 No glass contain that heaven of beauties true,  
 Oh let the skies thy worthy mirror be!  
 And in clear stars thy shape and image see"

As the fierce steed for age withdrawn from war  
 Wherein the glorious beast had always wone,  
 That in vile rest from fight sequestered far,  
 Feeds with the mares at large, his service done  
 If arms he see, or hear the trumpet's jar,  
 He neigheth loud and thither fast doth run,  
 And wisheth on his back the armed knight  
 Longing for jousts for tournament and fight

28

So fared Rinaldo when the glorious light  
 Of their bright harness glistered in his eyes,  
 His noble sprite awaked at that sight  
 His blood began to warm, his heart to rise,  
 Though, drunk with ease, devoid of wond'ring might  
 On sleep till then his weakened virtue lies  
 Ubaldo forward stepped, and to him held  
 Of diamonds clear that pure and precious shold

29

Upon the targe his looks amazed he bent,  
 And therein all his warlike habit spied,  
 His civet, balm, and perfumes redolent,  
 How from his looks they smoked and mantle wide,  
 His sword that once a Pagan stout had shent,  
 Bewrapped with flowers, hung idly by his side,  
 So nicely decked that it seemed the knight  
 Wore it for fashion's sake but not for fight

30

As when, from sleep and idle dreams abrupt,  
 A man awaked calls home his wits again,  
 So in beholding his attire he played,  
 But yet to view himself could not sustain,  
 His looks he downward cast and nought he saw,  
 Grieved, shamed and he would have died fain,  
 And oft he wished the earth or ocean wide  
 Would swallow him and so his errors hide

31

Ubaldo took the time, and thus begun,  
 All Europe now and Asia be in war,  
 And all that Christ adore and fame have won,  
 In battle strong, in Syria fighting are,  
 But thee alone, Bertoldo's noble son,  
 This little corner keeps, exiled fu  
 From all the world, buried in sloth and shame,  
 A carpet champion for a wanton dame

32

"What lethargy hath in drowsiness up penned  
 Thy courage thus? what sloth doth thee infect?  
 Up, up, our camp and Godfrey for thee send,  
 Thee fortune praise and victory expect,  
 Come, fatal champion bring to happy end  
 This enterprise begun, and all that sect  
 Which oft thou shalst enhearten to earth full low  
 With this sharp brand strike down, I will, overthrow"

33

This said the noble infant stood a space  
 Confused, speechless, senseless, ill ashamed,  
 But when that shame to just disdain gave place,  
 So fierce disdain from courage sprung untamed,  
 Another redness blushed through his face,  
 Whence worth, anger shone, displeasure flamed,  
 His nice attire in scorn he rent and tore  
 For of his bondage vile that witness bore,

34

That done, he hasted from the charmed fort,  
 And through the maze passed with his searchers twain,  
 Armida of her mount and chiefest port  
 Wondered to find the furious keeper slain,  
 A while she feared but she knew in short,  
 That her dear lord was fled, then saw she plain,  
 Ah, woeful sight! how from her gates the man  
 In haste, in fear, in wrath, in anger ran

35

"Whither, O cruel! leavest thou me alone?"  
 She would have cried, her grief her speeches stayed  
 So that her woeful words were backward gone,  
 And in her heart a bitter echo made,  
 Poor soul, of greater skill than she was one  
 Whose knowledge from her thus her joy conveyed  
 This wist she well, yet had desire to prove  
 If art could keep, if charms recall her love

36

All what the witches of Thessalia land,  
 With lips unpure yet ever said or spake,  
 Words that could make heaven's rolling circles stand,  
 And draw the damned ghosts from Limbo lake  
 All well she knew, but yet no time she found  
 To use her knowledge or her charms to make,  
 But left her arts and forth she ran to prove  
 If single beauty were best charm for love

37

She ran, nor of her honour took regard,  
 Oh where be all her vaunts and triumphs now ?  
 Love's empire great of late she made or marred,  
 To her fit subjects humbly bend and bow,  
 And with her pride mixed was a scorn so hard,  
 That to be loved she loved, yet whilst they woo  
 Her lovers all she hates, that pleased her will  
 To conquer men, and conquered so, to kill

38

Not now herself disdained, abandoned,  
 Ran after him, that from her fled in scorn,  
 And her despised beauty labour'd  
 With humble plaints and prayers to adorn  
 She ran and hasted after him that fled,  
 Through frost and snow, through briar, bush and thorn  
 And sent her cries on message her before,  
 That reached not him till he had reached the shore

39

"Oh thou that leav'st but half behind," quoth she  
 "Of my poor heart, and half with thee dost carry  
 Oh take this part, or render that to me,  
 Else kill them both at once, ah tarry, tarry  
 Hear my last words no parting kiss of thee  
 I crave, for some more fit with thee to marry  
 Keep them, unkind, what fear'st thou if thou stay ?  
 Thou may'st deny, as well as run away

40

At this Rinaldo stopped, stood still, and staid,  
 She came, sad breathless weary, faint and weak,  
 So woebegone was never nymph or maid  
 And yet her beauty's pride grief could not break,  
 On him she looked she gazed but naught she said,  
 She would not, could not, or she durst not speak,  
 At her he looked not glanced not, if he did,  
 Those glances shamefaced were close, secret hid

41

As cunning singers, ere they strain on high,  
 In loud melodious tunes their gentle voice,  
 Prepare the hearers ears to harmony  
 With feignings sweet low notes and warbles choice  
 So she not having yet forgot pardon  
 Her wonted shifts and sleights in Cupid's toys,  
 A sequence first of sighs and sobs forthcast,  
 To breed compassion dear then spoke at last

42

' Despised bonds slave, since my lord doth hate  
 These locks, why keep I them or hold them dear?  
 Come cut them off, that to my servile state  
 My habit answer may, and all my gear  
 I follow thee in spite of death and fate  
 Through battles fierce where dangers most appear,  
 Courage I have and strength enough perchance  
 To lead thy courser spare, and bear thy lance

48

" I will or bear, or be myself, thy shield,  
 And to defend thy life, will lose mine own  
 This breast, this bosom soft shall be thy bield  
 Gainst storms of arrows darts and weapons thrown  
 Thy foes, pardie, encounter n<sub>o</sub> thee in field,  
 Will spare to strike thee, mine affection known,  
 Lest me they wound nor will sharp vengeance take  
 On thee for this despised beauty's sake

49

" O wretch! dare I still want, or help invoke  
 From this poor beauty, scorned and disdained?  
 She said no more her tears her speeches broke  
 Which from her eyes like streams from springs down rained  
 She would have caught him by the hand or clasp  
 But he stepped backward, and himself restrained,  
 Conquered his will, his heart ruth softened not,  
 There plains no issue love no entrance got

50

Love entered not to Lindic in his breast,  
 Which Reason late had quenched his wonted flame,  
 Yet entered Pity in the place at least,  
 Love's sister, but a chaste and sober dame,  
 And stirred him so that hardly he suppressed  
 The springing tears that to his eyes up came  
 But yet even there his plaints repressed were,  
 And, as he could, he looked, and feigned cheer

51

" Marim " quoth he " for your distress I grieve,  
 And would reward it, if I might or could  
 From your wise heart that fond affection drive  
 I cannot hate nor scorn you though I would  
 I seek no vengeance, wrongs I all forgive,  
 Nor you my servant nor my foe I hold  
 Truth is you err'd and your estate forgot,  
 Too great your hate was and your love too hot

52



‘ But those are common faults, and faults of kind, 53  
 Excused by nature, by your sex and years,  
 I erred likewise if I pardon find  
 None can condemn you, that our trespass hears,  
 Your dear remembrance will I keep in mind,  
 In joys, in woes, in comforts, hopes and fears,  
 Call me your soldier and your knight, as far  
 As Christian faith permits, and Asa’s war

“ Ah, let our faults and follies here take end, 54  
 And let our errors past you satisfy,  
 And in this angle of the world ypend,  
 Let both the fame and shame thereof now die,  
 From all the earth where I am known and kened,  
 I wish this fact should still concealed lie  
 Nor yet in following me, poor knight, disgrace  
 Your worth, your beauty, and your princely race

“ Stay here in peace I go, nor wend you <sup>’</sup> sav 55  
 With me, my guide your fellowship <sup>’</sup> ten ter,  
 Sit here or hence depart some be <sup>’</sup> well e,  
 And calm your thoughts, you are <sup>’</sup> t large and wise”  
 While thus he spok e, her passions <sup>’</sup> shod no stry,  
 But here and there she turned and rolled her eyes,  
 And staring on his face a while, at last  
 Thus in foul terms, her bitter wrath forth burst

“ Of Sophia fair thou never wert the child, 56  
 Nor of the Azzur race ysprung thou art,  
 The mad <sup>’</sup> er waves thee bare, some tigress wild  
 On Crucius’ cold crags nursed thee apart,  
 Ah, cruel man ! in whom no token mild  
 Appears, of pity, ruth, or tender heart,  
 Could not my griefs, my woes, my plaints, and all  
 One sigh strain from thy breast, one tear make fall ?

“ What shall I say, or how renew my speech ? 57  
 He <sup>’</sup> comes me leaves me, bids me call him mine  
 The victor hath his foe within his reach,  
 Yet pardons her, that merits death and pine,  
 Heir to he counsels me, how he can preach,  
 Like an iste Xenocrates, against love divine,  
 O heavens, O gods ! who do these men of shame,  
 Thus spoil your temples, and blaspheme your name ?

"Fie no! complaints farewell! with arms and wit 63  
 I will pursue to death this spiteful knight,  
 Not earth's low centre, nor sea's deepest part  
 Not heaven nor hell can shield him from my might,  
 I will o'ertake him, take him, cleave his heart,  
 Such vengeance fits a wrong'd lover's spite,  
 In cruelty that cruel knight surpass  
 I will but what you say, my words, alas?

'O fool! thou shouldest have been cruel thine, 64  
 For then this cruel well deserved thine ire,  
 When thou in prison hadst entrapped the man,  
 Now dead with cold too late thou askest fire,  
 But though my wit, my cunning nothing can,  
 Some other means shall work my heart's desire,  
 To thee my beauty thine be all these wrongs,  
 Vengeance to thee, to thee revenge belongs

"Thou shalt be his reward with murdering brand 65  
 That dare this traitor of his head deprive,  
 O you my lovers, on this rock doth stand  
 The castle of her love for whom you strive,  
 I, the sole heir of all Damascus land,  
 For this revenge myself and kingdom give,  
 If by this price my will I cannot gain,  
 Nature gives beauty, fortune, wealth in vain

'But thee, vain gift and beauty, thee I scorn, 66  
 I hate the kingdom which I have to give,  
 I hate myself and rue that I was born,  
 Only in hope of sweet revenge I live.  
 Thus raging with fell ire she gan return  
 From that bare shore in haste and homeward drive,  
 And as true witness of her frantic ire  
 Her locks waved loose, face shone, eyes sparkled fire

When she came home she called with outcries shrill, 67  
 A thousand devils in Limbo deep that won  
 Mael clouds the skies with horrid darkness fill,  
 And pale for dread became the eclipsed sun,  
 The whirlwind blustered big on every hill  
 And hell to roar under her feet begun,  
 You might have heard how throng in the palace wide,  
 Some spirits howled, some barked some hissed, some cried

And when I see the sun and moon  
 I knowed all the place where I was  
 When I was born and when I was  
 And when I see the sun and moon  
 I knowed all the place where I was  
 When I was born and when I was

69

As on the clouds from height of earth, far  
And to the blue blue firmament,  
In wreaths dissolved by wind on high, he  
Or like an arrow from the bow, and no more part  
The palace vanished, nor in his heart  
Left aught but rocks and crags, by hand of the explored  
She in her coach which two red serpents drew,  
Sat down, and as she used to say she flew

67

She bore the clouds and shift the yielding sky  
And bout her gathered tempest arm and wind,  
The lands that view the south pole flew by,  
And left the unknown countries far behind  
The Straits of Hercules she passed when he  
Twixt Spain and Afric nor her ship it milled  
To north or south, but still on for'ward rode  
O'er seas and streams, till Syria's coasts she spied

70

Nor went she forward to Damascus fur  
 But of her cōuntry dear she fled the sight  
 And guided to Asphaltus lēd her chā,  
 Where stood her castle there she ends her flight,  
 And from her damselfs fur, she made repair  
 To a deep vault fur from resort and light  
 Where in sad thoughts a thousand doubts she cast  
 Till grief and shame to wrath gave place at last

71

"I will not hence, quo h she, "till Egypt's lord  
In aid of Zion's king his host shall move  
Then will I use all helps that charms afford,  
And change my shape or sex if so behave  
Well can I handle bow or lance, or sword,  
The worthes all will aid me, for my love  
I seek revenge, and to obtain the same  
Parentall, regard of honour, friendall shame

22

"Nor let mine uncle and protector me  
Reprove for this, he most deserves the blame,  
My heart and sex, that weak and tender be,  
He bent to deeds that maidens ill became,  
His niece a wandering damsel first made he,  
He spurred my youth, and I cast off my shame,  
His be the fault, if aught gainst mine estate  
I did for love, or shall commit for hate"

73

This said, her knights, her ladies, pages, squires  
She all assembleth, and for journey fit  
In such fair arms and vestures them attires  
As showed her wealth, and well declared her wit,  
And forward march'd, full of strange desires,  
Nor rested she by day or night one whit,  
Till she came there, where all the eastern bands,  
Their kings and princes, lay on Gazi's sands.

74

The Seventeenth Book  
OF  
GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE

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*THE ARGUMENT.*

Egypt's great host in battle ray forth brought,  
The Calph sends with Godfrey's power to fight  
Armida who Rinaldo's ruin sought  
To them adjoins herself and Syria's might  
To satisfy her cruel will and thought  
She gives herself to him that kills her Knight  
He takes his fatal arms and in his shield  
His ancestors and their great deeds beheld

---

GAZA the city on the frontier stands 1  
Of Juda's realm, as men to Egypt ride,  
Built near the sea, beside it of dry sands  
Huge wildernesses he and deserts wide  
Which the strong winds lift from the parched lands  
And toss like roaring waves in roughest tide,  
That from those storms poor passengers almost  
No refuge find, but there are drowned and lost

Within this town, won from the Turks of yore, 2  
Strong garrison the king of Egypt placed,  
And for it nearer was, and fitted more  
That high emprise to which his thoughts he cast,  
He left great Memphis and to Gaza bore  
His regal throne, and there, from countries vast  
Of his huge empire all the puissant host  
Assembled he, and mustered on the coast



But by his l nights still cruel wars maintained 8  
 So wise his words, so quick his wit appears,  
 That of the Kingdom large o'er which he reigned  
 The charge seemed not too weighty for his years  
 His greatness Africa's lesser kings constrained  
 To tremble at his name, all India him fears,  
 And other realms that would his friendship hold,  
 Some armed soldiers sent, some gifts, some gold

This mighty prince assembled had the flower 9  
 Of all his realms against the Frenchmen stout,  
 To break their rising empire and their power  
 Not of sure conquest had he fear or doubt  
 To him Armida came, even at the hour  
 When in the plains old Gaza's walls without,  
 The lords and leaders all their armies bring  
 In battle ray, mustered before the king

He on his throne was set, to which on height 10  
 Who clomb in hundred ivory stairs first told,  
 Under a pentise wrought of silver bright,  
 And trod on carpets made of silk and gold  
 His robes were such as best beseeemen might  
 A king, so great, so grave so rich, so old,  
 And twined of sixty curls of brown and more  
 A turban strange adorned his tresses hoar

His right hand did his precious sceptre wield, 11  
 His beard was grey, his looks severe and grave,  
 And from his eyes not yet made dim with age  
 Sparkled his former worth and vigour brave,  
 His gestures all the majesty upheld  
 And state as his old age and empire crave,  
 So Phidias carved Apollo so, pardie,  
 Erst painted Jove, Jove thundering down from sky

On either side him stood a noble lord, 12  
 Whereof the first held in his up right hand  
 Of severe justice the impartial sword  
 The other bare the seal, and cruises scanned,  
 Keeping his folk in peace and good accord  
 And termed was lord chancellor of the land  
 But marshal was the first, and used to lead  
 His armies forth to war oft with good speed

Of bold Circassians with their halberts long, 13  
 About his throne his guards stood in a ring,  
 All richly armed in gilden corselets strong,  
 And by their sides their crookéd swords down hing  
 Thus set, thus seated his grave lords among,  
 His hosts and armies grent beheld the king  
 And every band as by his throne it went,  
 Their ensigs low inclined and arms down bent

Their squadrons first the men of Egypt show, 14  
 In four troops, and each his severel guide,  
 Of the high country two, two of the low  
 Which Nile had won out of the salt seaside,  
 His fertile slime first stopped the waters flow,  
 Then burdened to firm land the plough to bide,  
 So Egypt still increased within far placed  
 That part is now where ships erst anchor cast

The foremost band the people were that dwelled 15  
 In Alexandria's rich and fertile plain,  
 Along the western shore, whence Nile expelled  
 The greedy billows of the swelling main,  
 Araspes was the guide, who more excelled  
 In wit and craft than strength or warlike pain,  
 To place an ambush close or to devise  
 A treason false, was none so sly, so wise

The people next that gunst the morning rays 16  
 Along the coasts of Asa have then scat,  
 Arontes led them whom no world e praise  
 Ennobled but high birth and titles great,  
 His helm ne'er made him sweat in toilsome ryes  
 Nor was his sleep e'er broke with trumpet's threat,  
 But from soft ease to try the toil of fight  
 His fond ambition brought this carpet knight

The third seemed not a troop or squadron small, 17  
 But an huge host, nor seemed it so much grun  
 In Egypt grew as to sustain them all,  
 Yet from one town thereof came all that train,  
 A town in people to huge shires equal,  
 That did a thousand streets and more contain,  
 Grent Cune it hight, whose commons from each side  
 Came swarming out to war, Campson their guide



Next under Gazel marchéd they that plough 18  
 The fertile lands above that town which lie  
 Up to the place where Nilus tumbling low  
 Falls from his second circuit from high,  
 The Egyptians weaponed were with sword and bow,  
 No weight of helm or hauberk list they try,  
 And richly armed, in their strong foes no dread  
 Of death but great desire of spoil they breed

The mailed folk of Barca these succeed, 19  
 Unarmed half, Alucon led that band  
 That long in deserts lived in extreme need,  
 On spoils and preys purchased by strength of hand  
 To battle strong unfit, their king did lead  
 His army next brought from Zuzura land  
 Then he of Tripoli, for sudden fight  
 And skirmish short, both ready, bold and light

Two captains next brought forth their bands to show 20  
 Whom Stony sent and Happy Araby,  
 Which never felt the cold of frost and snow,  
 Or force of burning heat, unless fame lie,  
 Where incense pure and all sweet odours grow,  
 Where the sole phoenix doth revive not die,  
 And midst the perfumes rich and flowerets brave  
 Both birth and burial, cradle hath and grave

Their clothes not rich their garments were not gay 21  
 But weapons like the Egyptian troops they had  
 The Arabians next that have no certain stay,  
 No house, no home no mansion good or bad,  
 But ever, as the Scythian hordes stray,  
 From place to place their wandering cities gad  
 These have both voice and stature feminine,  
 Hair long and black, black face, and fiery cyne

Long Indian canes, with iron armed they bear, 22  
 And as upon their nimble steeds they ride,  
 Like a swift storm their speedy troops appear,  
 If winds so fast bring storms from heavens wide  
 By Syphax led the first Arabians were,  
 Aldine the second squadron had no guide,  
 And Abrazar proud brought to the fight  
 The third, a thief a murderer, not a knight

Then from the mansions bright of fresh Aurore 28  
 Adrastus came, the glorious king of Ind,  
 A snake's green skin spotted with black he wore,  
 That was made rich by art and hard by kind,  
 An elephant this furious giant bore,  
 He fierce as fire, his mounture swift as wind,  
 Much people brought he from his kingdoms wide,  
 'Twixt Indus, Ganges, and the salt sea side

The king's own troop come next, a chosen crew, 29  
 Of all the camp the strength, the crown, the flower,  
 Wherein each soldier had with honours due  
 Rewarded been, for service ere that hour,  
 Their arms were strong for need, and far for show,  
 Upon fierce steeds well mounted rode this power,  
 And heaven itself with the clear splendour shone  
 Of their bright armour, purple, gold and stone

Mongst these Alarco fierce, and Odemare 30  
 The muster master was, and Hidraort,  
 And Rimedon, whose rashness took no cure  
 To shun death's bitter stroke in field or fort,  
 Tigranes, Rapold stein, the men that fare  
 By sea, that robbed in each creek and port,  
 Oimond, and Marlabust the Arabian named,  
 Because that land rebellious he reclaimed.

There Pirga Armon, Orindo are, 31  
 Brimarte the sceler, and with him Suifant  
 The brealer of wild horses brought from far,  
 Then the great wrestler strong Aridamant,  
 And Tisiphorne, the thunderbolt of war  
 Whom none surpassed whom none to match durst venture  
 At tilt at tourney, or in combat brave  
 With spear or lance, with sword with mace or glove

A false Armenian did this squadron guide, 32  
 That in his youth from Christ's true faith and light  
 To the blind lore of Paganism did slide,  
 Till Clement late, now Emireno, light  
 Yet to his King he faithful was, and true  
 True in all causes his in wrong and right  
 A cunning leader and a soldier bold  
 For strength and courage, young, for wisdom, old

' Great Emperor, behold me here ' she said 43  
 ' For thee, my country, and my faith to fight,  
 A dame a virgin but a royal maid  
 And worthy seems this war a princess' fight,  
 For by the sword the sceptre is upstried,  
 This hand can use them both with skill and might,  
 This hand of mine can strike and at each blow  
 Thy foes and ours kill, wound, and overthrow

" Nor yet suppose this is the foremost day 44  
 Wherein to war I bent my noble thought,  
 But for the surety of thy realms and stay  
 Of our religion true ere this I wrought  
 Yourself best know if this be true I say,  
 Or if my former deed' rejoiced you aught,  
 When Godfrey's hardy knights and princes strong  
 I captive took, and held in bondage long

" I took them, bound them and so sent them bound 45  
 To thee a noble gift, with whom they had  
 Condemned low in dungeon under ground  
 For ever dwelt in woe and torment sad  
 So might thine host in easy war have found  
 To end this doubtful war, with conquest glad  
 Had not Rinaldo fierce my knights all slun,  
 And set those lords, his friends at large again

" Rinaldo is well known, and there a long 46  
 And true rehearsal made she of his deeds  
 " This is the knight that since hath done me wrong  
 Wrong yet untold that sharp reclamation needs  
 Displeasure therefore, mixed with reason strong,  
 This thirst of war in me, this courage breeds,  
 Nor how he injured me time serves to tell,  
 Let this suffice, I seek revengement fell,

" And will procure it, for all shafts that fly 47  
 I'll hit not in vain, some work the shoocr's will,  
 And Jove's right hand with thunders cast from sky  
 I'll cast even vengeance oft for secret ill  
 But if some champion drive this knight down  
 To mortal battle and by his hand I'll kill,  
 And with his hateful hand will me present  
 This gift my soul shall please, my heart content

“ So please, that for reward enjoy he shall, 48  
The greatest gift I can or may afford,  
Myself, my beauty, wealth, and kingdoms all,  
To marry him, and take him for my lord,  
This promise will I keep whate’er befall,  
And thereto bind myself by oath and word  
Now he that deems this purchase worth his price,  
Let him step forth and speak, I none disdain

While thus the princess said, his hungry eye 49  
Adrastus fed on her sweet beauty’s light,  
“ The gods forbid,” quoth he, “ one shaft of thine  
Should be discharged gainst that discourteous knight,  
His heart unworthy is, shootress divine,  
Of thine artillery to feel the might,  
To wreak thine ire behold me prest and fit,  
I will his head cut off, and bring thee it

“ I will his heart with this sharp sword divide, 50  
And to the vultures cast his carcass out ’  
Thus threatened he, but Tisapherne envied  
To hear his glorious vaunt and boasting stout,  
And said, “ But who art thou, that so great pride  
Thou shewest before the king, me and this rout ?  
Pierdie here are some such, whose worth exceeds  
Thy vaunting much yet boast not of their deeds ”

The Indian fierce replied, “ I am the man 51  
Whose acts his words and boasts have well surprised,  
But if elsewhere the words thou now begin  
Had uttered been, that speech had been thy last  
Thus quarrelled they, the monarch strid them thrice,  
And ’twixt the angry knights his sceptre cast,  
Then to Armida said, “ Fair Queen, I see  
Thy heart is stout, thy thoug<sup>hts</sup> courageous be,

“ Thou worthy art that their disdain and ire 52  
At thy commands these knights should both appease,  
That gainst thy foe their courage hot and fire  
Thou may’st employ, be it when and where you please,  
There all their power and force and what desire  
They have to serve thee, may they show to use  
The monarch held his peace when this was said,  
And they new proof of their service made.

Nor they alone but all that famous were 53  
 In feats of arms boast that he shall be dead,  
 All offer her their aid all say and swear,  
 To take revenge on his condemned head  
 So many arms moved she against her dear,  
 And swore her darling under foot to tread,  
 But he, since first the enchanted isle he left,  
 Safe in his barge the roiling waves still kept

By the same way returned the well taught boat 54  
 By which it came, and made like haste, like speed,  
 The friendly wind, upon her sail that smote,  
 So turned as to return her ship had need  
 The youth sometimes the Pole or Bear did note,  
 Or wandering stars which clearest nights forthspread  
 Sometimes the floods, the hills or mountains steep,  
 Whose woody fronts overshadow the silent deep

Now of the camp the man the state inquires, 55  
 Now asks the customs strange of sundry lands,  
 And sailed, till clad in beams and bright attire  
 The fourth days sun on the eastern threshold stands  
 But when the western sets had quenched those fires,  
 The frigate struck against the shore and sands,  
 Then spoke their guide, "The land of Palestine  
 This is, here must your journey end and mine"

The knights she set upon the shore all three, 56  
 And vanished thence in twinkling of an eye,  
 Uprose the night in whose deep blackness be  
 All colours hid of things in earth or sky,  
 Nor could they house or hold or harbor see,  
 Or in that desert sign of dwelling spy  
 Nor track of man or horse, or rugh that might  
 Inform them of some path or passage right.

When they had mused what way they travel should, 57  
 From the west shore their steps at last they twined,  
 And far off at last their eyes behold  
 Something they wist not what but clearly shined  
 With rays of silver and with beams of gold  
 Which the dark folds of night's black mantle lined  
 Forward they went and reached against the light,  
 To see and find the thing that shone so bright.

High on a tree they saw an armour new, 58  
 That glistered bright against Cynthia's silver ray,  
 Therein, like stars in skies the diamonds show  
 Fret in the golden helm and hauberk gay,  
 The mighty shield all scored full they view  
 Of pictures fur, ranged in meet array,  
 To keep them safe an aged man beside,  
 Who to salute them rose, when them he spied

The two men who first were sent in this pursuit 59  
 Of their wise friend well knew the aged face  
 But when the wizard saw their first salute  
 Received and quitted him with kind embrace,  
 To the young prince, that silent stood and mute,  
 He turned his speech, "In this unused place  
 'For you alone I wait, my lord,' quoth he,  
 "My chiefest care your state and welfare be

"For though you wot it not, I am your friend 60  
 And for your profit work, as these can tell,  
 I taught them how Armida's charms to end,  
 And bring you thither from love's hateful cell  
 Now to my words, though sharp perchance attend  
 Nor be aggrieved although they seem too fell  
 But keep them well in mind, till in the truth  
 A wise and hoher man instruct thy youth

"Not underneath sweet shades and fountains shrill, 61  
 Among the nymphs, the furies, leaves and flowers  
 But on the steep the rough and craggy hill  
 Of virtue stands this bliss, this good of ours  
 By toil and travel, not by sitting still  
 In pleasure's lap, we come to honour's bowers,  
 Why will you thus in sloth's deep valley lie?  
 The royal eagles on high mountains fly

'Nature lifts up thy forehead to the skies, 62  
 And fills thy heart with high and noble thought  
 That thou to heaven and eye shouldst lift thine eyes  
 And purchase fame by deeds well done and wrought,  
 She gives thee ire, by which hot courage flies  
 To conquests, not through brawls and battles fought  
 For civil jars, nor that thereby you might  
 Your wicked malice wreak and cursed spite

"But that your strength spurred forth with noble wrath, 63  
 With greater fury might Christ's foes assault,  
 And that you bridle should with lesser scath  
 Each secret vice, and kill each inward fault  
 For so his godly anger ruled hath  
 Each righteous man beneath heaven's starry vault,  
 And at his will makes it now hot now cold,  
 Now lets it run, now doth it fettered hold '

Thus parleyed he, Rinaldo hushed and still 64  
 Great wisdom heard in those few words compiled,  
 He marked his speech, a purple blush did fill  
 His guilty cheeks down went his eyesight mild  
 The hermit by his bashful looks his will  
 Well understood and said, "Look up, my child,  
 And painted in this precious shield behold  
 The glorious deeds of thy forefathers old

"Thine elders' glory herein see and I now, 65  
 In virtue's path how they trod all their days,  
 Whom thou art far behind a runner slow  
 In this true course of honour, fame and praise  
 Up, up thyself incite by the fair show  
 Of knightly worth which this bright shield bewrays,  
 That be thy spur to praise ' At last the knight  
 Looked up, and on those portraits bent his sight

The cunning world man had in little space 66  
 Infinite shapes of men there well expressed,  
 For there described was the worthy race  
 And pedigree of all the house of Est  
 Come from a Roman spring o'er all the place  
 Flowed pure streams of crystal east and west,  
 With laurel crowned stood the princes old  
 Their wars the hermit and their battles told

He showed them Cusus first, when first in prey 67  
 To people strange the falling empire yet,  
 First Prince of Est, that did the sceptre sway  
 O'er such as chose him lord by free consent  
 His weaker neighbours to his rule ob-  
 Need made them stoop, constraint doth force content  
 After, when Lord Honorius called the train  
 Of savage Goths into his land again

And when all Italy did burn and flame 68  
 With bloody war, by this fierce people mad,  
 When Rome a captive and a slave became,  
 And to be quite destroyed was most afraid.  
 Aurelius, to his everlasting fame,  
 Preserved in peace the folk that him obeyed  
 Next whom was Forest, who the rage withstood  
 Of the bold Huns, and of their tyrant proud

Known by his look was Attila the fell, 69  
 Whose dragon eyes shone bright with anger's spark  
 Worse faced than a dog who viewed him well  
 Supposed they saw him grin and heard him bark  
 But when in single fight he lost the ball  
 How through his troops he fled there might you mark  
 And how Lord Forest after fortified  
 Aquileia's town, and how for it he died

For there was wrought the fatal end and fine, 70  
 Both of himself and of the town he kept  
 But his great son renowned Acaia,  
 Into his father's place and honour stepped  
 To cruel fate, not to the Huns, Alaine  
 Gave place and when time served again forth leapt  
 And in the vale of Po built for his seat  
 Of many a village small a city great

Against the swelling flood he banked it strong, 71  
 And thence uprose the fair and noble town  
 Where they of Est should by succession lo  
 Command, and rule in bliss and high renown  
 Against Odovacar then he fought but wrong  
 Oft spoileth right, fortune treads courage down,  
 For there he died for his dear country's sake,  
 And of his father's praise did so partake

With him died Alforisio, Azzo was 72  
 With his dear brother into exile sent,  
 But homewards they in arms again repress—  
 The Herule king oppressed—from banishment  
 His front through pierced with a dart, alas,  
 Next them of Est the Epamuno das went,  
 That smiling seemed to cruel death to yield  
 When Totila was fled, and safe his shield



Of Boniface I speak, Valerian,  
 His son, in praise and power succeeded him  
 Who durst sustain, in years though scant a man,  
 Of the proud Goths an hundred squadrons trim  
 Then he that gainst the Slaves much honour won,  
 Ernesto, threatening stood with visage grim,  
     Before him Aldor'd, the Lombard stout  
     Who from Monselce boldly erst shut out

73

There Henry was and Berengare the bold  
 That served great Charles in his conquests high,  
 Who in each battle give the onset would,  
 A hardy soldier and a captain sly,  
 After, Prince Lewis did he well uphold  
 Against his nephew, King of Italy,  
     He won the field and took that king on live  
     Next him stood Otho with his children five

74

Of Almeric the image next they view,  
 Lord Marquis of Ferrara first create,  
 Founder of many churches that upthrew  
 His eyes like one that used to contemplate  
 Gainst him the second Azzo stood in view,  
 With Berengarius that did long debate,  
     Till after often change of fortune stroke,  
     He won, and on all Italy laid the yoke

75

Albert his son the Germans warred among  
 And there his praise and fame was spread so wide  
 That having foiled the Danes in battle strong,  
 His daughter young became great Otho's bride  
 Behind him Hugo stood with warfare long,  
 That broke the horn of all the Romans' pride,  
     Who of all Italy the marquis light,  
     And Tuscany whole possess'd as his right

76

After Tebaldo, puissant Bonifacio  
 And Beatrice his dear possess'd the stage,  
 Nor was there left heir male of that great race,  
 To enjoy the sceptre, state and heritage,  
 The Princess Maud alone supplied the place,  
 Supplied the want in number, sex and age,  
     For far above each sceptre, throne and crown  
     The noble dame advanced her veil and gown

77

With manlike vigour shone her noble lool , 78  
And more than manlike writh her face o'ersprewd,  
There the fell Normans, Guichard there forsook  
The field, till then who never feared nor fled ,  
Henry the Fourth she beat and from him took  
His standard, and in Church it offered ,  
Which done, the Pope back to the Vatican  
She brought, and placed in Peter's chair again

As he that honoured her and held her dear, 79  
Azzo the Fifth stood by her lovely side ,  
But the fourth Azzo's offspring far and near  
Spread forth, and through Germania fructified  
Sprung from the branch did Guelpho bold appear,  
Guelpho his son by Cunigond his bride,  
And in Bavaria's field transplanted new  
The Roman graft flourished, increased and grew

A branch of Est there in the Guelphin tree 80  
Engrafted was, which of itself was old,  
Whereon you might the Guelfoes fairer see,  
Renew their sceptres and their crowns of gold,  
Of which Heaven's good aspects so bended be  
That high and broad it spread and flourished bold,  
Till underneath his glorious branches laid  
Half Germany, and all under his shade

This regal plant from his Italian rout 81  
Sprung up as high, and blossomed fair above,  
Fornest Lord Guelpho, Bertold issued out,  
With the sixth Azzo whom all virtues love ,  
This was the pedigree of worthies stout,  
Who seemed in that bright shield to live and move  
Rinaldo wakéd up and cheered his face,  
To see these worthies of his house and race

To do like acts his courage wished and sought, 82  
And with that wish transported him so far  
That all those deeds which filled aye his thought,  
Towns won, forts taken, armies killed in war,  
As if they were things done indeed and wrought,  
Before his eyes he thinks they present are,  
He hastily arms him, and with hope and haste,  
Sure conquest met, prevented and embraced

But Charles, who had told the down and fall 83  
 Of the young prince of Dines, his late dear lord  
 Gave him the fatal weapon, and withal,  
 Young knight, quoth he "take with good luck this sword,  
 Your just strength, valiant hand in battle shall  
 Employ it long for Christ's true faith and word,  
 And of his former lord revenge the wrongs  
 Who loved you so, that deed to you belongs."

He answered "God for his mercies sake, 84  
 Grant that this hand which holds this weapon good  
 For thy dear master may sharp vengeance take  
 My cleave the Pagan's heart and shed his blood."  
 To this but short reply did Charles smile  
 And thanked him much nor more on terms they stood  
 For lo the wizard saw that was their guide  
 On their dark journey hastes them forth to ride

"High time it is" quoth he for you to wend 85  
 Where Godfrey you awaits and many a knight,  
 There may we well arrive ere night doth end  
 And through this darkness can I guide you right.  
 Thus said up to his coach they all ascend,  
 On his swift wheels forth rolled the chariot light,  
 He gave his coursers fleet the rod and rein  
 And galloped forth and eastward drove again

While silent so through mist and dark shade they fly, 86  
 The hermit thus bespake the young man stout  
 "Of thy great house, thy race, thine offspring, knight,  
 Here hast thou seen the branch the bole, the root,  
 And as these worthies born to chivalry  
 And deeds of arms it hath tofore brought out,  
 So is it, so it shall be fertile still  
 Nor time shall end, nor age that seed shall kill

"Would God as drawn from the forgetful lap 87  
 Of antique time I have thine elders shown,  
 That so I could the catalogue unwrap  
 Of thy great nephews yet unborn unknown  
 That ere this light they view their fate and hap  
 I might foretell and how their chance is thrown,  
 That like thine elders so thou mightst be old  
 Thy children many, famous stout and bold

“But not by art or skill, of things future 88  
Can the plain truth revealed be and told,  
Although some knowledge doubtful, dark, obscure  
We have of coming haps in clouds uprolled,  
Nor all which in this cause I know for sure  
Dare I foretell for of that father old,  
The hermit Peter, learned I much, and he  
Withouten veil heaven’s secrets great doth see

“But this, to him revealed by grace divine, 89  
By him to me declared, to thee I say,  
Was never race Greek, barbarous, or Latine,  
Great in times past, or famous at this day,  
Richer in hardy knights than this of thine,  
Such blessings Heaven shall on thy children lay  
That they in fame shall pass, in praise o’ercome,  
The worthies old of Sparta, Cartnage, Rome

“But mongst the rest I chose Alphonsus bold, 90  
In virtue first, second in place and name,  
He shall be born when this frail world grows old,  
Corrupted, poor, and bare of men of fame,  
Better than he none shall none can, or could,  
The sword or sceptre use or guide the same,  
To rule in peace or to command in fight,  
Thine offspring’s glory and thy house’s light

“His younger age foretokens true shall yield 91  
Of future valour, puissance, force and might,  
From him no rock the savage beast shall shield,  
At tilt or tourney match him shall no knight  
After, he conquer shall in pitched field  
Great armies and win spoils in single fight,  
And on his locks, rewards for knightly praise,  
Shall garlands wear of grass, of oak, of bryes

“His graver age as well that ead it sits, 92  
Shall happy peace preserve and quiet blest,  
And from his neighbours strong mongst whom he sits  
Shall keep his cities safe in wealth and rest,  
Shall nourish arts and cherish pregnant wits,  
Make triumphs great, and feast his subjects best,  
Reward the good, the evil with pains torment,  
Shall dangers all foresee, and seen, prevent.

"But if it hap against those wick ed banas 93  
 That sea and earth invest with blood and war,  
 And in these wretched times to noble lands  
 Give laws of peace false and unjust that are,  
 That he be sent, to drive their guilty hands  
 From Christ's pure altars and high temples far,  
 Oh, what revenge, what vengeance shall he bring  
 On that false sect, and their accursed king !

"Too late the Moor, too late the Turkish king, 94  
 Gainst him should arm their troops and legions bold  
 For he beyond great Euphrates should bring,  
 Beyond the frozen tops of Taurus cold,  
 Beyond the land where is perpetual spring,  
 The cross, the eagle white, the lily of gold,  
 And by baptizing of the Fithions brown  
 Of red Nile reveal the springs unknown "

Thus said the hermit and his prophecy 95  
 The prince accepted with content and pleasure,  
 The secret though of his posterity  
 Of his concealed joys heaped up the measure.  
 While the morning bright was mounted high,  
 And changed Heaven's silver wealth to golden treasure,  
 And high above the Christian tents they view  
 How the broad ensigns trembled, waved and blew,

When thus, again their tender eyes began, 96  
 "See how bright Phabus clears the darkness when  
 See how with gentle beams the friendly sun  
 Sh' tents the tower, the hills and dales decorates,  
 How his mild and kind, is your courage dours,  
 From danger and in travel oft which he,  
 Hence without fear of harm or doubt of loss  
 "March to the camp, I may no longer go "

Thus he bade them and made a quiet turn 97  
 And forward went the champion, the son of a  
 And forth he led them to the rising morn  
 And the prince to the camp found out,  
 "Where he led them forth to the aid of home  
 To the tent, touched the banner of our  
 And from the throne of a king he  
 To the tent, the son of a king he

## The Eighteenth Book

or

# GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE.

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### THE ARGUMENT

The charms and spirits false therein which lie  
Rinaldo chaseth from the forest old,  
The host of Egypt comes, Vafirn the spy  
Entereth their camp, stout, crafty, wise and bold,  
Sharp is the fight about the bulwarks high  
And ports of Zion, to assault the hold  
Godfrey hath aid from Heaven, by force the town  
Is won, the Pagans slain, walls beaten down

---

ARRIVED where Godfrey to embrace him stood,  
"My sovereign lord," Rinaldo meekly said,  
"To venge my wrongs against Gernando proud  
My honour's care provoked my wrath unstayed;  
But that I you displeased, my chieftain good,  
My thoughts yet grieve, my heart is still dismayed,  
And here I come, prest all exploits to try  
To make me gracious in your gracious eye"

To him that kneeled, folding his friendly arms  
About his neck, the duke this answer gave  
"Let pass such speeches sad, of passed harms  
Remembrance is the life of grief, his grave,  
Forgetfulness, and for amends, in arms  
Your wonted valour use and courage brave,  
For you alone to happy end must bring  
The strong enchantments of the charmed spring

" That aged wood whence heretofore we got,  
 To build our scaling engines, timber fit,  
 Is now the fearful seat but how none vot,  
 Where ugly fiends and damned spirits sit,  
 To cut one twist thereof adventureth not  
 The boldest knight we have nor without it  
 This will can battered be where others doubt  
 There venture thou, and show thy courage stout "

Thus said he, and the knight in speeches flew  
 Proffered his service to attempt the thing,  
 To hard assays his courage willing flew,  
 To him praise was no spui, words were no sting,  
 Of his dear friends then he embraced the crew  
 To welcome him which came for in a ring  
 About him Guelpho, I mered and the rest  
 Stood, of the camp the greatest, chief and best

When with the prince these lords had iterate  
 Their welcomes oft, and oft their dear embrace  
 Towards the rest of lesser worth and state,  
 He turned, and them received with gentle grace.  
 The merry soldiers bout him shout and prate,  
 With cries is joyful and is cheerful face  
 As if in triumph's chariot bright is sun,  
 He had returned Afric or Asia won

Thus march'd to his tent the champion good,  
 And there sat down with all his friends around,  
 Now of the war he asked now of the wood,  
 And answered each demand they list propound,  
 But when they left him to his ease, up stood  
 The hermit, and, fit time to speak once found,  
 " My lord, he said " your travels wondrous are,  
 Far have you strayed, err'd, wandered far

" Much are you bound to God above who brought  
 You safe from false Armida's charmed hold  
 And thee a straying sheep whom once he bought  
 Hath now again reduc'd to his fold  
 And gunt his heathen foes these men of naught  
 Hath chosen thee in place next Godfrey hold  
 Let mavest thou not, polluted thus with sin,  
 In his high service war or fight begin

"The world, the flesh, with their infection vile  
Pollute the thoughts impure, thy spirit stun,  
Not Po, not Ganges, not seven mouthed Nile,  
Not the wide seas, can wash thee clean again,  
Only to purge all faults which thee defile  
His blood hath power who for thy sins was slain  
His help therefore invoke, to him bewray  
Thy secret faults, mourn, weep, complain and pray "

Thus said, the night first with the witch unchaste  
His idle loves and follies vain lamented,  
Then kneeling low with heavy looks downcast,  
His other sins confessed and all repented,  
And meekly pardon craved for first and last  
The hermit with his zeal was well contented,  
And said "On vnder lull next morn go pray  
That turns his forehead grinst the morning ray

"That done, march to the wood, whence each one brings  
Such news of furies, goblins fiends and sprites,  
The grante monsters, and all dreadful things  
Thou shalt subdue, which that dark grove unites  
Let no strange voice that mourns or sweetly sings,  
Nor beauty, whose glad smile frail hearts delights,  
Within thy breast make ruth or pity rise,  
But their false looks and prayers false despise

Thus he advised him, and the hardy knight  
Prepared him gladly to this enterprise  
Thoughtful he passed the day, and said the night,  
And ere the silver morn began to rise,  
His arms he took, and in a coat him dight  
Of colour strange, cut in the warlike guise,  
And on his way sole, silent forth he went  
Alone and left his friends and left his tent

It was the time when grinst the brealing day  
Rebellious might yet strove and still repined  
For in the east appeared the morning grey  
And yet some lamps in Jove's high palace shined  
When to Mount Omet he took his way  
And round about his eyes he turned,  
N, h, a chian, hence from thence the morning shire  
The light that earth that earthly this a time



Thus to himself he thought, how many bright  
 And splendent lamps shine in heaven's temple high,  
 Day hath his golden sun, her moon the night,  
 Her fixed and wandering stars the azure sky,  
 So framed all by their Creator's might  
 That still they live and shine, and ne'er shall die  
 Till in a moment, with the last day's brand  
 They burn, and with them burns sea, air, and land

Thus as he mused, to the top he went,  
 And there kneeled down with reverence and fear,  
 His eyes upon heaven's eastern face he bent  
 His thoughts above all heavens uplifted were  
 "The sins and errors, which I now repent  
 Of mine unbridled youth, O Father dear,  
 Remember not, but let thy mercy fill,  
 And purge my faults and purge offences all"

Thus prayed he with purple wings upflew  
 In golden veed the morning's lusty queen  
 Begliding with the radiant beams she threw  
 His helm, his harness, and the mountain green,  
 Upon his breast and forehead gently blew  
 The air, that balm and nardus breathed unseen  
 And o'er his head let down from clearest skies  
 A cloud of pure and precious dew there flies

Th' heavenly dew was on his garments spread,  
 So much compared, his clothes pale ashes seem,  
 And sprinkled so that all the filthiness fled  
 And aience, of purest white, bright rills outstream  
 So covered as the flowers late withered  
 With the sweet comfort of the morning beam,  
 And so, returned to youth, a serpent old  
 A new her self a new and native old

Forward he passed, and in the grove before 18  
 He heard a sound that strange, sweet, pleasing was,  
 There rolled a crystal brook with gentle roar,  
 There sighed the winds as through the leaves they pass,  
 There did the nightingale her wrongs deplore,  
 There sung the swan, and singing died, alas !  
 There lute, harp, citern, human voice he heard,  
 And all these sounds one sound right well declared

A dreadful thunder clap at last he heard, 19  
 The aged trees and plants well nigh that rent,  
 Yet heard the nymphs and sirens afterward,  
 Birds, winds, and waters, sing with sweet consent  
 Whereat amazed he staved, and well prepared  
 For his defence, heedful and slow forth went  
 Nor in his way his passage nught withstood,  
 Except a quiet, still, transparent flood

On the green banks which that fur stream inbound, 20  
 Flowers and odours sweetly smiled and smelled,  
 Which reaching out his stretched arms around  
 All the large desert in his bosom held,  
 And through the grove one channel passage found,  
 That in the wood, in that, the forest dwelled  
 Trees clad the streams, streams green those trees we made,  
 And so exchanged their moisture and their shade

The night some way sought out the flood to pass, 21  
 And as he sought, a wondrous bridge appeared,  
 A bridge of gold, a huge and weighty mass,  
 On arches great of that rich metal reared,  
 When through that golden way he entered was,  
 Down fell the bridge, swelled the stream, and we were  
 The work away, nor sign left where it stood,  
 And of a river calm became a flood

He turned amazed to see it troubled so, 22  
 Like sudden brooks increased with molten snow,  
 The billows fierce that tossed to and fro,  
 The whirlpools sucked down to their bosoms low,  
 But on he went to search for wonders more,  
 Through the thick trees there high and broad which grow,  
 And in that forest huge and desert wide,  
 The more he sought, more wonders still he spied

Where oaks stood, & seemed the joyful ground 23  
 I found the verdure of her flower's vein,  
 As for the rose, & all spring there he found,  
 He had the rose, there the lilies spread  
 In the wood o'er and about him round  
 He wished with blossoms new, new leaves new seed,  
 And on the boughs and branches of those trees,  
 The bark was softened, and renewed the green

The manner on each leaf did pearls lie 24  
 The honey silled from the tender rind,  
 As he heard that wondrous harmony,  
 Of notes and sweet complaints of lovers' kind,  
 The human voice sung a triple high  
 To which respond the birds, the streams, the wind,  
 Beneath unseen those nymphs, those singers were  
 Upon the lutes, harps, viols which they bear

He looked, he heaved, yet the thoughts denied 25  
 To this that true & much he both heard and saw,  
 A myrtle in ample bloom his place  
 And under by a broken path we see  
 The myrtle spread her many branches wide,  
 Her thorns pine or palm or cypress tree  
 And far below all her plants & flowers  
 That form her lay and that elect her queen

And wantonly they cast them in a ring  
 And sun and danced to move his weaker sense,  
 Rinaldo round about environing,  
 As centres are with their circumference,  
 The tree they compassed close, and gave to sing,  
 That woods and streams admired their excellence,  
 "Welcome, dear lord, welcome to this sweet grove  
 Welcome our lady's hope, welcome her love

28

"Thou com'st to cure our princess, faint and sick  
 For love, for love of thee, faint sick distressed  
 Late black, late dreadful was this forest thick,  
 Fit dwelling for sad folk with grief oppressed,  
 See with thy coming how the branches quick  
 Revived are, and in new blossoms dressed "  
 This was their song, and after, from it went  
 First a sweet sound, and then the myrtle rent

29

If antique times admired Silenus old  
 That oft appeared set on his lazy roe,  
 How would they wonder if they had beheld  
 Such sights as from the myrtle high did pass?  
 Thence came a lady fair with locks of gold,  
 That like in shape in face and beauty was  
 To sweet Armide, Rinaldo thinks he spies  
 Her gestures, smiles and glances of her eyes

30

On him a sad and smiling look she cast,  
 Which twenty passions strange at once beways  
 "And art thou come," quoth she, "returned at last  
 To her from whom but late thou ranst thy ways?  
 Com'st thou to comfort me for sorrows past?  
 To ease my widow nights and cruel days?  
 Or comest thou to work me grief and harm?  
 Why wilt thou speak?—why not thy face disarm?"

31

"Com'st thou a friend or foe? I did not know  
 That golden budge to entertain my foe  
 Nor opened flowers and fountains as you came,  
 To welcome him with joy that brings me woe  
 Put off thy helm, rejoice me with the flame  
 Of thy bright eyes: hence first my fires did grow  
 Kiss me, embrace me if you further venture,  
 Love keeps the gate the fort is eath to enter

32

Thus as she roos she rolls her rueful eyes 31  
 With piteous look, and change h oft her cheer,  
 A hundred sighs from her fair heart upflies,  
 She sob, she mourns, it is great ruth to hear,  
 The hardest breast sweet pity molts as,  
 What could her heart resist a woman's tear?  
 But ye the night, wise, wary, not unkind,  
 Drew forth his sword and from her careless twined

Now was the tree he marched she thither start, 34  
 Before him stepped, embraced the plant and cried,  
 "Ah never do me such a spiteful part,  
 To cut this tree, this forest's joy and pride,  
 But up thy sword, else pierce therewith the heart  
 Of the forefien and the proud Armie,  
 For through this breast, and through this heart and mine  
 To this forest tree his sword shall passage find

He left his brand, nor cared though of she prayed, 39  
 And as he went to other shape did change,  
 So his words I judge when men in dreams are told  
 Of in their idle fancies roam and range  
 He took her for his free obscure was made,  
 And held her garment rich, and vestures strain'd,  
 And to his breast him hush'd and  
 Thus I stand armed with an hundred hands

The heavens grew clear, the air waved calm and still, 38  
 The wood returned to his wonted state,  
 Of witchcrafts free, quite void of spirits ill,  
 Of horror full, but horror there innate,  
 He further proved if aught withstood his will  
 To cut those trees as did the charms of late,  
 And finding naught to stop him, smiled, and said,  
 "O shadows vain! O fools, of shades afraid!"

From thence home to the campward turned the knight, 39  
 The hermit cried, upstarting from his seat,  
 "Now of the wood the charms have lost their might,  
 The sprites are conquered ended is the feat,  
 See where he comes!" In glistering white all dight  
 Appeared the man, bold, stately high and great,  
 His eagle's silver wings to shine begun  
 With wondrous splendour gainst the golden sun

The camp received him with a joyful cry, 40  
 A cry the dales and hills about that filled  
 Then Godfrey welcomed him with honours high,  
 His glory quenched all spite, all envy killed  
 "To yonder dreadful grove," quoth he, "went I,  
 And from the fearful wood, as me you willed,  
 Have driven the sprites away, thither let be  
 Your people sent, 'the way is safe and free'"

Sent were the workmen thither, thence they brought 41  
 Timber enough, by good advice select,  
 And though by skillless builders framed and wrought  
 Their engines rude and rams were late elect,  
 Yet now the forts and towers from whence they fought  
 Were framed by a cunning architect,  
 Will am, of all the Genoese lord and guide,  
 Which late ruled all the seas from side to side.

But forced to retire from him at last, 42  
 The Pagan fleet the seas moist empire won,  
 His men with all their stuff and store in haste  
 Home to the camp with their commander run,  
 In skill in wit, in cunning him surpassed  
 Yet never engineer beneath the sun,  
 Of carpenters an hundred large he brought  
 That what their lord devised made and wrought.

The duke let go the captive dove at large,  
 And she that had his counsel close betwixt  
 Truthress to her great Lord touched not the marge  
 Of Salem's town, but fled far thence afraid  
 The duke before all those which had or charge  
 Or office high the letter read, and said  
 "See how the goodness of the Lord foreshows  
 The secret purpose of our crafty foes

53

"No longer then let us protract the time,  
 But scale the bulwark of this fortress high,  
 Through sweat and labour gainst those rocks sublime  
 Let us ascend, which to the southward lie,  
 Hard will it be that way in arms to climb,  
 But yet the place and passage both know I,  
 And that high wall by site strong on that part,  
 Is least defended by arms, by work and art

54

'Thou, Raymond, on this side with all thy might  
 Assault the wall and by those crags ascend  
 My squadrons with mine engines huge shall fight  
 And gainst the northern gate my puissance bend,  
 That so our foes beguiled with the sight,  
 Our greatest force and power shall there attend,  
 While my great tower from thence shall nimbly slide,  
 And batter down some worse defended side,

55

"Camillo, thou not far from me shalt rear  
 Another tower, close to the walls brought"  
 This spoken Raymond old, that sat him near,  
 And while he told great things tossed in his thought,  
 Said "To Godfredo's counsel, given us here,  
 Nought can be added, from it taken nought  
 Yet this I further wish that some were sent  
 To spy their camp, their secret and intent,

56

'That may their number and their squadrons brave  
 Decebe and through their tents disguised mask.'  
 Quoth Trimered "I have a subtle squire I have,  
 A person fit to undertake this task  
 A man quick ready, bold, shy to deceive  
 To answer nice and well advised to tell  
 Well language'd and that will time and place  
 Can change his look, his voice, his gait, his grace'

57

Sent for, he came, and when his lord him told 58  
 What Godfrey's pleasure was and what his own,  
 He smiled and said forthwith he gladly would  
 "I go," quoth he, "careless what chance be thrown,  
 And where encamp'd be these Pagans bold,  
 Will walk in every tent & spy unknown,  
 Their camp even at noon day I enter shall,  
 And number all their horse and footmen all

"How great, how strong, how armed this army is, 59  
 And what their guide intends, I will declare,  
 To me the secrets of that heart of his  
 And hidden thoughts shall open lie and bare."  
 Thus Vafrene spake, nor longer stayed on this,  
 But for a mantle changed the coat he wore,  
 Naked was his neck and bared his forehead bold,  
 Of linen white full twenty yards he rolled

His weapons were a Syrian bow and quiver, 60  
 His gestures barbarous like the Turkish train,  
 Wondered all they that heard his tongue deliver  
 Of every land the language true and plain  
 In Tyre & born Phœnician, by the river  
 Of Nile a knight bred in the Egyptian main,  
 Both people would have thought him, forth he rides  
 On a swift steed o'er hills and dales that glides

But ere the third day came the French forth sent 61  
 Their pioneers to even the rougher ways,  
 And ready made each warlike instrument,  
 Nor nought their labour interrupts or stays,  
 The nights in busy toil they likewise spent  
 And with long evenings lengthened forth short days,  
 Till naught was left the hosts that hinder nought  
 To use their utmost power and strength in fight

That day, which of the assault the day forerun, 62  
 The good duke in prayer spent well nigh,  
 And all the rest because they had misdone,  
 The sacrament receive and mercy cry,  
 Then oft the duke his engines great begun  
 To show where lest he would their strength apply  
 His foes rejoiced, deluded in that sort  
 To see them bent against their surest port



68  
 The archers shot their arrows sharp and keen,  
 Dipped in the bitter juice of poison strong,  
 The shady face of heaven was scantily seen,  
 Hid with the clouds of shafts and quarries long;  
 Yet weapons sharp with greater fury keen  
 Cast from the towers the Pagan troops among,  
 For thence flew stones and clifts of marble rocks,  
 Trees shod with iron, timber, logs and blocks

69  
 A thunderbolt seemed every stone, it brake  
 His limbs and armours on whom so it light,  
 That life and soul it did not only take  
 But all his shape and face disfigured quite,  
 The lances staved not in the wounds they make,  
 But through the goréd body took their flight  
 From side to side, through flesh, through skin and rind  
 They flew, and flying, left sad death behind

70  
 But yet not all this force and fury drove  
 The Pagan people to forsake the wall  
 But to revenge these deadly blows they strove,  
 With darts that fly, with stones and trees that fall,  
 For need so cowards oft courageous prove,  
 For liberty they fight, for life and all,  
 And oft with arrows, shafts, and stones that fly,  
 Give bitter answer to a sharp reply.

71  
 Thiswhile the fierce assailants never cease,  
 But sternly still maintain a threefold charge,  
 And gaunt the clouds of shafts draw nigh at ease,  
 Under a pentuse made of many a target  
 The armed towers close to the bulwarks press,  
 And strive to grapple with the battled marge,  
 And launch their bridges out, meanwhile below  
 With iron fronts the rams the walls down throw

72  
 Yet still Rinaldo unresolvéd went,  
 And far unworthy him this service thought,  
 It mongst the common sort his pains he spent;  
 Renown so got the prince esteemed naught  
 His angry looks on every side he bent,  
 And where most harm most danger was, he fought,  
 And where the wall high strong and surest was,  
 That part would he assault, and that way pass

And turning to the worthies him behind, 73  
 All hardy knights, whom Dudon late did guide,  
 Oh shame, quoth he "this wall no war doth find,  
 When battered is elsewhere each part, each side  
 All pain is safety to a valiant mind,  
 Each way is path to him that dares abide,  
 Come let us scale this wall, though strong and high,  
 And with your shields keep off the darts that fly

With him united all while thus he spake 74  
 Their targets hard above their heads they threw,  
 Which joined in one an iron pentise make  
 That from the dreadful storm preserved the crew  
 Defended thus their speedy course they til'd,  
 And to the wall without resistance drew,  
 For that strong penticle protected well  
 The knights, from all that flew and all that fell

Against the fort Rinaldo gan uprear 75  
 A ladder huge, an hundred steps of height,  
 And in his arm the same did easily bear  
 And move as winds do reeds or rushes light,  
 Sometimes a tree, a rock, a dart or spear,  
 Fell from above yet forward clomb the knight,  
 And upward fearless piercéd, careless still,  
 Though Mount Olympus fell, or Ossa hill

A mount of runs, and of shafts a wood 76  
 Upon his shoulders and his shield he bore,  
 One hand the ladder held whereon he stood,  
 The other bare his target his face before,  
 His hardy troop, by his example good  
 Provoked, with him the place assaulted sore,  
 And ladders long against the wall they clasp  
 Unlike in courage yet, unlike in hap

One died, another fell, he forward went, 77  
 And these he comforts, and he threatneth those  
 Now with his hand outstretched the battlement  
 Wellnigh he reach'd when all his armed foes  
 Ran thither, and their force and fury bent  
 To throw him headlong down yet up he goes,  
 A wordrous throng, one longt whole armed bands  
 Alone, and hanging in the air, withstands

Withstands, and forceth his great strength so far, 78  
 That like a palm whercon huge weight doth rest  
 His forces so resisted stronger are,  
 His virtues higher rise the more oppressed,  
 Till all that would his entrance bold debate  
 He backward drove upleaped and possessed  
 The wall, and safe and easy with his blade  
 To all that after came, the passage made

There killing such as durst and did withstand, 79  
 To noble Eustace that was like to fall  
 He reached forth his friendly conquering hand,  
 And next himself helped him to mount the wall  
 Thuswhile Godfred and his people fand  
 Their lives to greater harms and dangers thrall  
 For there not man with man, nor might with knight  
 Contend, but engines there with engines fight

For in that place the Pyramids reared a post, 80  
 Which late had served some gallant ship for mast,  
 And over it another beam they crossed,  
 Pointed with iron sharp, to it made fast  
 With ropes which as men would the dormant tossed,  
 Now out, now in, now back, now forward cast  
 In his swift pulleys oft the men withdrew  
 The tree, and oft the riding balk forth threw

The mighty beam redoubled oft his blows, 81  
 And with such force the engine smote and hit  
 That her broad side the tower wide open threw,  
 Her joints were broke, her rafters cleft and split,  
 But yet must every hip whence mischief grows,  
 Prepared the piece, against such extremes made fit,  
 Launch forth two scythes, sharp cutting, long and broad  
 And cut the ropes whercon the engine rode

As an old rock which age or stormy wind 82  
 Tears from some craggy hill or mountain steep  
 Doth break, doth bruise, and into dust doth grind  
 Woods, houses, hamlets, herds, and flocks of sheep  
 So fell the beam and down with it all kind  
 Of arms of weapons and of men did sweep  
 Wherewith the towers once or twice did strike,  
 It enabled the walls, the hills and mountains quail

Victorious Godfrey boldly forward came,  
 And had great hope even then the place to win  
 But lo, a fire, with stench, with smoke and flame  
 Withstood his passage, stopped his entrance in  
 Such burning *Ætna* yet could never frame,  
 When from her entrails hot her fires begin,  
 Nor yet in summer on the Indian plain,  
 Such vapours warm from scorching air down rain

83

There balls of wildfire there fly burning spears  
 This flame was black that blue, this red as blood,  
 Stench wellnigh choked them, noise deafs their ears,  
 Smoke blinds their eyes fire kindleth on the wood,  
 Nor those raw hides which for defence it wears  
 Could save the tower in such distress it stood,  
 For now they wrinkle, now it sweats and fries,  
 Now burns, unless some help come down from skies

84

The hudy dule before his folk abides,  
 Nor changed he colour countenance or place,  
 But comforts those that from the scalded hides  
 With water strove the approaching flames to chase  
 In these extremes the prince and those he guides  
 Half roasted stood before fierce *Vulcan's* face,  
 When lo, a sudden and unlooked for blast  
 The flames against the kindlers backward cast

85

The winds drove back the fire, where heaped lie  
 The Pagans' weapons where their engines were,  
 Which kindling quickly in that substance dry,  
 Burnt all their store and all their warlike gear  
 O glorious captain! whom the Lord from high  
 Defends whom God preserves, and holds so dear,  
 For thee heaven fights, to thee the winds, from far,  
 Called with thy trumpet's blast, obedient are!

86

But wiled Ismen to his harm that saw  
 How the fierce blast drove back the fire and flame,  
 By art would nature change, and thence withdraw  
 Those noisome winds else calm and still the same.  
 'Twixt two false wizards without fear or awe  
 Upon the walls in open sight he came  
 Black, grisly, loathsome, grim and ugly faced,  
 Like *Pluto* old, betwixt two funes placed,

87

And now the wretch those dreadful words begun, 88  
 Which trouble make deep hell and all her flock,  
 Now trembled is the air the golden sun  
 His fearful beams in clouds did close and lock,  
 When from the tower, which Ismen could not shun,  
 Out fled a mighty stone late half a rock,  
 Which light so just upon the wizards three,  
 That driven to dust their bones and bodies be

To less than naught their members old were torn, 89  
 And shivered were their heads to pieces small,  
 As small as are the bruised grains of corn  
 When from the mill dissolved to meal they fall,  
 Their damned souls, to deepest hell down borne  
 Far from the joy and light celestial,  
 The furies plunged in the infernal lake  
 O mankind, at their ends ensample take!

This while the engine which the tempest cold 90  
 Had saved from burning with his friendly blast,  
 Approach'd had so near the battered hold  
 That on the walls her bridge at ease she cast  
 But Solyman ran thither fierce and bold,  
 To cut the plank whereon the Christians passed  
 And had performed his will, save that appeared  
 High in the skies a turret new appeared,

Far in the air up clomb the fortress tall, 91  
 Higher than house, than steeple, church or tower,  
 The Pagans trembled to behold the wall  
 And city subject to her shot and power,  
 Yet kept the Turk his stand, though on him fall  
 Of stones and darts a sharp and acrid shower,  
 And still to cut the bridge he hops and strives  
 And those that fear with cheerful speech revives

The angel Michael, to all the rest 92  
 Unseen, appeared before Godfredo's eyes  
 In pure and heavenly armour richly armed,  
 Brighter than Titan's rays in clearest skies  
 "God rest," quoth he "this is the moment blest  
 To free this town that long in bondage lies  
 See see what legions in thine aid I bring  
 For Heaven's sake, and Heaven's glorious King

"Lift up thine eyes, and in the air behold 93  
 The sacred armies how they mustered be,  
 That cloud of flesh in which for times of old  
 All mankind wrapped is I take from thee,  
 And from thy senses their thick mist unfold  
 That face to face thou mayest these spirits see,  
 And for a little space right well sustain  
 Their glorious light and view those angels plain

Behold the souls of every lord and knight 94  
 That late bore arms and died for Christ's dear sake  
 How on thy side against this town they fight,  
 And of thy joy and conquest will partake  
 There where the dust and smoke blind all men's sight  
 Where stones and ruins such an heap do make  
 There Hugo fights, in thickest cloud imbarred,  
 And undermines that bulwark's groundwork hard

See Dudon yonder, who with sword and fire 95  
 Assails and helps to scale the northern port,  
 That with bold courage doth thy folk inspire  
 And rears their ladders gainst the assaulted fort  
 He that high on the mount in grave attire  
 Is clad and crowned stands in kingly sort,  
 Is Bishop Adernure, a blessed spirit  
 Blest for his faith, crowned for his death and merit

But higher lift thy happy eyes, and view 96  
 Where all the sacred hosts of Heaven appear  
 He looked and saw where winged armies flew  
 Innumerable, pure, divine and clear  
 A battle round of squadrons three they show  
 And all by threes those squadrons ranged were  
 Which spreading wide in rings still wider go,  
 Moved with a stone calm water circleth so

With that he winked, and vanished was and gone 97  
 That wondrous vision when he looked again,  
 His worthies fighting viewed he one by one,  
 And on each side saw signs of conquest plain,  
 For with Rinaldo gainst his yielding foe,  
 His knights were entered and the Pisans slain  
 This seen the duke no longer stay could brook  
 But from the bearer bold his ensign took

And on the bridge he stepped, but there was stayed 98  
 By Solymán, who entrance all denied,  
 That narrow tree to virtue great was made  
 The field as in few blows right soon was tried,  
 ' Here will I give my life for Sion's aid  
 Here will I end my days,' the Soldan cried,  
 " Behind me cut or break this bridge, that I  
 May kill a thousand Christians first, then die

But thither fierce Rinaldo threatening went, 99  
 And at his sight fled all the Soldan's train,  
 " What shall I do? If here my life be spent,  
 I spend and spill, quoth he. " my blood in vain!  
 With that his steps from Godfrey back he bent,  
 And to him let the passage free remain  
 Who threatening followed as the Soldan fled  
 And on the walls the purple Cross dispread

About his head he tossed, he turned, he cast, 100  
 That glorious ensign, with a thousand twines,  
 Thereon the wind breathes with his sweetest blast.  
 Thereon with golden rays glad Phoebus shines,  
 Earth laughs for joy, the streams forborn their haste  
 Floods clap their hands on mountains dance the pines,  
 And Sion's towers and sacred temples smile  
 For their deliverance from that bondage vile

And now the armies reared the happy cry 101  
 Of victory, loud, joyful loud, and shrill  
 The hills resound, the echo shov'ereth high,  
 And Tancred bold, that fights and combats still  
 With proud Argantes brought his tower so nigh,  
 That on the wall, against the barster's will,  
 In his despite his bridge he also laid,  
 And won the place, and there the Cross displayed

But on the southern hill, where Raymond fought 102  
 Against the townsmen and their aged king  
 His hardy Gascoigns gained small or nought,  
 Their engine to the walls they could not bring,  
 For thither all his strength the prince had brought,  
 For life and safety sternly combating,  
 And for the wall was feeblest on that coast  
 There were his soldiers best, and engines most.

Besides, the tower upon that quarter found 103  
 Unsure uneasy and uneven the way,  
 Not art could help but that the rougher ground  
 The rolling mass did often stop and stay,  
 But now of victory the joyful sound  
 The king and Raymond heard amid their fray  
 And by the shout they and their soldiers I now,  
 The town was entered on the plain below

Which heard, Raymondo thus bespake this crew, 104  
 'The town is won, my friends and doth it yet  
 Resist? are we kept out still by these few?  
 Shall we no share in this high conquest get?'—  
 But from that part the king at last withdrew,  
 He strove in vain their entrance there to let,  
 And to a stronger place his folk he brought  
 Where to sustain the assault a while he thought

The conquerors at once now entered all 105  
 The walls were won, the gates were opened wide,  
 Now bruised, broken down, destroyed full  
 The ports and towers that buttern durst abide,  
 With the sword death murdereth great and small  
 And proud twist woe and horror sad doth ride  
 Here runs the blood in ponds there stands the gore  
 And drowns the lights in whom it lived before



## The Nineteenth Book

OF

# GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE

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### THE ARGUMENT

Tancred in single combat kills his foe  
Argantes strong the king and bold in fly  
To David's tower and save the person is so  
Erminia well instructs Valentine the spy  
With him she rides away and as they go  
Finds where her lord for dead on earth doth lie  
First she laments then cures him Godfrey hears  
Ormondo's treason and what marks he bears

---

NOW death or fear or care to save their lives 1  
From their forsaken walls the Pagans chase  
Yet neither force nor fear, nor wisdom drives  
The constant knight Argantes from his place,  
Alone against ten thousand foes he strives,  
Yet dreadless, doubtless, careless seemed his face,  
Nor death, nor danger, but his race he fears,  
And still unconquered though o'er-set, appears

But mongst the rest upon his helmet gay 2  
With his broad sword Tancred came and smote  
The Pagan knew the prince by his name,  
By his strong blows, his armour and his coat,  
For once they fought, and when it seemed that fray,  
Next time they chose to end their combat hot,  
But Tancred ruled therefore the Pagan knight  
Cried, "Tancred, come at thou thus, thus late to fight"

' Too late thou com'st, and not here to war,  
 But yet the fight I neither shun nor fear,  
 Although from knighthood true thou art estray'd,  
 Since here in engineer thou dost appear,  
 That tower, that troop thy shield and safety are  
 Strange kind of arm in single fight to bear  
 Yet shalt thou not escape, O conqueror strong  
 Of Indies far, sharp death, to reach, & that wrong

Lord Tancred smil'd, with disdain and scorn,  
 And answer'd thus "To end our strife," quoth he  
 "Behold at last I come, and my return,  
 Though late perchance will be too soon for thee  
 For thou shalt wish, of hope and help forlorn,  
 Some sea or mountain placed 'twixt thee and me  
 And well shalt know before we end this fray  
 No fear of cowardice hath crused my way

"But come aside, thou by whose prowess dies  
 The monsters, knights and giant, in all lands,  
 The killer of weak women that dreads  
 This said, he turn'd to his fighting bands,  
 And bids them all retire "Forbear" he cries,  
 "To strike this knight, on him let none lay hands  
 For none he is, more than a common foe  
 By challenge new and promise old also"

' Descend,' the fierce Circassian gain reply,  
 ' Alone, or all this troop for succour take  
 To deserts waste, or place frequented high,  
 For vantage none I will the fight forsake '  
 Thus given and taken was the bold defy,  
 And through the press agreed so, they bial e,  
 Their hatred made them one and as they went,  
 Each knight his foe did for despite defend

Great was his thirst of praise great the desire  
 That Tancred had the Pagans blood to spill,  
 Nor could that quench his wrath or calm his ire  
 If other hand his foe should foil or kill  
 He saved him with his shield and cried "Retire"  
 To all he met, "and do this knight none ill"  
 And thus defending grinst his friends his foe,  
 Through thousand angry weapons safe they go

They left the city, and they left behind 8  
 Godfredo's camp, and far beyond it passed,  
 And came where into creeks and bosoms blind  
 A winding hill his corners turned and cast,  
 A valley small and shady dale they find  
 Amid the mountains steep so laid and placed  
 As if some theatre or closed place  
 Had been for men to fight or beasts to chase

There staved the champions both with rueful eyes 9  
 Argantes gan the fortress won to view,  
 Tancred his foe withouten shield espies,  
 And far away his target therefore threw,  
 And said, 'Whereon doth thy sad heart devise'  
 Thinkst thou this hour must end thy life untrue  
 If this thou fear, and dost foresee thy fate,  
 Thy fear is vain, thy foresight comes too late

"I think," quoth he, "on this distressed town, 10  
 The aged Queen of Judah's ancient land,  
 Now lost, now sacked, spoiled and trodden down  
 Whose fall in vain I strived to withstand  
 A small revenge for Sion's fort o'erthrown,  
 That head can be, cut off by my strong hand  
 This said, together with great heed they flew  
 For each his foe for bold and hardy knew

Tancred of body active was and light, 11  
 Quick, nimble, ready both of hand and foot  
 But higher by the head, the Pagan knight  
 Of limbs far greater was, of heart as stout  
 Tancred had low and traversed in his fight,  
 Now to his ward retired now struck out,  
 Oft with his sword his foe's fierce blows he broke  
 And rather chose to ward than bear his stroke

But bold and bolt upright Argantes fought, 12  
 Unlike in gesture like in skill and art,  
 His sword outstretched before him far he brought  
 Nor would his weapon touch, but pierce his heart  
 To catch his point Prince Tancred strove and sought  
 But at his breast or helm's unclosed part  
 He threatened death and would with stretched out brand  
 His entrance close, and fierce assaults withstand

With a tall ship & do h i g illey n l t,  
 When the sail v i d stir no th u r t l l e r r n  
 Where was in nimbleness & that in tal t t  
 I feels that t and this o e r and com r u r n,  
 And shifts from pro to po m v h t o m h i t  
 Meanwhile the other with um v e l r n u  
 And on her nimble fac r p r o c h u i m h  
 Her ween v e r a n e s t u m b l e d o w n f r m h i t

13

The Chr ian r n it to enter c n m s f  
 Voiding his point which it h i l e r t v i s b e r t  
 Argutes it his f i e e r t r u s t o n t h r o v  
 Which while the lance w r a s a n d l o h p r e i t  
 H i r e a d y h a d t h e l a n c e u n n a v  
 That all defence h u s q u e l n e f r e v e t  
 And pierced i s i d e h i c h d o n e h u a n l e n l  
 The craft man i s n h u s o u r i f b e a u t e e

14

Lanced; but his lip f r s c o r n a n d h a r m e,  
 Nor l o n g e r s t o o d o n p o i n t s o f f e e c e a n d s h i l l  
 But to r e v e n g e s o f i e r e l a n d t i s t h e c a n e  
 As if his hand could not o e r t a l e h e w i l l  
 A n d n h u s v i s o r u n n i n g j u s t a f r a n e  
 To his p r o i d b o r s t a n a n s w e r s h a r p b u s t i l l  
 A r g u t e s b r o l e t h e t h r u s t a n d a t h i f s o u n d  
 S w a t a n d y b o l d a n s t e p p e d t h e C h r i s t i a n h e r l

15

With his left foot first forward g a n h e s t r i d e  
 And with his left the P a g a n r i g h t a r m b e n t  
 With his right hand meanwhile the m a n s r i g h t s w a r d  
 H e c u t, h e w o u n d e d, m a n g l e d t r e a d r e a t  
 F o h i s v i c t o r i o u s t e a c h e r, l a n c e d c r i e d,  
 ' H i s c o n q u e r e d s c h o l a r b r i n g t h i s a n s w e r s e n t  
 A r g u t e s c h r i f t l s t r u g g l e d t u r n e d a n d t i m e d  
 Y e t c o u l d n o t s o h i s c a p t i v e a r m u n b i n d

16

His sword at last he let hang by the chain,  
 And griped his hardy foe in both his hands  
 In his strong arms Tancred crugl t h i n a n a n,  
 And thus each other held and wrapped i n b i n d s  
 With greater m i g h t A l c i d e s d i d n o t s t r a i n  
 The g a n t A n t h e u s o n t h e L a b a n a n d s  
 O n h o l d f a s t k n o t s h e i r b r a w n y a r m s t h e y c a s t  
 A n d w h o j n h e l a t e t h m o s t e a c h h e l d e m b r a c e d

17

Such was their wrestling, such their shocks and throws 18  
That down at once they tumbled both to ground.  
Argantes,—were it hap or skill, who knows,—  
His better hand loose and in freedom found,  
But the good Prince his hand more fit for blows,  
With his huge weight the Pagan underbound,  
But he, his disadvantage great that I new,  
Let go his hold, and on his feet up flew

Far slower rose the unwieldy Saracine, 19  
And caught a rip ere he was reared upright  
But as against the blustering winds a pine  
Now bends his top, now lifts his head on height,  
His courage so, when it gan most decline,  
The man reinforced, and advanced his might,  
And with fierce change of blows renewed the fray,  
Where rage for skill, horror for art, bore sway

The purple drops from Tancred's sides down railed, 20  
But from the Pagan ran whole streams of blood,  
Wherewith his force grew weak, his courage quailed,  
As fires die which fuel want or food  
I fancied that saw his feeble arm now failed  
To strike his blows that scant he stirred or stood.  
Assuaged his anger, and his wrath allayed,  
And stepping back thus gently spoke and said

' Yield, brave knight and chance of war or me 21  
Confess to have subdued thee in this fight,  
I will no trophy, triumph, spoil of thee  
Nor glory wish nor seek a victor's right  
More terrible than erst, herewith grew he  
And all availed his fury, rage and might  
And said, Darest thou of vintage speak or thine,  
Or move Argantes once to yield or shrink?

" Use, use thy vintage, thee and fortune both 22  
I scorn and punish will thy foolish pride  
As a hot brand flames most ere it forth go'eth,  
And doing blizeth bright on every side.  
So he, when blood was lost with anger's wrath,  
Retained his courage when his punishment died  
And could his fate's hour which now are nigh,  
Illustrate with his end, and nobly die

He joined his left hand to her sister strong, 23  
 And with them both let fall his weighty blade  
 Tancred to ward his blow his sword up slung,  
 But that it smote aside, nor there it stayed,  
 But from his shoulder to his side along  
 It glanced, and many wounds at once it made  
 Yet Tancred feared nought, for in his heart  
 Found coward dread no place, fear had no part

His fearful blow he doubled, but he spent 24  
 His force in waste, and all his strength in vain.  
 For Tancred from the blow against him bent,  
 Leap'd aside, the stroke fell on the plain  
 With thine own weight o'erthrown to earth thou went,  
 Argantes stout, nor could'st thyself sustain,  
 Thyself thou threwest down, O happy man,  
 Upon whose fall none boast or triumph can !

His gaping wounds the fall set open wide, 25  
 The streams of blood about him made a lake,  
 Helped with his left hand, on one knee he tried  
 To rear himself, and new defence to make  
 The courteous prince stepped back, and "Yield thee " cried,  
 No hurt he proffered him, no blow he strike  
 Meanwhile by stealth the Pagan false him gave  
 A sudden wound, threatening with speeches brave

Herewith Tancred's furious grew, and said, 26  
 "Villain, dost thou my mercy so despise ?"  
 Therewith he thrust and thrust again his blade,  
 And through his ventril pierced his dazzled eyes  
 Argantes died, yet no complaint he made,  
 But as he furious lived he careless dies,  
 Bold, proud, disdainful, fierce and void of fear  
 His motions last, last looks, last speeches were

Tancred put up his sword, and praises glad 27  
 Gave to his God that saved him in this fight  
 But yet this bloody conquest feebled had  
 So much the conqueror's force, strength and might,  
 That through the way he feared which homeward led  
 He had not strength enough to walk upright,  
 Yet as he could his steps from thence he bent,  
 And foot by foot a heavy pace forth went,

His legs could bear him but a little stound 28  
 And more he hastes, more tired, less was his speed,  
 On his right hand, at last, laid on the ground  
 He leaned, his hand weak like a shaking reed,  
 Dazzled his eyes the world on wheels ran round,  
 Day wrapped her brightness up in sable weed,  
 At length he swooned, and the victor knight  
 Nought differed from his conquered foe in fight

But while these lords their private fight pursue, 29  
 Made fierce and cruel through their secret hate,  
 The victor's ire destroyed the faithless crew  
 From street to street, and chased from gate to gate  
 But of the sacked town the image true  
 Who can describe, or paint the woeful state,  
 Or with fit words this spectacle express  
 Who can ? or tell the city's great distress ?

Blood, murder, death, each street, house, church defiled, 30  
 There heaps of slain appear, there mountains high,  
 There underneath the unburied hills up piled  
 Of bodies dead the living buried lie,  
 There the sad mother with her tender child  
 Doth tear her tresses loose, complain and fly,  
 And there the spoiler by her amber hair  
 Draws to his lust the virgin chaste and fair.

But through the way that to the west hill wood 31  
 Whereon the old and stately temple stands,  
 All soiled with gore and wet with lukewarm blood  
 Rinaldo ran, and chased the Pagan bands,  
 Above their heads he heaved his curtlan good,  
 Life in his grace, and death lay in his hands,  
 Nor helm nor target strong his blows off bears  
 Best armed there seemed he no arms that wears,

For gunst his armed foes he only bends 32  
 His force, and scorns the naked folk to wound,  
 Them whom no courage arms, no arms defends,  
 He chased with his looks and dreadful sound  
 Oh who can tell how far his force extends ?  
 How these he scorns, threatens those, lays them on ground ?  
 How with unequal harm, with equal fear  
 Fled all, all that well armed or naked were

Fast fled the people weak, and with the same 33  
 A squadron strong is to the temple gone  
 Which, burned and builded oft, still keeps the name  
 Of the first founder, wise King Solomon,  
 That prince this stately house did whilom frame  
 Of cedar trees of gold and marble stone,  
 Now not so rich, yet strong and sure it was,  
 With turrets high, thick walls, and doors of brass

The knight arriv'd where in warlike sort 34  
 The men that ample church had fortified  
 And closed found each wicket, gate and port,  
 And on the top defences ready spied,  
 He left his frowning looks, and twice that fort  
 From his high top down to the groundwork eyed,  
 And entrance sought, and twice with his swift foot  
 The mighty place he measured about

Like as a wolf about the closed fold 35  
 Rungth by night his hop'd prey to get,  
 Enrag'd with hunger and with malice old  
 Which kind twist him and harmless sheep hath set  
 So seurch'd he high and low about that hold,  
 Where he might enter without stop or let,  
 In the great court he stay'd, his foes above  
 Attend the assault, and would their fortune prove

There lay by chance a posted tree thereby, 36  
 Kept for some needful use, whatever it were,  
 The armed galleys not so thick nor high  
 Their tall and lofty masts at Genes uprear,  
 This beam the knight against the gates made fly  
 From his strong hands all weights which lift and bear,  
 Like a light lance that tree he shook and tossed,  
 And bruised the gate, the threshold, and the post

No marble stone, no metal strong outbore 37  
 The wondrous might of that redoubled blow,  
 The brazen hinges from the walls it tore,  
 It broke the locks and laid the doors down low,  
 No iron ram, no engine could do more,  
 Nor cannons great that thunderbolts forth throw,  
 His people like a flowing stream inthron'd,  
 And after them entered the victor strong,



The woeful slaughter black and loathsome made 38  
 That house, sometime the sacred house of God,  
 O heavenly justice, if thou be delayed,  
 On wretched sinners sharper falls thy rod  
 In them this place profaned which invade  
 Thou kindled ire, and mercy all forbode,  
 Until with their hearts' blood the Pagans vile  
 This temple washed which they did late defile.

But Solymán this while himself fast sped 39  
 Up to the fort which David's tower is named,  
 And with him all the soldiers left he led,  
 And gainst each entrance new defences framed.  
 The tyrant Aladine eke thither fled,  
 To whom the Soldan thus, far off, exclaimed,  
 "Come, come, renowned king, up to this rock,  
 Thyself, within this fortress safe uplock.

"For well this fortress shall thee and thy crown 40  
 Defend, a while here may we safe remain"  
 "Alas!" quoth he, "alas, for this fair town,  
 Which cruel war beats down even with the plain,  
 My life is done mine empire trodden down,  
 I reigned, I lived, but now nor live nor reign,  
 For now, alas! behold the fatal hour  
 That ends our life, and ends our kingly power."

"Where is your virtue, where your wisdom grave, 41  
 And courage stout? the angry Soldan's ud,  
 "Let chance our kingdoms take which erst she gave,  
 Yet in our hearts our kingly worth is laid,  
 But come and in this fort your person save,  
 Refresh your weary limbs and strength decayed."  
 Thus counselled he and did to safety bring  
 Within that fort the weak and aged king

His iron mace in both his hands he hent, 42  
 And on his thigh his trusty sword he tied,  
 And to the entrance fierce and fearless went,  
 And kept the strut, and all the French defied  
 The blows were mortal which he gave or lent,  
 For whom he hit he slew, else by his side  
 I had low on earth that all fled from the place  
 Where they beheld that great and dreadful mace

But old Rymondo with his hardy crew 43  
 By chance came thither, to his great mishap,  
 To that defended path the old man flew,  
 And scorned his blows and him that lent the grip,  
 He struck his foe, his blow no blood forth drew,  
 But on the front with that he caught a rap,  
 Which in a swoon, low in the dust him laid,  
 Wide open, trembling, with his arms displayed

The Pagans gathered heart at last, though fern 44  
 Their courage weak had put to flight but late,  
 So that the conquerors repulsed were,  
 And beaten back, else slain before the Gate  
 The Soldan, amongst the dead beside him seen  
 That saw Lord Raymond lie in such estate,  
 Cried to his men, "Within these bras," quoth he  
 "Come draw this knight, and let him captive be"

Forward they rushed to execute his word, 45  
 But hard and dangerous that enterprise they found  
 For none of Raymond's men forsook their lord  
 But to their guide's defence they flocked round  
 Thence fury fights, hence pity draws the sword,  
 Nor strive they for vile cause or on light ground,  
 The life and freedom of that champion brave,  
 Those spoil, these would preserve, those kill, these save

But yet at last if they had longer fought 46  
 The hardy Soldan would have won the field  
 For gainst his thundering mace vailed nought  
 Or helm of temper fine or sevenfold shield  
 But from each side great succour now was brought  
 To his weak foes now fit to flint and yield,  
 And both at once to aid and help the same  
 The sovereign Duke and young Rinaldo came

As when a shepherd, raging round about 47  
 That sees a storm with wind, hail, thunder, rain  
 When gloomy clouds have day's bright eye put out,  
 His tender flocks drives from the open plain  
 To some thick grove or mountain's shady foot,  
 Where Heaven's fierce wrath they may unhurt sustain,  
 And with his hook, his whistle and his cries  
 Drives forth his fleecy charge and with them flies

So fled the Soldan, when he gan descry 48  
 His tempest come from angry war forthcast,  
 The armour clashed and lightened gainst the sky,  
 And from each side swords weapons, fire outbrast  
 He sent his folk up to the fortress high,  
 To shun the furious storm, himself stayed last,  
 Yet to the danger he gave place at length  
 For wit, his courage wisdom ruled his strength

But scant the knight was safe the gate within, 49  
 Scant closed were the doors, when having broke  
 The bars, Rinaldo doth assault begin  
 Against the port, and on the wicket stroke  
 His matchless might, his great desire to win,  
 His oath and promise, doth his wrath provoke,  
 For he had sworn, nor should his word be vain,  
 To kill the man that had Prince Sweno slain

And now his armed hand that castle great 50  
 Would have assaulted and had shortly won,  
 Nor safe pardie the Soldan there a seat  
 Had found his fatal foes sharp wrath to shun,  
 Had not Godfredo sounded the retreat,  
 For now dark shades to shroud the earth begun,  
 Within the town the duke would lodge that night,  
 And with the morn renew the assault and fight

With cheerful look thus to his folk he said, 51  
 ' High God hath holpen well his children dear,  
 This work is done, the rest this night delivered  
 Doth hute labour bring less doubt no fear,  
 This tower, our foes work hope and latest aid,  
 We conquer will when sun shall next appear  
 Meanwhile with love and tender ruth go see  
 And comfort those which hurt and wounded be

" Go cure their wounds which boldly ventured 52  
 Their lives and spilt their bloods to get this hold  
 That fill us more this host for Christ forth led,  
 Than in thirst of vengeance, or desire of gold,  
 Too much in too much blood this war is shed  
 In some yet too much hate to still behold  
 But I command no more you spoil nor kill  
 And let us turn us to our better will

- This said he went where Raymond panting lay,  
 Waked from the swoon wherein he late had been  
 Nor Solymán with countenance less gay  
 Bespake his troops, and kept his grief unseen  
 " My friends, you are unconquered this day,  
 In spite of fortune still our hope is green,  
 For underneath great shows of harm and fear,  
 Our dangers small, our losses little were
- " Burnt are your houses and your people slain,  
 Yet safe your town is, though your walls be gone,  
 For in yourselves and in your sovereign  
 Consists your city not in lime and stone,  
 Your king is safe and safe is all his train  
 In this strong fort defended from their fone,  
 And on this empty conquest let them boast,  
 Till with this town again, their lives be lost,
- " And on their heads the loss at last will light,  
 For with good fortune proud and insolent,  
 In spoil and murder spend they day and night,  
 In riot drinking lust and ravishment,  
 And may amid their preys with little fight  
 At ease be overthrown, killed, slain and spent,  
 If in this carelessness the Egyptian host  
 Upon them fall, which now draws near this coast
- " Meanwhile the highest buildings of this town  
 We may shake down with stones about their ears,  
 And with our darts and spears from engines thrown,  
 Command that hill Christ's sepulchre that bears  
 Thus comforts be their hopes and hearts cast down  
 Awakes their valours, and exiles then fears  
 But while the things hath thus Vafino goes  
 Unknown, amid ten thousand armed foes
- The sun nigh set had brought to end the day,  
 When Vafino went the Pagan host to spy,  
 He passed unknown a close and secret way,  
 A traveller, false cunning crafty slv,  
 Past Ascalon he saw the morning grey  
 Step o'er the threshold of the eastern sky,  
 And ere bright Titán half his course had run,  
 That camp, that mighty host to show begun

58  
Tents infinite, and standards broad he spies,  
This red, that white that blue this purple was,  
And hears strange tongues, and stranger harmonies  
Of trumpets, clarions and well sounding brass  
The elephant there brays the camel cries,  
The horses neigh as to and fro they pass  
Which seen and heard, he said within his thought,  
Hither all Asia is, all Africa, brought

59  
He viewed the camp awhile, her site and seat,  
What ditch, what trench it had what rampire strong  
Nor close nor secret ways to work his feat  
He longer sought nor hid him from the throng,  
But entered through the gates, broad, royal great,  
And oft he asked, and answered oft among  
In questions wise, in answers short and shy  
Bold was his look, eyes quick front lifted high

60  
On every side he pried here and there,  
And marked each way, each passage and each tent  
The knights he notes their steeds and arms they bear  
Their names, their armour and their government  
And greater secrets hopes to learn, and learn  
Their hidden purpose and their close intent  
So long he walked and wandered till he spied  
The way to approach the great pavilions side

61  
There as he looked he saw the canvas rent  
Through which the voice found earth and open way  
From the close lodgings of the regal tent  
And almost closet where the captain lay,  
So that if Linceno spoke forth went  
The sound to them that listen what they say,  
There Linceno waited and those that saw him thought  
To mend the breach that there he stood and wrought

62  
The captain great within bare headed stood,  
His body armed and clad in purple weed,  
Two pikes bore his shield and helmet good,  
He craning on a bending lance gave heed  
For a big man whose looks were fierce and proud,  
But who none perceived of some harm he did  
For he did none as Linceno watched he heard  
When man saw him give more heed the more regard

Thus spake the chieftain to that surly sir,  
 "Art thou so sure that Godfrey shall be slain?"  
 "I am," quoth he, "and swear neer to retire,  
 Except he first be killed, to court again  
 I will prevent those that with me conspire  
 Nor other guerdon ask I for my pain  
 But that I may hang up his harness brave  
 At Gu , and under them these words engrave

63

"These arms Ormondo took in noble fight  
 From Godfrey proud, that spoiled all Asia's lands,  
 And with them took his life, and here on high,  
 In memory thereof, this trophy stands."'  
 The duke replied, 'Neer shall that deed, bold knight,  
 Pass unrewarded at our sovereign's hands  
 What thou demandest shall he gladly grant,  
 Nor gold nor guerdon shalt thou wish or want

64

"Those counterfeited armours then prepare  
 Because the day of fight approacheth fast'  
 'They ready are,' quoth he, 'then both forbare  
 I rom further talk these speeches were the last  
 Vafone, these great things heard, with grief and care  
 Remained astound, and in his thoughts oft cast  
 What treason false this was, how feign'd were  
 Those arms, but yet that doubt he could not clear

65

From thence he parted, and broad waking lay  
 All that long night, nor slumbered once nor slept  
 But when the camp by peep of springing day  
 Their banner spread, and I nights on horseback leapt,  
 With them he marched forth in meet array,  
 And where they pitched lodged, and with them kent,  
 And then from tent to tent he stalked about,  
 To hear and see, and learn this secret out

66

Searching about, on a rich throne he fand  
 Armida set with dames and knights around,  
 Sullen she sat, and sighed, it seemed she scanned  
 Some weighty matters in her thoughts profound,  
 Her rosy cheek leaned on her lily hand,  
 Her eyes, love's twinkling stars she bent to ground,  
 Weep she, or no, he knows not, yet appears  
 Her humid eyes even g/eat with chid with tears

67

He saw before her set Adrastus grim,  
That seemed scant to live, move, or respire,  
So was he fixed on his mistress trim,  
So gazed he, and fed his fond desire,  
But Tisiphern beheld now her now him,  
And quaked sometime for love, sometime for ire,  
And in his cheeks the colour went and came,  
For there wrath's fire now burnt, now shone love's flame

68

Then from the garland fair of virgins bright,  
Mongst whom he lay enclosed, rose Altamore,  
His hot desire he hid and kept from sight,  
His looks were ruled by Cupid's crafty lore,  
His left eye viewed her hand, her face his right  
Both watched her beauties hid and secret store,  
And entrance found where her thin veil bewaved  
The milken way between her breasts that hid

69

Her eyes Armida lift from earth at last,  
And cleared again her front and visage sad,  
Midst clouds of woe her looks which overcast  
She lightened forth a smile, sweet, pleasant, glad,  
"My lord," quoth she, "your oath and promise passed  
Hath freed my heart of all the griefs it had,  
That now in hope of sweet revenge it lives,  
Such joy, such ease, desired vengeance gives"

70

"Cheer up thy looks," answered the Indian king,  
"And for sweet beauty's sake, appease thy woe,  
Cast at your feet ere you expect the thing,  
I will present the head of thy strong foe  
Else shall this hand his person captive bring  
And cast in prison deep," he boasted so  
His rival heard him well, yet answered naught,  
But bit his lips, and grieved in secret thought

71

To Tisiphern the damsel turning right,  
"And what say you, my noble lord?" quoth she  
He truning said, "I that am slow to fight  
Will follow far behind, the worth to see  
Of this your terrible and puissant knight,"  
In scornful words this bitter scoff gave he  
"Good reason," quoth the king "thou come behind,  
Nor e'er compare thee with the Prince of Inde"

72

Lord Tisiphernes shook his head, and said, 73  
 "Oh, had my power free like my courage been,  
 Or had I liberty to use this blade,  
 Who slow, who weakest is, soon should be seen,  
 Nor thou, nor thy great vaunts make me afraid,  
 But cruel love I fear, and this fair queen "

Thus said, to challenge him the king forth leapt,  
 But up their mistress start, and twixt them stepped

"Will you thus rob me of that gift," quoth she, 74  
 ' Which each hath vowed to give by word and oath ?  
 You are my champions, let that title be  
 The bond of love and peace between you both ,  
 He that displeased is, is displeased with me,  
 For which of you is grieved, and I not worth ? "

Thus warned she them, their hearts, for ire nigh broke,  
 In forced peace and rest thus bore love's yoke "

All this heard Vafre as he stood beside, 75  
 And having learned the truth, he left the tent,  
 That treason was against the Christian's guide  
 Contrived, he wist yet wist not how it went,  
 By words and questions far off, he tried  
 To find the truth , more difficult, more bent  
 Was he to know it, and resolved to die,  
 Or of that secret close the intent to spy

Of spy intelligence he proved all ways, 76  
 All crafts, all wiles, that in his thoughts abide,  
 Yet all in vain the man by wit assays,  
 To know that false compact and practice hid  
 But chance, what wisdom could not tell, bewrays,  
 Fortune of all his doubt the knots undid,  
 So that prepared for Godfrey's last mishap  
 At ease he found the net, and spied the trap

Thither he turned again where seated was, 77  
 The angry lover, 'twixt her friends and lords,  
 For in that troop much talk he thought would pass,  
 Each great assembly store of news affords,  
 He sided there a lusty lovely lass  
 And with some courtly terms the wench he bounds,  
 He feigns acquaintance, and as bold appears  
 As he had known that virgin twenty years



He said "Would some sweet lady grace me so,  
To chose me for her champion, friend and knight,  
Proud Godfrey's or Rinaldo's herd, I trow,  
Should feel the sharpness of my curlew bright  
Ask me the herd, fair mistress, of some foe,  
For to your beauty would is my might,"  
So he began, and meant in speeches wise  
Further to wade, but thus he broke the ice

78

Therewith he smiled, and smiling gan to frame  
His looks so to their old and native grace,  
That towards him another virgin came,  
Heard him, beheld him, and with bashful face  
Said "For thy mistress choose no other dame  
But me, on me thy love and service place,  
I take thee for my champion, and apart  
Would reason with thee, if my knight thou art"

79

Withdrawn, she thus began, "Vasine, pardie  
I know thee well, and me thou knowest of old,"  
To his last trump this drove the subtle spy,  
But smiling towards her he turned him bold,  
'Ne'er that I wot I saw thee erst with eye,  
Yet for thy worth all eyes should thee behold  
Thus much I know right well for from the same  
Which erst you gave me different is my name

80

'My mother bore me near Bsertus wall  
Her name was Lesbine mine is Almansore'  
I knew long since, quoth she "what men thee call,  
And thine estate, dissemble it no more,  
From me thy friend hide not thyself at all  
If I betray thee let me die therefore,  
I am Erminia daughter to a prince,  
But Tancred's slave thy fellow servant since,

81

"Two happy months within that prison land  
Under thy guard rejoic'd I to dwell  
And thee a keeper meek and good did find  
The same, the same I am, bel old me well  
The squire her lovely beauty called to mind,  
And mark'd her visage fair 'From thee expel  
All fear,' she says, "for me live safe and sure,  
I will thy safety not thy harm procure

82

"But yet I pray thee, when thou dost return,  
 To my dear prison lead me home again,  
 For in this hateful freedom even and morn  
 I sigh for sorrow, mourn and weep for pain  
 But if to spy perchance thou here sojourn,  
 Great hurt thou hast to know these secrets plain,  
 For I their treasons false, false truns can say,  
 Which few beside can tell, none will betray '

83

On her he gazed, and silent stood this while,  
 Armida's slights he knew, and truns unjust,  
 Women have tongues of craft, and hearts of guile,  
 They will, they will not, fools trust on them trust,  
 For in their speech is death, hell in their smile,  
 At last he said, 'If hence depart you lust,  
 I will you guide on this conclude we here,  
 And further speech till fitter time forbear '

84

Forthwith, ere thence the camp remove, to ride  
 They were resolved, their flight that season fits,  
 Vafine departs, she to the dames beside  
 Returns, and there on thorns awhile she sits,  
 Of her new knight she talks till time and tide  
 To scape unmarked she find, then forth she gets,  
 Thither where Vafine her unseen abode,  
 There took she horse, and from the camp they rode

85

And now in deserts waste and wild arrived,  
 Far from the camp, far from resort and sight  
 Vafine began, 'Gainst Godfrey's life contrived  
 The false compacts and truns unfold aright  
 Then she those treasons, from their spring derived,  
 Reperts and brings their hid deceits to light,  
 "Eight nights," she says, 'all courtiers brave, there we  
 But Ormond strong the rest surpasseth far

86

"These, whether hate or hope of gain them move,  
 Conspired have, and framed their treason so,  
 That dry when Emuren by fight shall prove  
 To win lost Asia from his Christian foe,  
 These, with the cross scored on their arms above,  
 And armed like Frenchmen will disguised go,  
 Like Godfrey's guard that gold and white do wear,  
 Such shall their habit be and such their gear

87

"Yet each will bear a token in his crest, 88  
 That so their friends for Pagans may them know  
 But in close fight when all the soldiers best  
 Shall mingled be to give the fatal blow.  
 They will keep neu, and pierce Godfredo's breast,  
 While of his faithful guard they bear false show,  
 And all their swords are dipped in poison strong,  
 Because each wound shall bring sad death ere long

"And for their chieftain wist I knew your guise 89  
 What garments, ensigns, and what arms you carry,  
 Those seized arms he forced me to devise,  
 So that from yours but small or naught they vary  
 But these unjust commands my thoughts despise  
 Within their camp therefore I list not tarry,  
 My heart abhors I should this hand defile  
 With spot of treason or with act of guile

'Tis is the cause, but not the cause alone 90  
 And there she ceased, and blushed and on the main  
 Cast down her eyes, these last words scant outgone,  
 She would have stopped nor durst pronounce them plain  
 The squire what she concealed would know as one  
 That from her breast her secret thoughts could strain  
 "Of little faith quoth he "whiv wouldst thou hide  
 Those causes true, from me thy squire and guide?"

With that she fetched a sigh sad, sore and deep 91  
 And from her lips her words slow trembling came,  
 "Trustless, she said, untimely I ard to keep,  
 Vun modest firewell, and farewell shame  
 Why hope you restless love to bring on sleep?  
 Why strive you fires to quench, sweet Cupid's flame?  
 No, no such cares and such respects beseem  
 Great ladies wandering maids them naught esteem

'That night fatal to me and Antioch town, 92  
 Then made a prey to her commanding foe  
 My loss was greater than was seen or known,  
 There ended not but thence began my woe  
 Light was the loss of friends of realm or crown,  
 But with my state I lost myself also  
 Neer to be found again for then I lost  
 My wit, my sense, my heart my soul almost

"But yet I pray thee, when thou dost return,  
To my dear prison lead me home again,  
For in this hateful freedom even and morn  
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 For with my state I lost myself all o,  
 Never to be found again for then I lost  
 A wit my sense my heart my soul my name

' Through fire and sword through blood and death, V frame 93  
Which all my friends did burn, and kill, and chase,  
From house to town to thy dear lord and mine,  
When first he entered had my father's place,  
And I incline with salt tears in my swollen eye,  
' Great prince ' quoth I ' great mercy pray, grace,  
Save not my life, no my life I bid  
But save mine honour, let me die a maid '

' He left me by the trembling hand from ground, 94  
Nor staid he till my humble speech was done  
I said, A friend and keep I trust thou found,  
For virtue, nor to me in vain you run  
A sweeter strange for that sweet voice's sound  
Pierced my heart, my breast's veil so press won,  
Which crept in through my bosom soft became  
A wound a sickness, and a quenchless flame.

' He left me with speeches kind and grave 95  
He sought to ease my grief and sorrows smart  
He said, ' I, we thee did receive  
All this time, and at thy will depart '  
Alas, he robbed me when he thought he gave,  
I free as a mountain but captived to her heart,  
' For as he loveth his life soul and hand,  
He gave thee a bird left the bird behind

“And caused me ride to seek my lord and knight,  
For he that made me sick could make me sound  
But on an ambush I mischanced to light  
Of cruel men, in armour clothed round,  
Hardly I scaped their hand by mature flight  
And fled to wilderness and desert ground,  
And there I lived in groves and forests wild,  
With gentle grooms and shepherds’ daughters mild

“But when hot love which fear had late suppressed,  
Revived again, thence would I longer sit,  
But rode the way I came, nor e’er took rest,  
Till on like danger, like mishap I hit,  
A troop to forage and to spoil addressed,  
Encountered me, nor could I fly from it  
Thus was I ta’en, and those that had me caught,  
Egyptians were, and me to Gaza brought,

“And for a present to their captain gave,  
Whom I entreated and besought so well,  
That he mine honour had great care to save,  
And since with fair Almida let me dwell  
Thus taken oft, escaped oft I have,  
Ah, see what haps I passed, what dangers fell.  
So often captive, free so oft again,  
Still my first bands I keep, still my first chain

“And he that did this chain so surely bind  
About my heart, which none can loose but he  
Let him not say, ‘Go, wandering damsel, find  
Some other home, thou shalt not bide with me,’  
But let him welcome me with speeches kind,  
And in my wonted prison set me free  
Thus spake the princess, thus she and her guide  
Trilled day and night, and on their journey ride

Through the highways Africo would not pass,  
A path more secret, safe and short he knew,  
Via now close by the city’s wall he was,  
When sun was set night in the east upbore,  
With drop of blood be marked he found the grass,  
And saw where lay a warrior murdered raw.  
That all bebled the ground his race to show  
He turns, and seems to direct, though he can see

His harness and his habit both betrayed  
 He was a Pagan, forward went the squire,  
 And saw wherets another champion lud  
 Deid on the land, all soiled with blood and mue,  
 ' This was some Christian Knight," Vafi no said,  
 And marking well his arms and rich attire,  
 He loosed his helm and saw his visage plain,  
 And cried, "Alas, here lies Tancredi slain !

103

The woeful virgin tarrid, ud gave heed  
 To the fierce lools of that proud Saracine,  
 Till that high cry full of sad fear and dread,  
 Pierced through her heart with sorrow, grief and pine,  
 At Tancred's name thither she ran with speed  
 Like one half mad, or drunk with too much wine,  
 And when she saw his face, pale, bloodless dead,  
 She lighted, nry, she stumbled from her steed

104

Her springs of tears she looseth forth, and cries,  
 " Hither why bring'st thou me, th Fortune blind ?  
 Where dead for whom I lived, my comfort lies,  
 Where war for peace, travail for rest I find,  
 Tancred I have thee see thee, yet thine eyes  
 Looked not upon thy love and handmaid kind,  
 Undo their doors, their lids fast closed sever,  
 Alas, I find thee for to lose thee ever

105

" I never thought that to mine eyes my dear,  
 Thou couldst have grievous or unpleasant been,  
 But now would blind or rather dead I were,  
 That thy sad plight might be unknown, unseen !  
 Alas ! where is thy mirth and smiling cheer ?  
 Where are thine eyes' clear beams and sparkles sheen ?  
 Of thy fair cheek where is the purple red,  
 And forehead's whiteness ? are all gone, all dead ?

106

' Though gone, though dead I love thee still, behold,  
 Death wounds, but kills not love, yet if thou live,  
 Sweet soul, still in his breast, my follies bold  
 Ah, pardon loves desires and stealths forgive,  
 Grant me from his pale mouth some kisses cold,  
 Since death doth love of just reward deprive,  
 And of thy spoils sad death afford me this,  
 Let me his mouth, pale, cold and bloodless, kiss,

107



"O gentle mouth! with speeches kind and sweet 108  
 Thou didst relieve my grief, my woe and pain,  
 Ere my weak soul from this frail body fleet,  
 Ah, comfort me with one dear kiss or twain!  
 Perchance if we alive had happed to meet,  
 They had been given which now are stolen, O vain,  
 O feeble life betwixt his lips out fly,  
 Oh, let me kiss thee first, then let me die!

Receive my yielding spirit, and with thine 109  
 Guide it to heaven, where all true love hath place  
 This said she sigh'd, and tore her tresses fine,  
 And from her eyes two streams poured on his face  
 The man reviv'd, with those showers divine  
 Awak'd, and open'd his lips a space,  
 His lips were open, but fast shut his eyes  
 And with her sighs, one sigh from him upflew:

The dame perceived that Tancred breathed and sigh'd 110  
 Which calmed her grief somewhat and eased her fears  
 "Unclose thine eyes," she says, "my lord and knight,  
 See my last services my plants and tears,  
 See her that dies to see thy woeful plight,  
 That of thy pain her part and portion bears  
 Once look on me, small is the gift I crave,  
 The last which thou canst give, or I can have

Tancred look'd up and closed his eyes again, 111  
 Heavy and dumb, and she renew'd her voice  
 Quoth Vafraic, 'Cure him first, and then complain  
 Medicine is life's chief friend plant her most foe  
 They plucked his armour off, and she each vein,  
 Each joint and sinew felt, and handled so  
 And searched so well each thrust each cut and wound  
 That hope of life her love and skill soon found

From weariness and loss of blood she spied 112  
 His greatest pains and anguish most proceed,  
 Naught but her veil amid those deserts wide  
 She had to bind his wound in so great need  
 But love could other hands than strange provide  
 And pity kept for joy to see that need  
 For with her amber locks cut off each wound  
 She tied O happy man so cured so soon

For why her veil was short and thin, those deep  
 And cruel hurts to fasten, roll and blind,  
 Nor salve nor sample had she, yet to keep  
 Her knight on live, strong charms of wondrous kind  
 She said, and from him drove that deadly sleep,  
 That now his eyes he lifted turned and twined,  
 And saw his squire, and saw that courteous dame  
 In habit strange, and wondered whence she came

113

He said, "O Vafine, tell me, whence com'st thou?"  
 And who this gentle surgeon is, disclose,"  
 She smiled, she sighed she looked she wist not how  
 She wept, rejoiced, she blushed as red as rose  
 You shall know all," she says "your surgeon now  
 Commands you silence rest and soft repose,  
 You shall be sound, prepare my guerdon meet"  
 His hand then laid she in her bosom sweet

114

Vafine devised this while how he might bear  
 His master home, ere night obscured the land,  
 When lo, a troop of soldiers did appear,  
 Whom he descried to be Tancred's band,  
 With him when he and Argant met they were,  
 But when they went to combat hand for hand,  
 He bade them stay behind, and they obeyed,  
 But came to seek him now, so long he strayed

115

Besides them, many followed that enquest,  
 But these alone found out the rightest way,  
 Upon their friendly arms the men addressed  
 A seat whereon he sat he leaned, he lay  
 Quoth Tancred, Shall the strong Circassian rest  
 In this broad field, for wolves and crows a prey?  
 Ah no, defraud not you that champion brave  
 Of his just praise, of his due tomb and grave

116

"With his dead bones no longer war have I,  
 Boldly he died and nobly was he slain,  
 Then let us not that honour him deny  
 Which after death alone doth remain"  
 The Pagan dead they lifted up on high  
 And after Tancred bore him through the plum  
 Close by the virgin chaste and Vafine ride  
 As he that was her squire, her guard her guide

117

"Not home," quoth Tancred, "to my wonted tent,  
 But bear me to this roval town, I pray,  
 That if cut short by human accident  
 I die, there I may see my latest day,  
 The place where Christ upon his cross was rent  
 To heaven perchance may easier make the way,  
 And ere I yield to Death's and Fortune's rage,  
 Performed shall be my vow and pilgrimage"

Thus to the city was Tancred borne,  
 And fell on sleep, laid on a bed of down  
 Vafino where the damsel might sojourn  
 A chamber got, close, secret, near his own  
 That done he came the mighty duke betorn,  
 And entrance found, for till his news were known,  
 Nought was concluded mongst those knights and lords,  
 Their counsel hung on his report and words

Where weak and weary wounded Raymond laid,  
 Godfrey was set upon his couch's side,  
 And round about the man a ring was made  
 Of lords and knights that filled the chamber wide,  
 There while the squire his late discovery said,  
 To break his talk, none answered, none replied,  
 "My lord," he said, "at your command I went  
 And viewed their camp, each cabin, booth and tent,"

"But of that mighty host the number true  
 Expect not that I can or should descry,  
 All covered with their armies might you view  
 The fields, the plains, the dales and mountains high,  
 I saw what way so'er they went and drew,  
 They spoiled the land, drunk floods and fountains dry,  
 For not whole Jordan could have given them drink,  
 Nor all the grain in Syria, bread, I think"

"But yet amongst them many braves are found  
 Both horse and foot, of little force and might,  
 That keep no order know no trumpet's sound  
 That draw no sword, but sit off shoot and fight  
 But yet the Persian army doth abound  
 With many a footman strong and heavy knight,  
 So do on the kings own troop which all is framed  
 Of soldiers old the Immortal Squadron named"

"Immortal called is that band of right,  
 For of that number never wanteth one,  
 But in his empty place some other knight  
 Steps in, when any man is dead or gone  
 This army's leader Emireno light,  
 Like whom in wit and strength are few or none,  
 Who hath in charge in plain and pitched field,  
 To fight with you, to make you fly or yield

123

"And well I know their army and their host  
 Within a day or two will here arrive  
 But thee Rinaldo " behoveth most  
 To keep thy noble head, for which they strive,  
 For all the chief in arms or courage boast  
 They will the same to Queen Aimuda give,  
 And for the same she gives herself in price,  
 Such hire will many hands to work entice

124

"The chief of these that have thy murder sworn  
 Is Altmore, the king of Samarcand'  
 Adrastus then, whose realm lies near the morn  
 A huge giant, bold, and strong of hand,  
 His king upon an elephant is borne,  
 For under him no horse can stir or stand,  
 The third is Tisipherne, as brave a lord  
 As ever put on helm or girt on sword"

125

This said, from young Rinaldo's angry eyes,  
 Flew sparks of wrath flames in his visage shined,  
 He longed to be amid those enemies,  
 Nor rest nor reason in his heart could find  
 But to the Duke Vrfine his talk applies,  
 'The greatest news my lord, are yet behind,  
 For all their thoughts, their crafts and counsels tend  
 By treason false to bring thy life to end"

126

Then all from point to point he gan expose  
 The false compact how it was made and wrought,  
 The arms and ensigns seized, poison close  
 Ormundo's vaunt what praise, what thank he sought  
 And what reward and satisfied all those  
 That would demand, inquire or ask of aught  
 Silence was made a while, when Godfrey thus,—  
 "Raymondo, say, what counsel givest thou us?"

127

"Not as we purposed late, next morn,' quoth he, 128  
 'Let us not scale, but round besiege this tower  
 That those within may have no issue free  
 To sally out, and hurt us with their power.  
 Our camp well rested and refreshed see,  
 Provided well gainst this last storm and shower,  
 And then in pitched field, fight, if you will,  
 If not, delay and keep this fortress still

"But lest you be endangered, hurt, or slain 129  
 Of all your cares take care yourself to save,  
 By you this camp doth live, doth win, doth reign  
 Who else can rule or guide these squadrons brave?  
 And for the traitors shall be noted plain  
 Command your guard to change the arms they have  
 So shall their guile be known, in their own net  
 So shall they fall, caught in the snare they set

'As it hath ever, thus the Duke begun 130  
 "Thy counsel shows thy wisdom and thy love  
 And what you left in doubt shall thus be done,  
 We will their force in pitched battle prove,  
 Closed in this wall and trench the fight to shun,  
 Doth ill this camp beset, and worse believe,  
 But we their strength and manhood will assay,  
 And try, in open field and open day

"The fame of our great conquests to sustain, 131  
 Or bide our looks and threats, they are not able,  
 And when this army is subdued and slain  
 Then is our empire settled, firm and stable,  
 The tower shall yield or but resist in vain,  
 For fear her anchor is, despair her cable?  
 Thus he concludes, and rolling down the west  
 Fast set the stars, and called them all to rest

The Twentieth Book  
OF  
GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE

---

*THE ARGUMENT*

The Pagan host arrives and cruel fight  
Makes with the Christians and their faithful power  
The Souldan longs in field to prove his might  
With the old king quits the besieged tower,  
Yet both are slain and in eternal night  
A famous hand gives each his fatal hour  
Ronald appears and first the field  
The Christians win then praise to God they yield

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THE sun called up the world from idle sleep,  
And of the day ten hours were gone and past  
When the bold troop that had the tower to keep  
Espied a sudden mist, that overcast  
The earth with mirksome clouds and darkness deep,  
And saw it was the Egyptian camp at last  
Which raised the dust, for hills and valleys broad  
That host did overspread and overload

Therewith a merry shout and joyful cry  
The Pagans reared from their besieged hold,  
The cranes from Thrice with such a rumour fly,  
His hoary frost and snow when Hyems old  
Pours down, and fast to warmer regions hie,  
From the sharp winds, fierce storms and tempests cold  
And quick, and ready this new hope and aid  
Their hands to shoot, their tongues to threaten made

From whence their ire, their wrath and hardy threat      3  
 Proceeds, the French well knew, and plain espied,  
 For from the walls and ports the army great  
 They saw, her strength, her number pomp and pride,  
 Swelled their breasts with valour's noble heat,  
 Battle and fight they wished, 'Arm, arm!' they cried,  
 The youth to give the sign of fight all prayed  
 Their Duke, and were displeased because delayed

Till morning next, for he refused to fight,      4  
 Their haste and heat he bridled, but not brake,  
 Nor yet with sudden fray or skirmish light  
 Of these new foes would he vain trial make  
 "After so many wars" he says, "good right  
 It is, that one day's rest at least you take,"  
 For thus in his vain foes he cherish would  
 The hope which in their strength they have and hold

To see Aurora's gentle beam appear,      5  
 The soldiers armed, prest and ready lay,  
 The skies were never half so fair and clear  
 As in the breaking of that blessed day,  
 The merry morning smiled, and seemed to wear  
 Upon her silver crown sun's golden ray,  
 And without cloud heaven his redoubled light  
 Bent down to see this field, this fray, this fight

When first he saw the daybreak show and shine,      6  
 Godfrey his host in good array brought out,  
 And to besiege the tyrant Alidine  
 Raymond he left, and all the faithful rout  
 That from the towns was come of Palestine  
 To serve and succour their deliverer stout,  
 And with them left a hardy troop beside  
 Of Gascoigns strong, in arms well proved, oft tried

Such was Godfredo's countenance, such his cheer,      7  
 That from his eye sure conquest flames and streams,  
 Heaven's gracious favour, in his looks appear,  
 And great and goodly more than erst he seems,  
 His face and forehead full of noble-se wars  
 And on his cheek smiled youth's purple blushes  
 And in his gaze his grace his joy his eye  
 So newhat firmer ore than moril, lives and lies

He had not marched far ere he espied 8  
 Of his proud foes the mighty host draw nigh  
 A hill at first he took and fortified  
 At his left hand which stood his army by  
 Broad in the front behind more strait uptied  
 His army ready stood the fight to try,  
 And to the middle ward well armed he brings  
 His footmen strong his horsemen served for wings

To the left wing, spread underneath the bent 9  
 Of the steep hill that saved their flank and side,  
 The Robert's train, two leaders good, he sent,  
 His brother had the middle ward to guide,  
 To the right wing himself in person went  
 Down, where the plain was dangerous broad and wide  
 And where his foes with their great numbers would  
 Perchance environ round his squadrons bold

There all his Lorrainers and men of might, 10  
 All his best armed he placed, and chosen bands,  
 And with those horse some footmen armed light,  
 That archers were used to that service stands,  
 The adventurers then, in battle and in fight  
 Well tried, a squadron famous through all lands,  
 On the right hand he set, somewhat aside,  
 Rinaldo was their leader, lord and guide

To whom the Duke In thee our hope is laid 11  
 Of victory thou must the conquest gain,  
 Behind this mighty wing so far displayed  
 Thou with thy noble squadron close remain  
 And when the Pagans would our backs invade  
 Assail them then and make their onset vain,  
 For if I guess right they have in mind  
 To compass us and charge our troops behind

Then through his host, that took so large a scope 12  
 He rode and viewed them all both horse and foot  
 His face was bare his helm unclosed and ope  
 Lightened his eyes, his looks bright fire shot out,  
 He cheers the fearful, comforts them that hope  
 And to the bold recounts his boasting stout,  
 And to the valiant his adventures hard  
 These bids he look for praise those for reward



At last he staved where of his squadrons bold 13  
 And noblest troops assembled was best part,  
 There from a rising bank his will he told,  
 And all that heard his speech thereto took heart  
 And as the mountain snow from mountains cold  
 Runs down in streams with eloquence and art.  
 So from his lips his words and speeches fell,  
 Short, speedy, pleasant, sweet, and placed well

"My hardy host, you conquerors of the East, 14  
 You scourge wherewith Christ whips his heathen fowl,  
 Of victory behold the latest toil,  
 See the last day for which you wished alone,  
 Not without cause the Saracens most and least  
 Our gracious Lord hath gathered here in one,  
 For all your foes and his assembled are,  
 That one day's fight may end seven years of war

"This fight shall bring us many victories, 15  
 The danger none, the labour will be small,  
 Let not the number of your enemies  
 Dismay your hearts, grant fear no place at all,  
 For strife and discord through their army flies  
 Their bands ill ranked themselves entangle shall.  
 And few of them to strike or fight shall come  
 For some want strength, some heart, some elbow room

"This host, with whom you must encounter now, 16  
 Are men half-naked, without strength or skill,  
 From idleness, or following the plough,  
 Late pressed forth to war against their will  
 Their swords are blunt shields thin soon pierced through  
 Their banners shake, their bearers shrink, for all  
 Then leaders heard, obeyed, or followed be  
 Their loss, their flight, their death I will foresee.

Their cap unclad in purple, armed in gold 17  
 That seems so fierce, so hard, so stout and strong,  
 The Moors or weak Arabians vanquish could,  
 Ye can be not resist your valours long  
 What can he do though wise though strong though bold  
 In this confusion trouble thrust and throng?  
 He that he is and worse he knows his loss  
 So soon foras it feared are all of need of most

"But I am captain of this chosen crew,  
 With whom I oft have conquered, triumphed oft,  
 Your lands and liveries long since I knew,  
 Each knight obeys my rule mild, easy, soft,  
 I know each sword, each dart, each shaft I view,  
 Although the quarrel fly in skies aloft,  
 Whether the same of Ireland be or France,  
 And from what bow it comes, what hand perchance

18

"I ask an easy and a usual thing,  
 As you have oft, this day, so win the field,  
 Let zeal and honour be your virtue's sting,  
 Your lives, my fame, Christ's faith defend and shield,  
 To earth these Pagans slain and wounded bring,  
 Tread on their necks, make them all die or yield,—  
 What need I more exhort you? from your eyes  
 I see how victory, how conquest flies"

19

Upon the captain, when his speech was done,  
 It seemed a lamp and golden light down came,  
 As from night's azure mantle oft doth run  
 Or fall, a sliding star, or shining flame,  
 But from the bosom of the burning sun  
 Proceeded this, and garland-wise the same  
 Godfredo's noble head encompassed round,  
 And, as some thought, foreshowed he should be crowned

20

Perchance, if man's proud thought or saucy tongue  
 Have leave to judge or guess at heavenly things,  
 This was the angel which had kept him long,  
 That now came down, and hid him with his wings  
 While thus the Duke bespeaks his armies strong,  
 And every troop and band in order brings  
 Lord Emaren his host disposed well,  
 And with bold words whet on their courage fell,

21

The man brought forth his army great with speed,  
 In order good, his foes at hand he spied,  
 Like the new moon his host two horns did speed,  
 In midst the foot, the horse were on each side,  
 The right wing kept he for himself to lead,  
 Great Altamore received the left to guide,  
 The middle ward led Muleashes proud,  
 And in that brittle tan Annida stood

22

On the right quarter stood the Indian grim, 23  
 With Tispherne and all the Kings own band,  
 But where the left wing spread her squadrons trim  
 O'er the large plain, did Altamoro stand,  
 With African and Persian kings with him  
 And two that came from Merops hot sand,  
 And all his crossbows and his slings he placed,  
 Where room best served to shoot to throw, to cast

Thus Emiren his host put in array, 24  
 And rode from band to band, from rank to rank,  
 His truchmen now and now himself, doth say,  
 What spoil his folk shall gain what praise, what thank  
 To him that feared, 'Look up, ours is the day,'  
 He says, "Vile fear to bold hearts never sank,  
 How darest one against an hundred fight?  
 Our cry, our shade, will put them all to flight"

But to the bold, "Go, hardy knight," he says, 25  
 'His prey out of this lion's paws go tear  
 To some before his thoughts the shape he lays,  
 And makes therein the image true appear,  
 How his sad country him entreats and prays  
 His house his loving wife and children dear  
 "Suppose," quoth he "thy country doth beseech  
 And pray thee thus, suppose this is her speech

Defend my laws, uphold my temples brave, 26  
 My blood from washing of my streets withhold,  
 From ravishing my virgins keep, and save  
 Thine ancestors dead bones and ashes cold!  
 To thee thy fathers dear and parents grave  
 Show their uncovered heads, white, hoary, old  
 To thee thy wife—her breasts with tears o'erspread  
 Thy sons, their cradles, shows, thy marriage bed

To all the rest 'You for her honour's sake 27  
 Whom Asia makes her champions, by your might  
 Upon these thieves work feeble few, must take  
 A sharp revenge yet just deserved and right  
 Thus many words in several tongues he spake,  
 And all his sundry nations to sharp fight  
 Encourag'd, but now the dukes had done  
 Their speeches all, the hosts together run

It was a great a strange and wondrous sight, 28  
 When front to front those noble armies met  
 How every troop, how in each troop each knight  
 Stood prest to move, to fight, and praise to get,  
 Loose in the wind waved their ensigns light,  
 Trembled the plumes that on their crests were set  
 Their arms, impresses, colours gold and stone  
 Against the sunbeams smiled, flamed, sparkled, shone

Of arj topped oaks they seemed two forests thick 29  
 So did each host with spears and pikes abound,  
 Bent were their bow, in rests their lances stick  
 Their hands shook swords, their slings held cobbles round  
 Each steed to run was ready, prest and quick  
 At his commander's spur his hand, his sound,  
 He chafes, he stamps careers, and turns about  
 He foams, snorts, neighs and fire and smoke breathes out

Horror itself in that fair fig it seemed fair, 30  
 And pleasure flew amid sad dread and fear,  
 The trumpets shall that thundered in the air,  
 Were music mild and sweet to every ear  
 The faithful camp though less, yet seemed more rare  
 In that strange noise more warlike, shrill and clear,  
 In notes more sweet, the Pagan trumpets jar,  
 These sung their armours shined, these glistered far

The Christian trumpets give the deadly call 31  
 The Pagans answer and the fight accept  
 The godly Frenchmen on their knees down fall  
 To pray, and kissed the earth and then up leapt  
 To fight the land between was vanished all,  
 In combat close each host to other stepped  
 For now the wings had skirmish hot begun,  
 And with their battles forth the footmen run

But who was first of all the Christian train, 32  
 That gave the onset first, first won renown?  
 Gidippes thou wert she for by thee slain  
 The King of Orms Hircano, tumbled down,  
 The man's breastbone thou clovest and rent in twain,  
 So Heaven with honour would thee bless and crown,  
 Pierced through he fell, and falling hard withal  
 His foe praised for her strength and for his fall

Her lance thus broke, the hardy dame forth drew 33  
 With her strong hand a fine and trenchant blade,  
 And gaunst the Persians fierce and bold she flew,  
 And in their troop wide streets and lanes she made,  
 Even in the girdling-stead divided new  
 In pieces twain, Zopie on earth she lud,  
 And then Alarco's head she swept off clean,  
 Which lil e a football tumbled on the green

A blow felled Artaveres, with a thrust 34  
 Was Argus slain, the first lay in a trance,  
 Ismael's left hand cut off fell in the dust,  
 For on his wrist her sword fell down by chance  
 The hand let go the bridle where it lust,  
 The blow upon the courser's ears did glance,  
 Who felt the reins at large, and with the stroke  
 Half mad, the ranks disordered, troubled, broke

All these, and many mo, by time forgot, 35  
 She slew and wounded, when against her came  
 The angry Persians all, cast on a knot,  
 For on her person would they purchase fame  
 But her dear spouse and husband wanted not  
 In so great need to aid the noble dame,  
 Thus joined, the haps of war unhurt they prove,  
 Their strength was double, double was their love

The noble lovers use well might you see, 36  
 A wondrous guise, till then unseen, unheard,  
 To save themselves forgot both he and she  
 Each other's life did keep, defend, and guard  
 The strokes that gaunst her lord discharged be  
 The dame had care to bear, to break, to ward,  
 His shield kept off the blows bent on his dear,  
 Which, if need be, his naked head should bear

So each saved other, each for other's wrong 37  
 Would vengeance take, but not revenge their own  
 The valiant Soldier Artabano strong  
 Of Boecia Isle, by her was overthrown,  
 And by his hand, the bodies dead among,  
 Alante, that durst his mistress wound, fell down  
 And she between the eyes hit Arimont  
 Who hurt her lord, and cleft in twain his front

But Altamore who had that wing to lead 38  
 Far greater slaughter on the Christians made,  
 For where he turned his sword, or twined his steed,  
 He slew, or man and beast on earth down laid,  
 Happy was he that was at first struck dead,  
 That fell not down on live, for whom his blade  
 Had speared, the same cast in the dusty street  
 His horse tore with his teeth, bruised with his feet

By this brave Persim's valour, killed and slain 39  
 Were strong Brunello and Ardonia great  
 The first his head and helm had cleft in twain,  
 The last in stranger wise he did intreat,  
 For through his heart he pierced, and through the vein  
 Where laughter hath his fountain and his seat,  
 So that, a dreadful thing believed uneth,  
 He laughed for pain, and laughed himself to death

Nor these alone with that accursed knife, 40  
 Of this sweet light and breath deprived he,  
 But with that cruel weapon lost their life  
 Gentonio, Guascar, Rosimond, and Guy,  
 Who knows how many in that fatal strife  
 He slew? what knights his courser fierce made die?  
 The names and countries of the people shun  
 Who tells? their wounds and deaths who can explain?

With this fierce king encounter durst not one, 41  
 Not one durst combat him in equal field,  
 Gildippes undertook that task alone,  
 No doubt could make her shrink, no danger yield,  
 By Thermodont was never Amazone,  
 Who managed steel'd axe, or carried shield,  
 That seemed so bold as she, so strong, so light,  
 When forth she run to meet that dreadful knight

She hit him, where with gold and rich enamel, 42  
 His dridem did on his helmet flame,  
 She broke and cleft the crown, and caused him veil  
 His proud and lofty top, his crest down came,  
 Strong seemed her aim that could so well assail  
 The Pagan shook for spite and blushed for shame,  
 Forward he rushed and would at once requite  
 Shame with disgrace, and with revenge despite

Right on the front he gave him  
A blow so huge, so strong, so true, so core  
That out of sense and feeling down he tumbled  
But ner dear knight his love from ground upbore  
Were it their fortune, o his noble mind  
He saved his hand and strook the dame no more  
A lion so all's by and with proud eyes  
Beholds but scorns to hurt a man that lies

This while Ormondo false, whose cruel hand  
Was armed and prest to give the furious blow  
With all his fellows most Guireudo's band  
Entered unseen disguised that let them know  
The thievish wolve when night o'er had the land  
That seem like faithful dog in shape and show  
So to the closed folds in secret crept  
And entrance seek, to kill some harmless sheep

He procced night and to Goudredo's side  
The bloody Pagan now was placed near  
But when his colours gold and white he sped  
And saw the other signs that fo'ged were  
' See see, this traitor false the captain cried,  
' That like a Frenchman would in show appear  
Behold how near his mates and he are crept  
This and upon the villain for he leapt

Death he wounded him and that false knight  
Nor strikes nor wads nor strive h to be gone  
But as Medusa's head ere in his sight  
Stood like a man now turned to marble stone,  
All lances broke unshaken all the ports broken  
All quivers empty were on them alone  
In parts so many were the traitors cleft  
That those dead men had no dead bodies left

When God rest was with Pagan blood bespread  
He entered then the fight and that was past  
Where the bold Persian fought and combated  
Where the close ranks he opened cleft and brat  
Be ore the night the troops and squadrons fled  
As Afric dust before the southern blast  
The Duke recalled them in array them placed  
Staved those that fled and him assailed that chased

The champions soon, there fought a battle stout, 18  
 Tro never saw the like by Vanthus old  
 A combat sharp the ears meanwhile on foot  
 That Baldwin good and Mulerases bold  
 The horsemen also near the mountains rout,  
 And in both ways a furious skirmish hold,  
 And where the barbarous duke in person stood,  
 That Triphernes and Adrastus proud

With himen Rober the Norman strove 49  
 Long time the fought, yet neither lost nor won,  
 The other hours seem the Indian dove  
 And woe to his arms their fight would soon be done  
 In vain place to place did Triphernes rove  
 And found so much against him none durst run,  
 But where the press was thickest fluther sit  
 The knight and each stroke failed hurt or slew

Thus fought they long, yet neither shrink nor yield 56  
 In equal balance hung their hope and fear  
 A mill of broken lances in the field,  
 All full of arms that clove and shattered were  
 On each side some to the lock all the rest  
 Some cut men's throats, and some their bellies tear  
 Of loss some up, and some, roasting lay,  
 As for themselves each tries out of the clay



But now the Moors, Arabians, Ethiops black, 53  
 Of the left wing that held the utmost marge,  
 Spread forth their troops, and purposed at the back  
 And side their heedless foes to assail and charge  
 Slingers and archers were not slow nor slack  
 To shoot and cast, when with his battle large  
 Rinaldo came, whose fury, haste and ire,  
 Seemed earthquake, thunder, tempest, storm and fire

The first he met was Asinure, his throne 54  
 That set in Meroe's hot sunburnt land,  
 He cut his neck in twain, flesh, skin and bone,  
 The sable head down tumbled on the sand,  
 But when by death of this black prince alone  
 The taste of blood and conquest once he fand,  
*Whole squadrons then, whole troops to earth he brought,*  
*Things wondrous, strange, incredible he wrought*

He gave more deaths than strokes, and yet his blows 55  
 Upon his feeble foes fell oft and thick,  
*To move three tongues as a fierce serpent shows,*  
 Which rolls the one she hath swift, speedy, quick,  
 So thinks each Pagan, each Arabian trows  
 He wields three swords, all in one hilt that stick,  
 His readiness their eyes so blinded hath,  
 Their dread that wonder bred, fear gave it futh

The Afric tyrants and the negro kings 56  
 Fell down on heaps, drowned each in others blood,  
 Upon their people ran the knights he brings  
 Pricked forward by their guide's example good,  
 Killed were the Pagans, broke their bows and slings  
 Some died, some fell, some yielded, none withstood  
 A massacre was this, no fight, these put  
 Their foes to death, those hold their throats to cut

Small while they stood, with heart and hardy face, 57  
 On their bold breasts deep wounds and hurts to bear,  
 But fled away, and troubled in the chase  
 Their ranks disordered be with too much fear.  
 Rinaldo followed them from place to place,  
 Till quite discomfit and dispersed they were  
 That done he stays, and all his knights recalls,  
 And scorns to strike his foe that flies or falls

Now when the Soldan, in these battles past 108  
 That Antheus like oft fell oft rose again,  
 Evermore fierce, more fell, fell down at last  
 To he for ever, when this prince was slain,  
 Fortune, that seld is stable, firm or last,  
 No longer durst resist the Christian train,  
 But ranged herself in row with Godfrey's knights,  
 With them she serves, she runs, she rides, she fights.

The Pagan troops, the king's own squadron fled, 109  
 Of all the cast, the strength, the pride, the flower,  
 Late called Immortal, now discomfited,  
 It lost that title proud, and lost all power,  
 To him that with the roval standard fled,  
 Thus Emireno said, with speeches sour,  
 "Art not thou he to whom to bear I gave  
 My king's great banner, and his standard brave?"

"This ensign, Rimedon, I gave not thee 110  
 To be the witness of thy fear and flight,  
 Coward, dost thou thy lord and captain see  
 In battle strong, and runn'st thyself from fight?  
 What seek'st thou? safety? come, return with me,  
 The way to death is path to virtue right,  
 Here let him fight that would escape, for this  
 The way to honour, way to safety is"

The man returned and swelled with scorn and shame, 111  
 The duke with speeches gave exhort to rest,  
 He threats, he strikes sometime, till back they came,  
 And rage gainst force despair gainst death addressed  
 Thus of his broken armies gan he frame  
 A battle now, some hope dwelt in his breast,  
 But Tisiphernes bold revived him most,  
 Who fought and seemed to win, when all was lost,

Wonders that day wrought noble Tisipherne, 112  
 The hardy Normans all he overthrew,  
 The Flemings fled before the champion stern,  
 Germer, Rogero, Getard bold he slew;  
 His glorious deeds to praise and fame etern  
 His life's short date prolonged, enlarged and drew,  
 And then, as he that set sweet life at nought,  
 The greatest peril, danger, most he sought.

He spied Rinaldo, and although his field 113  
Of azure purple now and sanguine shows,  
And though the silver bird amid his shield  
Were armed gules, yet he the champion knows  
And says, "Here greatest peril is, heavens yield  
Strength to my courage, fortune to my blast,  
That fair Armida her revenge may see,  
Help, Macon, for his arms I vow to thee"

Thus prayed he, but all his vows were vain, 114  
Mabound was deaf, or slept in hea,rens and c,  
And as a lion strikes him with his train.  
His native wrath to quicken and to move,  
So he awaked his fury and disdain  
And sharpened his courage on the whetstone low.  
Himself he saved beards his myn, large,  
And forward spurred his steed and gave the charge

The Christian at the hard, warrior coming 115  
And leaped forth to undertake the fight,  
The people round about some place and rove,  
and wondered on that fierce and cruel sight.  
Some praised their strength, their arms and their might,  
Such and so desperate was the fight,  
That a. . . . .  
Their voices, their hearts, for the fight, . . . . .

One . . . . . 116  
His arms . . . . .  
From . . . . .  
His . . . . .  
The . . . . .  
His . . . . .  
And . . . . .  
Though . . . . .

But to resist against a knight so bold  
 Too weak his will and power divided were,  
 So that he could not his fair love uphold,  
 Nor kill the cruel man that slew his dear  
 His arm that did his mistress hand unfold,  
 The Turk cut off pale grew his looks and cheer,  
 He let her fall, himself fell by her side  
 And, for he could not save her, with her died

98

As the high elm, whom his dear vine hath twined  
 Fast in her hundred arms and holds embraced,  
 Bears down to earth his spouse and darling kind  
 If storm or cruel steel the tree down cast,  
 And her full grapes to nought doth bruise and gaud,  
 Spoils his own leaves faints, withers, dies at last,  
 And seems to mourn and die, not for his own,  
 But for her death with him that lies o'erthrown

99

So fell he mourning, mourning for the dame  
 Whom life and death had made for ever his.  
 They would have spoke, but not one word could frame,  
 Deep sobs their speech sweet sighs their language is  
 Each gazed on other's eyes, and while the same  
 Is lawful, join their hands, embrace and kiss  
 And thus sharp death their bond of life untied,  
 Together fainted they, together died

100

But now swift fame her nimble wings disspread,  
 And told eachwhere their chance, their fate, their fall  
 Rinaldo heard the case, by one that fled  
 From the fierce Turk and brought him news of all  
 Disdain goodwill, woe, wrath the champion led  
 To take revenge shame grief, for vengeance call,  
 But as he went, Adrastus with his blade  
 Forestalled the way, and show of combat made

101

The giant cried "By sword's signs I note  
 That whom I wish I search, thou, thou art he,  
 I marked each worthy's shield, his helm his coat,  
 And all this day have called and cried for thee,  
 To my sweet saint I have thy head devote  
 Thou must my sacrifice, my offering be  
 Come let us here our strength and courage try,  
 Thou art Armida's foe, her champion I'

102

Thus he defied him, on his front before,  
And on his throat he struck him, yet the blow  
His helmet neither bruised, cleft nor tore,  
But in his saddle made him bend and bow,  
Rinaldo hit him on the flank so sore,  
That neither art nor herb could help him now,  
Down fell the giant strong, one blow such power,  
Such puissance had, so falls a thundered tower

103

With horror, fear, amazedness and dread,  
Cold were the hearts of all that saw the fray,  
And Solyman, that viewed that noble deed,  
Trembled, his paleness did his fear bewray,  
For in that stroke he did his end areed,  
He wist not what to think, to do, to say,  
A thing in him unused, rare and strange,  
But so doth heaven men's hearts turn alier, change

104

As when the sick or frantic men oft dream  
In their unquiet sleep and slumber short,  
And think they run some speedy course, and seem  
To move their legs and feet in hasty sort,  
Yet feel their limbs far slower than the stream  
Of their vain thoughts that bears them in this sport,  
And oft would speak, would cry, would call or shout,  
Yet neither sound, nor voice, nor word send out

105

So run to fight the angry Soldan would,  
And did enforce his strength, his might, his ire,  
Yet felt not in himself his courage old,  
His wonted force, his rage and hot desire,  
His eyes, that sparkled wrath and fury bold,  
Grew dim and feeble, fear had quenched that fire,  
And in his heart in hundred passions fought,  
Yet none on fear or base retire he thought

106

While unresolved he stood, the victor knight  
Arrived, and seemed in quickness, haste and speed,  
In boldness, greatness, goodness and might,  
Above all princes born of human seed  
The Turk small while resists, not death nor fight  
Made him forget his state or race, through dread,  
He fled no strokes, he fetched no groan nor sigh,  
Cold were his motions list proud stately, high

107

The Gascoigns turn run, their lord in haste  
 To venge their loss his band recorded brings,  
 The troop that durst so much now stood aghast,  
 For where sad fear grew late, now boldness springs,  
 Now followed they that fled, fled they that chased  
 So in one hour altereth the state of things,  
 Raymond requites his loss, shame, hurt and ill,  
 And with an hundred deaths revenged one full

88

Whilst Raymond wreak'd thus his just disdain  
 On the proud heads of captains lords and peers,  
 He spies great Sion's king amid the train,  
 And to him leaps, and high his sword he rears,  
 And on his forehead strikes and strikes again,  
 Till helm and head he breaks, he cleaves, he tears,  
 Down fell the king, the guiltless land he bit  
 That now keeps him, because he kept not it

89

Their guides one murdered thus, the other gone,  
 The troops divided were in diverse thought  
 Despair made some run headlong gainst their sone  
 To seek sharp death that comes uncalled, unsought  
 And some that lud their hope on flight alone,  
 Fled to their fort again, yet chance so wrought,  
 That with the flyers in the victors pass,  
 And so the fortress won and conquered was

90

The hold was won, slain were the men that fled,  
 In courts, halls, chambers high above, below  
 Old Raymond fast up to the leads him sped,  
 And there, of victory true sign and show,  
 His glorious standard to the wind he spread  
 That so both armies his success might know  
 But Solyman saw not the town was lost,  
 For far from thence he was, and near the lost,

91

Into the field he came the lul ewarm blood  
 Did smoke and flow through all the purple field  
 There of sad death the court and palace stood,  
 There did he triumphs lead, and trophies build,  
 An armed steed fast by the Soldan yood  
 That had no guide, nor lord the reins to wield,  
 The tyrant took the bridle and bestrode  
 The courser's empty back, and forth he rode

92

Great, yet but short and sudden was the aid  
That to the Pagans, faint and weak, he brought,  
A thunderbolt he was, you would have said,  
Great, yet that comes and goes as swift as thought  
And of his coming swift and flight unstayed  
Eternal signs in hardest rocks hath wrought,  
For by his hand a hundred knights were slain,  
But time forgot hath all their names but twain,

93

Guldupe's fair, and Edward thy dear lord,  
Your noble death, sad end, and woeful fate,  
If so much power our vulgar tongue afford,  
To all strange wits, strange ears let me dilate,  
That ages all your love and sweet accord,  
Your virtue, prowess, worth may imitate,  
And some kind servant of true love that hears,  
May grace your death, my verses, with some tears

94

The noble lady thither boldly flew,  
Where first the Soldan fought, and him defied,  
Two mighty blows she gave the Turk untrue,  
One cleft his shield, the other pierced his side,  
The prince the damsel by her habit knew,  
"See, see this mankind stumpe, see," he cry'd,  
"Thus shameless whore, for thee fit weapons were  
Thy need and spindle, not a sword and spear"

95

This said, full of disdain, rage and despise,  
A strong, a fierce, a deadly stroke he gave,  
And pierced her armour, pierced her bosom wide,  
Worthy no blows, but blows of love to give  
Her dying hand let go the bridle quire,  
She faints she falls, twixt life and death she lies,  
Her lord to help her came, but came too late,  
Yet was not that his fault, it was his fate

96

What should he do to averse pain him call  
Just ire and pity find, one bids him go  
And succour his dear lady, like to kill,  
The other calls for vengeance on his foe,  
Love biddeth both, love calls for thus do all,  
And with his ire joins grief, with pity rage  
What did he then? with his left hand he bled  
Would hold her up, revenge her with his right

97

She turns and, ere she knows, her lord she spies, 128  
 Whose coming was unwished, unthought, untown  
 She shrieks, and twines away her sadful eyes  
 From his sweet face she falls dead in a swoon,  
 Falls as a flower half cut, that bending lies  
 He held her up, and lest she tumble down  
 Under her tender side his arm he placed,  
 His hand her girdle loosed, her gown unlaced,

And her fair face fur boso n he bedews 129  
 With tears, tears of remorse, of ruth, of sorrow  
 As the pale rose her colour lost renews  
 With the fresh drops fallen from the silver morrow,  
 So she revives, and cheeks empurpled shows  
 Moist with their own tears and with tears they borrow,  
 Thrice looked she up, her eyes thrice closed she,  
 As who say, "Let me die, ere look on thee"

And his strong arm, with weak and feeble hand 130  
 She would have thrust away, loosed and untwined  
 Oft strove she but in vain, to breik that band,  
 For he the hold he got not yet resigned,  
 Herself fast bound in those dear knots she fand,  
 Dear, though she feigned scorn, strove and repined  
 At last she speaks, she weeps, complains and cries,  
 Yet durst not, did not would not see his eyes

"Cruel at thy departure, at return 131  
 As cruel, say, what chance thee hither guideth,  
 Wouldst thou prevent her death whose heart forlorn  
 For thee for thee death's strokes each hour divideth?  
 Com'st thou to save my life? alas, what scorn,  
 What torment for Armida poor ab deth?  
 No, no, thy crafts and sleights I well descry,  
 But she can little do that cannot die

"Thy triumph is not great nor well arrived 132  
 Unless in chains thou lend a captive arme  
 A dme now ta'en by force before betrayed,  
 Thus is thy greatest glory, greatest fame  
 Time was that thee of love and life I prayed,  
 Let death now end my love, my life, my shame,  
 Yet let not thy false hand bereave this breath,  
 For if it were thy gift, hateful were death



" Cruel myself in hundred ways can find, 133  
 To rid me from thy malice, from thy hate,  
 If weapons sharp, if poisons of all kind,  
 If fire, if strangling ful in that estate,  
 Yet ways enough I know to stop this wind  
 A thousand entrics hith the house of fate  
 Ah, leave these flatteries, leave weak hope to move,  
 Cease, cease, my hope is dead, dead is my love

Thus mourn'd she, and from her watery eyes 134  
 Disdain and love dropped down, rolled up in tears,  
 From his pure fountains ran two streams likewise,  
 Wherein chaste pity and mild ruth appears  
 Thus with sweet words the queen he pacifies,  
 " Madam, appease your grief, your wrath, your fears,  
 For to be crowned not scorned, your life I save,  
 Your foe nay, but your friend, your knight, your slave

" But if you trust no speech, no oath, no word, 135  
 Yet in mine eyes, my zeal, my truth behold  
 For to that throne, whereof thy sire was lord,  
 I will restore thee, crown thee with that gold,  
 And if high Heaven would so much grace afford  
 As from thy heart this cloud this veil unfold  
 Of Ingratitude, in all the east no dame  
 Should equalise thy fortune, state and fame

Thus pluneth he thus prays and his desire 136  
 Endears with sighs that fly and tears that fall,  
 That as against the warmth of Titan's fire  
 Snowdrifts consume on tops of mountains tall,  
 So melt; her wrath, but love remains entire  
 " Behold," she says " your handmaid and your thrall  
 My life my crown, my wealth use at your pleasure  
 Thus dearth her life became, so s proved her treasure

Thinswile the captain of the Egyptian host,— 137  
 That saw his royal standard laid on ground,  
 Saw Rimedon that ensigns prop and post,  
 By Godfrey's noble hand killed with one wound,  
 And all his folk discomfit slain and lost,—  
 No coward was in this last battle found  
 But rode about and sought, nor sought in vain  
 Some famous hand of which he might be slain

Against Lord Godfrey boldly out he flew, 138  
 For nobler foe he wished not, could not spy,  
 Of desperate courage showed he tokens true,  
 Where'er he joined, or strived, or passed by,  
 And cried to the Duke as near he drew,  
 "Behold of thy strong hand I come to die,  
 Yet trust to overthrow thee with my fall,  
 My castle's ruins shall break down thy wall"

This said, forth spurred they both, both high advance 139  
 Their swords aloft, both struck at once, both hit,  
 His left arm wounded had the knight of France,  
 His shield was pierced his vambree cleft and split,  
 The Pagan backward fell half in a trance  
 On his left ear his foe so hugely smit  
 And as he sought to rise, Godfredo's sword  
 Pierced him through so died that army's lord

Of his great host, when Emiren was dead, 140  
 Fled the small remnant that alive remained;  
 Godfrey espied as he turned his steed,  
 Great Alramore on foot with blood all stained,  
 With half a sword, half helm upon his head,  
 Gunst whom a hundred fought, yet not one gained  
 'Cease, cease this strife,' he cried "and thou brave of night,  
 Yield, I am Godfrey yield thee to my might"

He that till then his proud and haughty heart 141  
 To act of humbleness did never bend,  
 When that great name he heard from the north part  
 Of our wide world renowned to Athiopians' part,  
 Answered "I yield to thee, thou worthy art,  
 I am thy prisoner for thou art my friend  
 On Alramore great thy conquest hold  
 Of glory half be rich, and rich of gold

My loving queen, my wife and lady Jane 142  
 Shall ransom me with jewels, plate and treasure,  
 To be held, quoth Godfrey, 'till at my noble hand  
 Shalt thou prove and win me so by profit measure  
 All that thou hast from Persia and from Inde  
 For it will therein I take no pleasure,  
 I will not rest on live nor rice nor bread  
 But I will sell it all for gold or good"

This said, he gave him to his knights to keep  
And after those that fled his course he bent,  
They to their rampiers fled and trenches deep,  
Yet could not so death's cruel stroke prevent  
The camp was won, and all in blood doth steep  
The blood in rivers streamed from tent to tent,  
It soiled, defiled, defaced all the prey,  
Shields, helmets, armours, plumes and feathers gay

143

Thus conquered Godfrey, and as yet the sun  
Dived not in silver waves his golden wain,  
But daylight served him to the fortress won  
With his victorious host to turn again,  
His bloody coat he put not off, but ran  
To the high temple with his noble train,  
And there hung up his arms, and there he bows  
His knees, there prayed, and there performed his vows

144

# TASSO'S ACCOUNT

## OF THE

### ALLEGORY OF THE POEM.

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**H**EROICAL Poetry, as a living creature, wherem two natures are conjoined, is compounded of Imitation and Allegory with the one she allureth unto her the minds and ears of men, and marvellously delighteth them, with the other, either in virtue or knowledge, she instructeth them And as the heroically written Imitation of another is nothing else but the pattern and image of human action, so the Allegory of an Heroical Poem is none other than the glass and figure of Human Life

But Imitation regardeth the actions of man subjected to the outward senses, and about them being principally employed, seeketh to represent them with effectual and expressive phrases, such as lively set before our corporeal eyes the things represented It doth not consider the customs, affections, or discourses of the mind, as they be inward, but only as they come forth thence, and being manifested in words, in deeds or working, do accompany the action On the other side, Allegory respecteth the passions, the opinions and customs, not only as they do appear, but principally in their being hidden and inward, and more obscurely doth express them with notes, as a war may say, mystical, such as only the understanders of the nature of things can fully comprehend

Now, leaving Imitation apart, we will according to our purpose, speak of Allegory, which, as the Life of Man is com

pound so it represents to us sometime the figure of the one, sometime the figure of the other. Yet because that commonly by Man, we understand this compound of the body soul or mind, Man's Life is said to be that which of such compound is proper, in the operations whereof every part thereof concurs and by working gets that perfection, of the which by her nature she is capable. Sometime although more seldom, by Man is understood, not the compound, but the most noble part, namely the mind. According to this last signification, it may be said, that the Life of Man is contemplative, and to work simply with the understanding, inasmuch as this life doth seem much to participate of heaven and as it were changed from humanity, to become angelical. Of the life of the contemplative man, the Comedy of Dante and the Odyssey, are, as it were, in every part thereof a figure, but the civil life is seen to be shadowed throughout the Iliad and Æneid also although in this there be rather set out a mixture of action and contemplation. But since the contemplative man is solitary, and the man of action liveth in civil company thence it cometh that Dante and Ulysses in their departure from Calypso are feigned not to be accompanied of the army, or of a multitude of soldiers, but to depart alone whereas Agamemnon and Achilles are described, the one general of the Grecian army, the other leader of many troops of Myrmidons. And Æneas is seen to be accompanied when he fighteth, or doth other civil acts but when he goeth to hell and the Elysian fields, he leaves his followers, accompanied only with his most faithful friend Achates who never departed from his side. Neither doth the poet at random feign that he went alone for that in his voyage there is signified this only contemplation of these pains and rewards which in another world are reserved for good or guilty souls. Moreover the operation of the understanding speculative which is the working of one only power, is commodiously figured unto us by the action of one alone, but the operation political which proceedeth together from the other powers of the mind, which are as citizens united in one commonwealth cannot so commodiously

be shadowed of action wherein many together and to one end working do not concur. To these reasons, and to these examples I having regard, have made the allegory of my poem such, as now shall be manifested.

The army compounded of diverse princes, and of other Christian soldiers, signifieth Man, compounded of soul and body, and of a soul not simple, but divided into many and diverse powers. Jerusalem the strong city placed in a rough and hilly country, wherunto is to the last end are directed all the enterprises of the faithful army, doth here signify the civil happiness which may come to a Christian Man (as hereafter shall be declared) which is a good very difficult to attain unto, and situated upon the top of the alpine and warisome hill of Virtue, and unto this are turned, as unto the last mark, all the actions of the Politic Man. Godfrey which of all the assembly is chosen chieftain, stands for Understanding and particularly for that understanding, which considereth not the things necessary but the mutable and which may diversely happen, and those by the will of God. And of princes he is chosen Captain of this enterprise, because Understanding is of God, and of nature made lord over the other virtues of the soul and body, and commands these one with civil power, the other with royal command. Rinaldo, Iaccredi, and the other princes are in lieu of the other powers of the Soul, and the Body here becomes notified by the soldiers less noble. And because that, through the imperfection of human nature and by the deceits of his enemy, Man attains not this felicity without many inward difficulties, and without finding by the way many outward impediments, all these are noted unto us by poetical figures. As the death of Sirenus and his companions, not being joined to the camp but slain far off, may here show the losses which a civil man hath of his friends, followers, and other external goods instruments of virtue and aids to the attaining of true felicity. The armies of Africa, Asia, and unlucky battles, are none other than his enemies, his losses, and the accidents of contrary fortune. But coming to the inward impediments, love, which maketh Tancredi and the

other worthies to dote, and disjoins them from Godfrey, and the disdain which enticeth Rinaldo from the enterprise do signify the conflict and rebellion which the concupiscent and ireful powers do make with the reasonable. The devils which do consult to hinder the conquest of Jerusalem are both a figure and a thing figured, and do here represent the very same evils which do oppose themselves against our civil happiness, so that it may not be to us a ladder of Christian blessedness. The two magicians Ismen and Armida, servants of the devil, which endeavour to remove the Christians from making war, are two devilish temptations which do lay snares for two Powers of the Soul, from whence all other sins do proceed. Ismen doth signify that temptation which seeketh to deceive with false belief the virtue, as a man may call it, operative. Armida is that temptation which layeth siege to the power of our desires. so from that proceed the Errors of Opinion, from this, those of the Appetite. The enchantments of Ismen in the wood *deceiving with illusions, signify no other thing than the falsity of the reasons and persuasions which are engendered in the wood, that is, in the variety and multitude of opinions and discourses of men.* And since that Man followeth vice and fleeth virtue, either thinking that travels and dangers are evils most grievous and insupportable, or judging, as did the Epicure and his followers, that in pleasure and idleness consisted chiefest felicity, by this, double is the enchantment and illusion. The fire, the whirlwind, the darkness the monsters and other feigned semblances, are the deceiving allurements which do show us honest travails and honourable danger under the shape of evil. The flowers, the fountains, the rivers the musical instruments the nymphs are the deceitful enticements, which do here set down before us the pleasures *and delights* of the Sense, under the show of good.

Let it suffice to have said thus much of the impediments which a man finds as well within as without himself. if the allegory of anything be untold, with these beginnings every man may find it out. Now let us pass to the outward and inward helps, with which the civil man, overcoming all

difficulty, is brought to this desired happiness. The Target of Diamond which Raymond recovereth, and afterwards is showed ready in the defence of Godfrey, ought to be understood for the special safeguard of the Lord God. The angels do signify sometime heavenly help and sometime inspiration the which are here shadowed in the dream of Godfrey and in the records of the Hermit. The Hermit who for the deliverance of Rinaldo did send the two messengers to the Wise Man doth show unto us the supernatural knowledge received by God's grace, as the Wise Man doth human wisdom, for as much as of human wisdom and of the knowledge of the works of nature, and the mysteries thereof is bred and established in our minds, justice temperance despising of death, and mortal pleasures, magnanimity and every other moral virtue. And great aid may a civil man receive in every action he attempteth by Contemplation. It is feigned that this Wise Man was by birth a Pagan but being by the Hermit converted to the true faith becometh a Christian, and despising his first arrogance he doth not much presume of his own wisdom, but yieldeth himself to the judgment of his master. Albeit that philosophy be born and nourished amongst the Gentiles in Egypt and Greece and from thence hath passed over unto us, presumptuous of herself a miscreant bold and proud above measure yet of St Thomas and the other holy doctors she is made the disciple and handmaid of divinity, and is become by their endeavour more modest, and more religious nothing daring rashly to affirm against that which is revealed to her mistress. Neither in vain is the person of the Wise Man brought in, Rinaldo being able by the only counsel of the Hermit to be found and brought back again for that it is brought in show, that the grace of God doth not work always in men immediately or by extraordinary ways, but many times worketh by natural means. And it is very reasonable that Godfrey which in holiness and religion doth excel all other, and is as hath been said the figure of Understanding be specially graced and privileged with favours not communicated to any other. This human wisdom, when it is directed of the superior, or more high virtue doth deliver



the sensible soul from vice, and therein placeth moral virtue  
But because this sufficeth not, Peter the Hermit first confesseth  
Godfrey and Rinaldo, and converted Tancredi

Godfrey and Rinaldo being two persons which in our poem  
do hold the principal place it cannot be but pleasing to the  
reader that I, repeating some of the already spoken things  
do particularly lay open the allegorical sense, which under  
the veil of their actions, lie hidden Godfrey, which holdeth  
the principal place in this story, is no other in the allegory  
but the Understanding which is signified in many places of  
the poem as in that verse,

"By thee the counsel given is, by thee the sceptre ruled "

And more plainly in that other

"Thy soul is of the camp both mind and life

And life is added, because in the powers more noble the  
less noble are contained therefore Rinaldo, which in Action  
is in the second degree of honour, ought also to be placed in  
the Allegory in the answerable degree But what this power of  
the mind holding the second degree of dignity is shall be  
now manifested The Ireful Virtue is that which amongst all  
the powers of the mind, is less estranged from the nobility of  
the soul, insomuch that Plato doubting seeketh whether it  
differeth from reason or no And such is it in the mind, as  
the chieftain in an assembly of soldiers for as of these the  
office is to obey their princes, which do give directions and  
commandments to fight against their enemies so is it the  
duty of the ireful, warlike and sovereign part of the mind, to  
be armed with reason against concupiscence and with that  
vehemency and fierceness which is proper unto it, to resist and  
drive away whatsoever impediment to felicity But when it  
doth not obey reason but suffers itself to be carried of her  
own violence it falleth out, that it fighteth not against con-  
cupiscence but by concupiscence, like a dog that biteth not  
the thieves, but the cattle committed to his keeping This  
violent, fierce and unbridled fury, as it cannot be fully noted

# GLOSSARY.

[Roman figures indicate the Book Arabic figures the star a or a hat are red letters]

*hyrid* (vi 50 vi 31) stained sud-  
denly  
*lyges* (vi 42 vi 60) by all means  
*neath* (viii 12) below  
*Amal* (xvi 17) enamel  
*lased* (ix 5) satisfied  
*Arner* (ix 95) behind

*baer* (i 48) the lower part of the  
helmet, in front  
*Bien* (i 20 and frequent throughout)  
ye  
*Besprent* (viii 50) besprinkled  
*Bueris* (ii 10 vi 95 vi 31) disclose  
*Bield* (xvi 49) shelter  
*Brast* (ii 77) } burst  
*Brist* (viii 44) }  
*Burst* (ii 53) burst  
*Bushed them* (ix 20) made themselves  
ready *Bushed him* (ix 49) made  
himself ready [The old Scinde  
noun reflexive was already in the  
suffix sh.]

*Caraket* (xv 5) caraculet collar of  
jewels  
*Coast* (vi 59 vi ii 102) side  
*Cobblers* (xx 20) small round stones  
*Cock* (xv 58) small boat cock boat  
*Corger to take* (ii 98, viii 42) to take  
have  
*Corret* (viii 68) a troop of horse [be-  
cause accompanied with a bugle]  
*Courtlay* (vi 188) [curtle ax., no xae  
but sord It. *coltellaccio*] cutlery.  
*De l* (ix 72) part division  
*Defiled* (viii 60), defiled

*Defert* (vi 31) divide  
*Diet* (ii 72) the herb ditty  
*Dight* (ii 5 32 iii 3, vi 14, vi 2  
viii 26) arrived dressed prepared  
*Dreant* (xiii 80), a large fixed beam  
is the large beam across a room  
*Dripse* (xx 124) by little drops drip-  
pling weakly  
*Dide* (throughout) for Dux Leader

*Farrd* (i 18) veined  
*Falk* (ii 16, vi 83 vi 53 xiii 6  
viii 37 73 vi 61 xx 121) easy  
*Ffsoers* (vi 64) immediately  
*Erid* (ii 44 viii 6 viii 11) ago  
*Empyse* (ii 77 83) enterprise  
*Eyes* (x 73) eyes

*Fmd* (viii 8) found  
*Fined* (vi 77) went  
*I feet* (x 60) float  
*Forced* (x 76) cared not about  
*Forlore* (viii 1) lost  
*Forrenst* (xv 15) opposite to  
*Forth* (xv 28) for that therefore  
*Fruised* (viii 23 48 49) bruised but-  
tered to pieces [French *frouser*]

*Gan* (i 1 20 57 and throughout the  
poem) began in any way that gave  
an inceptive sense to verbs  
*Gararants* (xiii 14) a people of Africa  
named by Herodotus The Gar-  
mites were probably in the parts  
now called Fozzan  
*Girdler-g-stad* (xx 34) part of the body  
round which the g-tale is fastened

*Gite* (xii 54) gown  
*Glove and glaive* (i 50, iv 8) sword  
*Groves* (iii 6) groves  
*Greet* (xii 94) stones with reference to their grain or texture Fairfax's of varied Spartan greet is his translation of Tasso's *diriche pietre clette*  
*Guide* (x 9 33) guide

*Hags* (vii 41) small woods originally divisions of a forest marked out to be cut

*Halt* (vii 102 ix 74 xii 18 34 xiv 42) seized

*Hight* (i 76) was named

*Holt* (ii 6 v 1 12) wood

*Impeach* (iv 52) hinder

*Iright* (i 48) pitched fixed

*Keep take keep* (xv 60 xv 12) take heed

*Kest* (ii 12 xii 1) cast

*Kind* (xv 42 48 64 xv 46 xvi 69 xix 35) the old English word for Nature

*Lede* (xv 13) speech

*Lere* (x 40) teach

*Let* (i 2) hinderance (xi 37, 65) hinder hindered

*Lite* (x 16) little

*Me* throughout is like Mahound an old English form for Mahomet

*Mee* (iv 61) strength

*Mes* (xv 39) meter measured

*Me* (i 41) my close place Or simply the place in which I was were shut up in which were men or chains of the riplan are Mes (30)

*Me* (i 18) kind of French crest  
 but mister right but kind of

*More* (85) never So Spenser—

*More* the more from God more far  
 H to named and n

*More* (81) more  
 (ii 14) more

*Not* (xviii 50) know not for not  
 ne wot with the *I* inserted by false analogy

*Would* (x 61 x 55 xii 17 41 70) would not

*Object* (v 22) put forward

*On live* (v 1 23) alive

*On sleep* (iv 92) asleep

*One* (i 77) own

*Pentise pentise* (x 13 xiii 71 74) an overhang or shelter built against a wall as appendicium appendage  
 The old word *pentice* has been corrupted into *plathouse Pentice* (xvii 74) diminutive of *pentice*

*Ports* (iii 10) gules

*Prut* (x 13 x 17 xii 40 xv 1 x 5 28 29 107) ready [French *pret*]

*Punctious* (xviii 43) large crabs

*Quarrel* *q arry* (i 51 x 18) the square bolt shot from a crossbow

*Quite* (ii 36) requites pay

*Railed* (ii 30) rolled

*Recover* (viii 12) recovery

*Rew* (xvii 75) row

*Rort* (viii 63 x 81 86) a company or large number of people

*Rory* (ii 72) dew

*Scalded* (xvii 81) scorched

*Seely* (xii 33 78) simple innocent

*Sell* (vi 32) saddle

*Sillog* (x 6) sloop light boat

*Sle d silent* (i 6 xii 30) put to silence

*Sil mors* (x 1 53) old lordship

*Soul* (i 22) smelt taste or part of smoke & pour

*So* (i 73) so and

*So* (i 41) so and

*Straight* (x 52) spirit the parting returned in spirit

*Straw* (x 1 13 1 34) wood

*Straw* (x 1 13 1 34) wood

*Straw* (i 13 1 34) wood

by one man of war, is nevertheless principally signified by Rinaldo, where it is said of him, that being

"A right would I might  
Did scorn by reason's rule to fight"

Wherein, whilst fighting against Gernando, he did pass the bounds of civil revenge and whilst he served Armida may be noted unto us anger not governed by reason whilst he disenchanteth the wood, entereth the city, breaketh the enemy's array, anger directed by reason His return and reconciliation to Godfrey noteth obedience, causing the irascible power to yield to the reasonable In these reconciliations two things are signified first, Godfrey, with civil moderation, is acknowledged to be superior to Rinaldo, teaching us that reason commandeth anger, not imperiously, but courteously and civilly contrariwise in that, by imprisoning Argillanus imperiously, the sedition is quieted, it is given us to understand the power of the mind to be over the body regal and predominate Secondly, that as the reasonable part ought not—for herein the Stoics were very much deceived,—to exclude the irascible from actions, nor usurp the offices thereof, for this usurpation should be against nature and justice, but it ought to make her her companion and handmaid, so ought not Godfrey to attempt the adventure of the wood himself, thereby arrogating to himself the other offices belonging to Rinaldo Less skill should then be showed, and less regard had to the profit which the poet as subjected to the policy, ought to have for his aim, if it had been feigned, that by Godfrey only all was wrought which was necessary for the conquering of Jerusalem Neither is there contrariety or difference from that which hath been said, in putting down Rinaldo and Godfrey for that figure of the Reasonable and of the Irascible Virtue, which Hugo speaks of in his dream, whereas he compareth the one to the head the other to the right hand of the army because the head if we believe Plato is the seat of reason and the right hand, if it be not the seat of wrath, it is at least her most principal instrument

Finally, to come to the conclusion, the Army wherein Rinaldo

and the other worthies by the grace of God and advice of Man, are returned and obedient to their Chieftain, signifieth Man brought again into the state of natural justice and heavenly obedience where the superior powers do command as they ought, and the inferior do obey as they should. Then the wood is easily disenchanted the city vanquished, the enemy's army discomfited, that is, all external impediments being easily overcome, man attaineth the politic happiness. But for that this politic blessedness ought not to be the last mark of a Christian man, but he ought to look more high, that is, to everlasting felicity, for this cause Godfrey does not desire to win the earthly Jerusalem to have therein only temporal dominion but because herein may be celebrated the worship of God and that the holy sepulchre may be the more freely visited by godly strangers and devout pilgrims. And the poem is closed with the prayers of Godfrey whereby it is showed that the Understanding being trawled and weaned in civil actions, ought in the end to rest in devotion and in the contemplation of the eternal blessedness of the other most happy and immortal life.

*strouting* (n 8) spreading out. Said by Furfy of moutriches as Cirucer said of a man & han that it strouted as a fann large and brode.

*St ds* (viii 43) the timber uprights between which stones or plaster were used in making walls

*Tap shed* (vi 2) hidden [a hunting term]

*Tan* (x 68) revation

*Then* (viii 3) then

*Tout toot* (x 59 xi 66) look search  
eg<sup>ly</sup> Narcissus tooting in his spring

*To vord* (viii 31 and elsewhere) as to the heavens vord for to ward the heavens

*Trigons* (i 52) triangular formations

*Tru l'uez* (x 24) interpreters. Tru chemin was a French corrupt on of dragomann

*Urio uth* (x 28) unknown

*Ureuth* (x 80 xi 57 x 39), not easily

*Ureuth* (xi 60) unavenged

*Ure* (xi 32) bull ure ox [Latin *urus*]

*Vail* (ii 48) lower

*Va run* (xi 64) for avuntmur the outwork for defence of a wall

*Varterace* (xx 139) for avantbras armour to protect the arm

*Vertal* (vi 7) the movable front to the helmet which covered the face and enabled the wearer to breathe.

*Wantea* (viii 53) was wanting

*Warraid* (i 6) made war upon

*Weed* (iv 94) dress

*Weed* (xi 109) for weened supposed thought

*Wirdlays* (xiv 34) sudden turns and windings of a skater

*Wist* (v 85 ix 2) knew

*Won wome* (i 44 vi 33 vi 67) inhabit *Womed* (x 20)

*Wone* (xvi 28) custom

*Worts* (xi 70) is accustomed

*Wod* (viii 24 83) mad

*Wof* (x 48 xiv 50) know *Wotest* (x 45)

*Y* (or *y*) a prefix representing the old ge before past participles

*Ybore* (x 23 30) born.

*Yode* (xv 23) yood (xv 31) went from Fust English eode.

*Ypend yfert* (vi 5, x 40) penned in